

THE JESSOP BEQUEST

By
ANNA
ROBESON
BURR



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THE JESSOP BEQUEST



DIANA JESSOP
From a study — Tartini Studio

THE
JESSOP BEQUEST

BY
ANNA ROBESON BURR

AUTHOR OF 'THE WINE-PRESS,' 'TRUTH AND
A WOMAN,' 'THE MILLIONAIRE'S SON,' ETC., ETC.



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BOOK I

BENNET SHERRINGTON

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CHAPTER I

Partout les passions, partout l'inexorable destin!

POUCHKINE, *translated by* PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

IN one of the latter years of the nineteenth century, at six o'clock in the morning of October ninth, a young man walked quickly up the chief residence street in the city of Chillingworth. He had come from a part of the town where, at this hour, the first wave in the tide of labor flooded the pavements with active life. Here all was quiet; the early sharp sunbeams lay unbroken on the sidewalk, the shutters of the houses were still drawn, only the rattling milk wagon disturbed the slumberous peace. The translucent sky, the earthy freshness which is a gift of autumn, the long shadows stretching from an unfamiliar quarter, all these seemed only to emphasize the isolation of unawakened places, and to give the pedestrian a nervously heightened sense of solitude. The very noise of his own footfalls sounded acute and sinister.

It was true he had an errand of importance, which was likely to intensify any strained impression, and to which the thick darkness and flaring lamps of the night just past would have been the more fit accompaniment. Yet the glance which he threw from house to house in search of a particular number was concentrated and swift.

At length he stood before what in our smaller cities we term a mansion, ample, leisurely, built of brick and

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brownstone, and set back from the sidewalk in a margin of lawn. The early Victorian architecture may have been hideous, but it gave the aspect of comfort and solidity in its frame of fine elms and its mantle of scarlet creeper. This house seemed asleep, as indeed did all the others, but fresh smoke was rising from the kitchen chimney; a boy, too, had just come out of the gate, clanging it behind him. Evidently the morning's life was astir within; so, after an instant's hesitation in which he seemed to gather closer the reins of observation and control, the young man mounted the steps and pulled vigorously at the bell.

Although he heard the vibration echoing through the house, he was obliged to wait for a time which seemed to his excitement unnecessarily long and trying. Finally a noise of unlocking and unbolting reached his ears, and a maid's face surveyed him through a six-inch opening.

"Is this the Reverend Ambrose Wynchell's house?" asked this early caller, while by a forward movement he compelled the maid to throw back the door. She replied, rather crossly, that this was the house, but that Dr. Wynchell was not yet up, and the visitor had better call again.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to wake him," returned the newcomer, in a decided voice. "I have a very important message for him, and I can't delay it. Wait a moment," he added, seeing her still unconvinced, "I'll write my errand on a card, and you can take it up to him."

His manner was quiet but grave, and told even the maid that his business was not trifling. She waited therefore respectfully enough, while he took a card from his pocketbook, and added a few words to it in pencil.

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The card bore the name *Mr. Anthony Brayne*, under which was written "from Mr. Bennet Sherrington — on a matter of vital importance," with the last words heavily underscored. Handing the card to the servant, Mr. Brayne walked through a door on the right of the hall; and, still concentrated, still tense, sat down in the nearest chair to await a response.

The sunshine had not yet reached and brightened the great, arid room in which he found himself, and which he studied with curiosity. The furniture comprised some pieces of heavy mahogany, and other stuffed chairs and sofas covered with metallic blue satin, their fringes and tassels of yellow, which gave them a pathetically vivacious look, like a set of obese harlequins. There was a piece of Parian statuary; and a robust bronze of the President of the United States. There was a huge copy of Guido's "*Aurora*;" and a portrait group of a faded lady in a bustle, embracing two carefully laundered little girls. There were vases and ornaments of the type which congregations will contribute to their pastor's welfare, and a pile of much-bound gift-books. Many and better volumes crowded a large bookcase; through the portières one could see into a small, cheerful study filled to overflowing with books, evidently much used. But there was nothing in the air of the drawing-room to invite confidence or to suggest strength; it seemed to bear, written across its front, the suggestion that its duty was to give an effect of respectability, and that everything had been sacrificed to this end. This implied meretriciousness aroused in Brayne a sort of pity.

"Poor shallow devils, the rich middle class," was his thought; "knock 'em below the money-belt, in the midriff of respectability — and they are nobody! Abso-

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lutely null and ineffectual. No wonder they cling to it so when it's all they've got! — Now I wonder what this chap is going to do?"

Fifteen or twenty minutes had gone by since the sound of an opening and closing door above his head had told Mr. Brayne that his card was delivered. He was still seated in the blue-and-yellow chair when a man's step hurried down the stairs. He rose, as the owner of the house entered the room, and hastened toward him.

"You come from Senator Sherrington?" asked Ambrose Wynchell, and even at such a moment the ear of the other noted the full, round beauty of his voice.

"I am his secretary," was the grave response. "I must warn you, Dr. Wynchell, that I fear I bring very bad news."

The clergyman gave a nervous start, glanced to right and left as if seeking a way of escape, yet stood his ground. The messenger, in compassion for his agony of apprehension, drew forth a thick letter which he handed over without further speech. This done, he moved quietly to the window, and appeared to gaze into the street.

Dr. Wynchell's face was one which Brayne knew well, and the essence of whose charm he had before this tried to analyze. It was a long face, with an aquiline nose, a full mouth not lacking in humor, eyes readily infused with fire, and thick, well-arranged hair of silver gray. His expression was informed with that artistic authority which we tend to associate with the deeper-based traditions of the English priesthood. When it is said that he showed this influence, it must not be taken to mean any aping of English dress or accent. It was simply the imaginative conception of his calling which lent him that sureness of his opinions, of his position, and of himself.

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Dr. Wynchell had an influential, fashionable congregation, and great personal popularity. He also had great fluency in the pulpit, and a rarely rhetorical voice which he had carefully cultivated. These facts Anthony Brayne knew when he entered the house.

The younger man persistently looked out into the street, as he heard the pages rustle in Dr. Wynchell's shaking hand; but he felt with respect that the clergyman read steadily on through the deepening horror of the communication. Compassion and good taste combined to keep him from turning his head at the groan which showed the severity of the blow. When he heard his name spoken he wheeled at once, his face full of sympathy.

"How did you — how did Sherrington — know?" Dr. Wynchell asked, beginning to pace the room with furtive and unequal steps.

"He came down from Chilling Lake last night to attend a conference on this new water-works bill. I came with him. It was so late when the meeting broke up that we decided to stay over night at the Hotel Romaine, where we had gone for some supper. It was a well-kept little place, notwithstanding a — certain reputation. Our room was on the second floor. When the fire broke out, at nearly four o'clock this morning, we had to get out by the window shutters. The building was a perfect fire-trap — most infamous disregard of the law — Mr. Sherrington and I stayed on to help. Almost the first body they carried out was —"

Dr. Wynchell checked the narrator with a deep-seated shudder. He swallowed in his dry throat.

"And the — and the — man?" he managed to get out. Brayne shook his head.

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"They are not sure. They think it is an English actor named Jervas. It is hard to be sure."

"O God! O God! O God!" Wynchell broke forth, in a sudden intense invocation, as if his grief, like a material thing, tore itself through the tissues of his body. He fell into a chair, and rolled his gray head to and fro upon the back of it. The listener's face stiffened as he set his teeth. He came a step nearer.

"No, no, sir — you force me to remind you of the situation. No one should hear. The servants —" he laid one hand delicately on the elder man's shoulder. "Remember — nothing is known as yet! You *must* control yourself!"

The grasp, the quick accent which held a touch of intellectual command, had a steadying effect, and Dr. Wynchell sat for an instant struggling and trembling. Without withdrawing his hand, the other continued to speak.

"Mr. Sherrington believes that if you come at once, he has a means of helping you. Of course, this does n't lighten your own grief; but you have others to think of. On my way here I ordered a cab. It is waiting for us now."

"You are thoughtful," was the hoarse reply, as Dr. Wynchell raised his head from between his hands. "I appreciate it indeed — very much, very much! — In just an instant — I think I can go with you."

Brayne looked at his watch.

"Let me only remind you that we have no time to waste," he said earnestly. "Has Mr. Sherrington made it all clear? Do you think you understand, Dr. Wynchell, what has taken place, and what must be done?"

Dr. Wynchell merely bowed his head; then getting to

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his feet with an effort, he disappeared between the curtains into the study. From there his voice began to reach the other with sufficient clearness to carry the words in all their poignancy.

“And now, Lord, what is my hope? — Hear my prayer, O Lord, hold not thy peace at my tears . . .

“Oh, spare me a little that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and am no more seen.”

A long pause followed. The young man stood patiently in the front room, with an expression which, although perfectly respectful, was not entirely convinced. To whatever psychological process it might be attributed, yet he was prepared to acknowledge the absolute fact that when Dr. Wynchell came again toward him, it was with face and behavior indubitably calmed. Step, voice, and manner all showed strengthening and quieting influence, and indeed, considering the depth of the shock, he was admirably himself. Two purple-black shadows, which had sprung into existence under his eyes, remained the only outward sign of the footprints of death.

“I will get my hat and be with you in a moment,” he said formally to the secretary; and in an instant his full, musical tones could be heard in the hall giving directions to the servant.

“He had been suddenly called away — Miss Wynchell need not wait breakfast.” Then he beckoned Brayne to follow. His step was shaky and unsure. They got into the waiting cab. Brayne was amazed to find in how short a space the interview had taken place; how little speech had actually been interchanged between them. And now a silence seemed to have descended, which neither wished to break. At one place Dr. Wynchell said, “Mr. Sherrington really thinks that he can

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prevent an identification of the body?" and at an assent again fell into quiet. His prayer, or it might be the need of action, seemed to have changed the current of his thought; his face now showed more of haggard anxiety than of the impress of grief. As for the other, who was still at the generalizing age, he told himself that surely it was only the dullard who denies the existence of melodrama. On all sides the bizarre, the outré, and the unexpected are tossed to the surface of this complex brew of civilization. Here he sat, watching another expression pass over the multiple face of life; and thanked whatever Gods may be for the gift of the seeing eye.

As they approached the scene of the fire, Dr. Wynchell shrank into the corner of the coupé, and turned his gaze away from the crowd. Already a few newsboys upon the sidewalk were bawling forth the tragedy; and he listened to the hoarse cries with a sort of morbid anticipation. His companion noticed this look of terrified response; and broke the long pause to say reassuringly: —

"I'm sure you need n't be afraid, as yet; you know Mr. Sherrington's influence. He will do everything that can be done; and you will have plenty of time to consult with him. I am certain of this."

The clergyman labored with a deep breath of relief, but did not answer. Just then the cab turned the corner, and paused before the orderly excitement in the street. The Hotel Romaine had been originally a row of old-fashioned houses, lately thrown into one. The excellent café was frequented by business men: the hotel itself bore a reputation of another kind. The lenient proprietor had paid more attention to giving the place a foreign air by means of gay jalousies, tables on the balconies, and box-trees in green tubs, than to the homelier

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virtues. Certain habitués of the restaurant had enough influence to turn away unpleasant inquiry; many upright but gastronomically inclined citizens made a tacit agreement of ignorance. It required only a catastrophe like to-day's to rouse both the sticklers for morals and the sticklers for fire-escapes to cry "I told you so."

In truth, had the hotel been full, none above the first floor could have escaped. The fire had started up through the flimsy partitions, and gutted the main building in the first twenty minutes. Death in the other portions had been due to smoke. Two men and a chambermaid had jumped; and the crowd was still marveling why the men should have been picked up shattered and dying, while the chambermaid got off with a fit of hysterics and a sprained ankle. The incident had not been without its heroes: an intrepid elevator boy had saved five lives; and young Brayne had not seen fit to mention the fact that his own quickness had been the means of saving a poor bewildered woman, besides Sherrington and himself.

By the time the cab reached the spot the blaze was almost out. Smoke vomited from the blackened windows; the streets were intersected with hose-pipe, and the air filled with cries, bells, and the uneasy thudding of the engines. Already men in oilskins and badges were passing unconcernedly in and out of the unburned portion of the building; and the last ambulance had clanged its way out of the packed street to the hospital. Even now the fringes of the crowd were thinning, and those who had paused on their way to work hurried onward as if there were nothing more to see. Following Brayne's direction, the cab moved slowly towards a store at a near-by corner, where a very tall man in a rubber coat stood, dominating the crowd. The coupé stopped: Bennet

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Sherrington, for it was he, opened the door and grasped Dr. Wynchell's arm in such manner as to give his movements a certain support. They two vanished at once into the store, and Brayne was left seated in the carriage outside.

It was a full half-hour before Sherrington and Dr. Wynchell emerged from the druggist's, and motioned the secretary to follow. He had employed the time in getting a cup of coffee and a roll from a place near by. In silence the three reached the door of an empty house opposite the Romaine, which had been converted into a temporary morgue. The policeman stationed at the door stepped back respectfully as Sherrington mounted the steps, and they passed without delay into a large room. The coroner, his assistant, and one or two reporters were the only living occupants of this apartment. The fourteen dead lay side by side, with little in the inert and irregular outlines beneath the sheet to suggest anything that had once lived. Brayne, who had been in the place before, pressed his lips hard together in control of strong repugnance. Dr. Wynchell was visibly moved as with sickness, and swayed in his walk. Sherrington, erect, large, decided, led the way to the upper end of the room. The other men present looked at the trio curiously.

Bennet Sherrington stopped by the side of a body which had been laid near a window in the full glare of daylight. Stooping, he turned back the sheet. The face was not marred; it was that of a youngish woman, pretty in a fine, foolish prettiness, with a lax, full mouth, a characterless nose, a broad white forehead, and yellow hair. The eyelashes were dark; and Brayne, steeling himself to look, saw that the roots of the hair were much darker than the rest, that its yellow tint was metallic.

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There was a tracery of fatigue about the mouth and eyes. The expression was full of fear.

The three men stood for an instant immovable. Suddenly Mr. Sherrington, in an action startlingly quick, bent down to the limp hand that protruded from under the sheet. He had seen the gleam of a ring; and, almost before the others had guessed his purpose, had withdrawn it from the finger. As he straightened again, he observed the coroner coming across the room toward the group, and beckoned him.

"As I told you, Dwyer," said he, his somewhat thin voice piercing the ominous hush, "I can identify this body for you. I'm very sorry to say that it is Annie McGregor, who was the chambermaid at my house in Chilling Lake. I'll send an undertaker here, and write to the poor thing's relations myself."

The coroner, squatting down beside the sheeted figure, looked up at the senator.

"It's a queer face for help she has," he suggested, "and that dyed hair, too! Are you sure, now, sor? Seems an onlikely place to find her in, now, don't it?"

"I chance to know that something of the sort might happen," replied Mr. Sherrington, without impatience. "The girl was stage-struck, it seems. My housekeeper, who knew her people, was troubled about it, and had spoken to me more than once. She was afraid poor Annie was going the wrong way: and I told her to try and keep the girl out of mischief."

Mr. Dwyer slowly shook his head, and sucked his teeth. By an allusion wholly comprehensible to any one at all familiar with city politics, this explanation had reminded the coroner that his wife was own niece to that very housekeeper, who had been the senator's nurse

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in childhood, and was an influence with him at all times. Being in politics, the senator might be doubted; but his housekeeper was another matter, and the internal ramifications which had surrounded Mr. Dwyer's own appointment were such as to make a difference of opinion impossible. It was the most astute reference which Mr. Sherrington could have made; and these were the days when Bennet Sherrington was very astute indeed. He therefore paused to let Dwyer's Hibernian intelligence absorb its full significance; and then continued, with a shade more emphasis: —

“Just oblige me by keeping it quiet for old Mary's sake, won't you? She liked the girl, and, poor creature, there's no use dwelling on her end. Let the papers have the name, but keep out everything else that you can.”

“Whatever you say, Senator,” said Mr. Dwyer submissively. “But did n't she have a ring on, now?” he asked suddenly.

“Poor Annie — I don't believe she ever had a ring in her life,” replied Sherrington quietly. “Well, there's no use in our staying. It's upsetting Dr. Wynchell here, and no wonder. Keep the poor thing's face covered, Dwyer, and tell the reporters it's my order.”

He moved away, slipping his arm through the clergyman's, and just in time. A wave of nausea overcame Dr. Wynchell, and he staggered. Anthony Brayne stepped to his other side with a frown.

“It's no wonder his Riv'rence is sickened entirely — he ain't used to it,” observed the polite Mr. Dwyer, repressing his mental comment: “Now if 't was Father Michael, he'd be saying his office, and no nerves in him! But thim Protestants has no ginger.”

The sense that they stood waiting by that dead wo-

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man's side for him to resume his self-command gave Dr. Wynchell the strongest spur to regain it. Above all things he wanted to get out of that room. He drew his arm roughly from Sherrington's and started away, though his countenance gave color to the coroner's estimate. The contrast, indeed, was pointed by his encounter at the door with no less a person than Father Michael himself, who entered, his ruddy face full of a business-like sympathy. The two men saluted each other, and Dr. Wynchell held out his hand to the priest.

"Always prompt, father!" He spoke with a certain fever in the utterance. "It's a horrible sight — a horrible sight! Pray for them, and for the poor, poor mothers and fathers they leave behind them!"

Father Michael, not a little puzzled by this outburst, replied with some fluent conventionality, and went on to his duty within. Dr. Wynchell, walking like a man stretched to the utmost limit of endurance, got out into the street. The cab stood at the door, he entered it; Sherrington put in his head for a final word.

"Splendid, my dear sir!" he repeated, "you were magnificent — could n't have done better! All goes well, you see: I'm sure now there will be no hitch. We're out of the woods, now. You saw how easy it was with Dwyer. I'll run in this evening, to talk with you about that other matter. No: thanks! — Keep up your grit, sir, as well as you have been doing, and there will be no trouble, I'm positive."

After this Mr. Sherrington drew back, told the cabman where to drive, and the coupé rattled briskly off. As he stood looking after it, the smiling encouragement faded from his face, giving place to a heavy frown. He turned to the secretary, who stood at his elbow.

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"The undertaker is waiting to speak to you, sir," said Brayne in a low tone; and Sherrington replied, out of a corner of his mouth, as was his confidential way, —

"Did you see him? — discouraging! Must drag in the drama and risk everything! I tell you, I begin to doubt —"

"Honestly, I believe Dr. Wynchell was perfectly sincere," his secretary protested; but Sherrington shrugged his shoulders discontentedly.

"Perhaps. He did n't rise to the crisis as I hoped he would. However — if it were only Wynchell —"

He abruptly decided not to finish the sentence; and walked quickly away, leaving Brayne to ponder on his words.

CHAPTER II

To this place therefore, wherever it was, we will wish her a good journey, and for the present take leave of her, . . . having matters of much higher importance to communicate to the reader. — FIELDING, *Tom Jones*.

BENNET SHERRINGTON was thirty-nine: he had begun his political career with every advantage of education and of independent means. He came of people whose name was a synonym for activity, who had been associated for a century past with most of the important enterprises of their birthplace. Thus far the Sherrington family, although it had been at the head of financial, commercial, and educational projects, had showed the attitude toward political life which is held by many best Americans, — that of aloofness and distrust. Once Bennet decided upon a career, however, he found a deep, strong current of family influence to sweep him bodily along; and at thirty he was returned to the State Senate. His advance at this period was rapid, for if he was obliged to rid himself of the imputation of idleness, he was able to do it among men who gave deference to his position. From the State Legislature to Congress had been but a matter of eight years; and in that eight years he had come to regard Chillingworth much in the same light as he regarded his own place at Chilling Lake. Both should be outwardly cleanly and orderly to do him credit; the details of both, of course, should be managed by men who thought themselves free and responsible agents.

Mr. Sherrington, since his work centred in Washing-

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ton, had found the family house in town inconveniently large, and was apt for his shorter visits to take rooms in an hotel. But last night's experience at the Romaine had sickened him of hotels, so he called up his caretaker and bade her make ready, as he and his secretary would remain for the rest of the week. It was in the library of this house, therefore, all shrouded in brown holland, that young Brayne found himself that evening, awaiting his employer's return from Dr. Wynchell's. After the caretaker had lit a fire, set the coffee and cordials under the lamp on the table, Brayne drew up his chair with a sigh of content. After such an exhausting twenty-four hours, the mere emptiness of room and house was a relief and a rest. He had taken a volume at random from the shelves — somebody's critique on Demosthenes, but he was literally too tired to read. The room was finely proportioned, and in an old-fashioned way stately and pleasant. Not all the pictures were covered, and as Brayne looked idly up, he noticed a small one of a woman who must be Sherrington's mother. He took it down to examine; the face and figure were handsome, elegant, but hard and insensitive; he put it back gladly as an unsympathetic comment on his employer.

The relations of these two men were not altogether conventional. Three years ago Brayne had come to Sherrington, an eager, shabby young man with a commonplace story clouding his antecedents, and a letter of introduction from Dr. Maudsley, the president of the University. A certain pride and causticity in his replies, a certain dogmatism in his opinions, and a concentrated vigor in his whole personality, attracted the elder man. He was beginning to feel the need of a secretary; so he engaged Anthony Brayne. There were circumstances

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which made the over-sensitive boy very appreciative of this careless kindness. He was a strong individualist; like many another iconoclast, he tended to hero-worship; and he came to admire Sherrington extravagantly. This admiration did not, however, keep him from criticism which was frequently more outspoken than discreet. Sherrington was amused at his audacity, and so bore his commentaries with patience; much as a mediæval noble would indulge the reproofs of an esquire, when he would challenge a fellow noble for one tenth of the same frankness. Moreover, Sherrington was conscious of the admiration, and felt himself more of a man that Brayne should have such liberty of opinion.

There had of late been moments in which even the imprudent secretary had bitted his tongue with extraordinary self-control, and vehemently denied to himself in private that there was a smudge upon the idol. Were to-day's events to be among them? Brayne had so little sympathy with conventional weaknesses, so little knowledge really of what it meant to be hit in what he had called "the midriff of respectability," that to his mind Sherrington took a vast deal of trouble for nothing. What made his employer enter upon this imbroglio to keep a breath of scandal away from this middle-aged clergyman? Was it sheer altruism? Bennet Sherrington could be kindly, and good-humored too; but there was a deliberate effort about to-day's actions, a wielding of hidden influences, and always the considerable risk of undesirable consequences, which argued some reason very much more powerful and personal than usually moved Sherrington to altruistic exertion.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mr. Sherrington's key sounded in the lock. Brayne put a fresh log upon the fire,

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and turned up the lamp, then rose as the senator entered, with the usual feeling of artistic satisfaction. Mr. Sherrington was a very striking man; tall, inclined to heaviness of build, with features so regular as to be perhaps a little dull, but displaying both race and capacity. Ten years later he would probably become paunchy and purple in the jowl; his face had already lost fineness of line, but his large, florid English style carried off the lack with ease. By nature he owned a certain haughtiness; political necessity had veneered it with a trim *bonhomie*; the combination was unfortunate. His arrogance was benevolent; and he breathed out, in his dauntless pomposity, real airs of success, of assurance. His somewhat superficial cultivation had aided him to freshen the political catch-words and hypocritical commonplaces of his *credo* with new masks of cynicism and picturesqueness, so that these worn-out clowns tumbled into the ring quite new and gorgeous. His eyes were his poorest feature, — they were small, dark, and blank; he often talked about a “direct gaze,” yet his own held yours with effort. He affected, and perhaps felt, a keen repugnance to any physical ugliness or distortion, to which he lent a symbolic significance: indeed, the whole big animal of him, with its well-propped torse in the sweeping expanse of evening dress, gave out the full sense of that ideal conventionality, — the Anglo-Saxon man. Why Brayne, so utterly different, did not feel this as an irritation, can only be ascribed to youth and enthusiasm.

Mr. Sherrington entered the room with his eye singly on the decanter; he did not speak until he had refreshed the Anglo-Saxon man.

“Oof!” he blew this syllable in relief, as he dropped into a chair holding his glass. “This has been my worst

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day for years; and of course I could n't ask poor old Wynchell for some Scotch."

"Well, sir, how did you find him?" the secretary asked tentatively.

"We got it fixed. I pulled it through," said Sherrington with satisfaction. "Yes, and well pulled, too. I don't want to blow" (he often said that when he did want to blow), "but I don't believe another man in town could have done it so neatly. Not a joint shows. I tell you, Brayne, it took ingenuity!"

"I never accused you of lacking ingenuity," remarked Brayne contemplatively. "Only it often seems to me to run to waste. Of course, there is more in all this performance than meets the eye, but why such an expenditure of energy over Wynchell? He seemed to me to ring fairly hollow when one knocked."

"You are always irreverent. What makes you think there's something under it all?" asked Sherrington, pouring himself a little more whiskey, and settling into his chair. Brayne smiled.

"Sort of instinct, I suppose. You are more economical of resource when it's a question of mere altruism," he said dryly. "Suppose you let me in, sir? Anyhow, I'm your tacit accomplice."

"You talk as if we were doing something wrong," said the senator impatiently, feeling a renewed vexation at his secretary for always choosing his own path, instead of walking according to the Sherrington finger-post.

"I'm waiting to see what I'm doing," rejoined Brayne frankly. "Go on, sir." He pushed the cigarettes over toward Sherrington, who took one with a laugh.

"Well, well," he began, "you'll have to know, I suppose. Wynchell you've seen. He's really a nice chap, a

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bit flowery, but a thorough man of the world. I fancy he's extravagant with money. I've heard that he's in debt. He married young. He had two girls. The eldest, Miss Susan, does n't come into this history. Her sister Edith — well, you know what they say about ministers' children? She was always pretty, spoiled, and vain. She gave them a lot of trouble as a girl, and capped it by eloping with Dickey Jessop — son of old Stukeley Jessop, who then was president of the Chillingworth and Chilling Lake Railroad. I remember all the talk about their marriage twenty years ago, when I was at college."

He paused. Brayne leaned eagerly forward, much interested.

"Well, by and by they had a little girl; and shortly after that Dickey Jessop died. The pace had been too much for Dickey, he could n't keep it up. Since then the widow and child have been living on an allowance from his father. Old Jessop put up pretty well for them: he always thought Edith Jessop a fashionable asset to the family; he never really caught on. You see, he's an invalid, lives in New York, is n't in society, and supposed that she was. Meanwhile she wandered about. Wynchell has had a stiff time of it with her; every day thinking old Jessop would find out, and dump her on him for support. She's had affair after affair; but never with a man rich enough to tempt her to remarriage. Lately, Wynchell told me, she took to drugs, and this actor man. She was just a born bad lot. It has, really, been beastly for Wynchell. Now do you see the situation? It is n't only the scandal of such a death he feared; but it involved all his granddaughter has to live on."

"Ah! And you met her last summer in Paris, I remember." The secretary drew his brows together in a way

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he had when absorbed, and proceeded calmly: "Well, that girl has a nice heredity. I suppose she's like the mother?"

"She! Not a rap." Sherrington's emphatic accent told Brayne all that he had played for. "Not a drop of that in her veins. Di Jessop is handsome as a picture, and straight as a string."

"I'm not convinced. Well, sir?" asked Brayne calmly, and Sherrington looked at him.

"Why are n't you?" he inquired curiously. "You are too young to be so hard."

"Don't you think, sir, that we always overestimate the possibilities of women under twenty? I don't doubt this girl is all right — now."

"Now and always!" Sherrington brought his hand down on the table, and again the young man felt that he had obtained information. So he very deferentially urged Sherrington to continue the story.

"When I recognized Edith Jessop's face under that sheet — all the possibilities opened out to me at once. The affair, if made public, would hurt Wynchell terribly, and might beggar that perfectly innocent girl in Paris. There's nothing like a millionaire for sticking to prejudices. It seemed to me that the first thing to do was to identify the body as my servant's. Will you believe me that at first he would n't hear of it, notwithstanding all that was at stake?"

"You mean he balked at the lie?" asked Brayne. Sherrington gave a scornful "Pshaw!"

"Of all the young idealists! No, sir. He objected to the Roman Catholic funeral service, and the lower-class burial. That's what he balked at — that was the precious jewel of his soul. We nearly split on

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that; but I brought him round by talking of his granddaughter."

"But it seems to me, sir, you take too much for granted," objected the secretary warmly. "After all, this girl is innocent of her mother's fault; why should her father's father visit it on her? I'm sure he would n't, he could n't. He'd simply be sorrier for her than ever. The mother is dead. You say Miss Jessop has an allowance. Are you afraid of its being withdrawn? You can't be. That would be incredible. Then what are you afraid of for her?"

The plain question put Sherrington into a quandary, as it was no part of his intention to tell the whole truth, even to Anthony Brayne. He therefore took refuge in the viewpoint of superior worldly experience.

"Ah, but you do not know all the mutual attitudes of these people, my dear boy. Affection and justice play a very small part, as it chances. Here's the situation. Stukeley Jessop has always wanted position — and he has only money. Dr. Wynchell there needs money — and has the position. Each looks to the granddaughter to help get him what he wants; and so Miss Jessop may have both or neither as the cat jumps. This story would end Jessop's ambition for his family; and I don't believe he will care extravagantly for the daughter of such a mother. And Wynchell could hardly support her without help. He's neck deep in stocks as it is. I don't believe there's a wild-cat scheme in the United States he has n't bought shares in — poor devil!"

He threw the end of his cigarette into the fire, and dropped into another tone.

"Now you see the motives are strong enough for undertaking to hush this thing up, don't you? Step one

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— to get the body out of the way — has been taken this afternoon. Edith Jessop, *alias* Annie McGregor, has been hustled off to Chilling Lake, and nobody's the wiser. Now comes step two. We've got to kill her off honorably, and give her the Episcopalian obsequies that will satisfy her father. I've about settled the details of this to-night. She's spent most of her time traveling about; and as a matter of fact, they did not expect her to return from the South for a week. The very next accident that Providence brings along will be our opportunity."

There was a few minutes' silence. Brayne, his eyes absorbed, appeared to be thinking deeply.

"Well, of course, sir, we are in it now," he said slowly at length, "and I don't underrate your kindness to these people —"

"We'll leave that out," said Sherrington gruffly, though he was pleased.

"But just the same I seem to see complications ahead that may leave very troublesome results. You don't think so? There will be lots of deception and some law-breaking before you've done with it. I don't like those, sir, for you. Things like this have such an ugly way of turning around and hitting one over the head. I'd rather be aboveboard."

"That's utterly impossible," urged Sherrington curtly; "and you are merely theorizing, anyhow."

"Perhaps. But I don't feel you realize the possibilities. The truth is, that all this talk about scandal and respectability and saving this minister's social position does n't appeal to me for an instant. I'm a free lance, after all. It seems to me the thing for Wynchell to do — the only right thing for a parent to do — is to come forward and shoulder that poor dead woman, his daughter, and her

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sins and the scandal,— with firmness and dignity before the community. She's his affair — his responsibility, — why should he evade it and shirk it?"

The young man spoke eagerly, and with conviction; but Sherrington listened in an impatient amusement.

"Theory — theory, my dear boy! You've a beautiful ideal, but think of anybody's doing it in this modern world! And you're always opposed to expediency, I know. You'll get over that," he said with a sort of scornful indulgence, which was increased and defined by Brayne's grave rejoinder.

"I think that Dr. Wynchell is putting himself in the risk of committing serious wrong before he's done with this business," he said distinctly; wincing at the elder man's half-suppressed laugh, and yet going on, which was characteristic. He was perfectly aware of the irony in Sherrington's yawning comment: —

"Oh, you tend to make everything a question of morals. Have you any letters there for me to look at?"

"I wrote an answer to the Chillingworth Young Republican Club, who wanted to know your views on the tariff," replied the young man, handing him a type-written letter of several sheets. Mr. Sherrington yawned again as he looked over them.

"I suppose you've about expressed my views — though you heighten 'em a good deal," he observed, affixing a hasty signature. "Anything else?"

"Yes. I got together some notes for your speech at that banquet to Chief Justice Littledale on the 21st," Brayne said, interestedly, sorting them out. "I feel this to be a good line, and looked up some things in Burke."

"Burke! What a literary chap you are! Burke, indeed, — and here's Mirabeau and Walpole — hardly practical,

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though picturesque." He pushed the papers away wearily as he spoke. "Let that go for to-night. Found a book to read, did you? What is it?"

"Some know-it-all on Demosthenes; rot," said Brayne, and arose to replace it on the shelf. Sherrington from his chair looked up at him.

"By the way," he said, "you always seem so interested in this speaking business — why don't you try your hand?"

Brayne laughed boyishly. "I always had a great notion to spout," he replied; "that's true, sir. But an attentive world has n't yet asked me to tell it what to do."

He had swung about, leaning against the bookshelf, a slight, close-knit, active figure with a broad, high forehead and thick, light brown hair curving down on it; the nose was straight and squarely modeled at the tip; under level brows were deepset, extremely brilliant gray eyes. There was something of the historian in these eyes, and something of the zealot. No one for an instant could have called him handsome, as Sherrington was handsome; but the movement of head, hand, and eye — the whole personality — was surcharged with nervous force. The mouth was set firmly, as if it would repress its own sensitiveness. To the senator's present mood of genial cynicism, accepted materialism, and indifferent, generalizing unbelief, the *I am* of this whole young figure made a fresh and picturesque appeal. He felt half amused at, and yet admiring of, these youthful theories and illusions.

"Now about this very dinner," he suggested. "I want to get some shooting about that time. I really need the rest. You're up on the subject 'Some Aspects of the Reform Movement,' and you know what I believe. Why don't you go and speak in my place?"

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Brayne did not hesitate. "I'd like to," he said quickly, "thank you." A thought seemed to strike him, and his brow wrinkled.

"You know, sir," he added earnestly, "that my feelings are more extreme on the question than your own."

Mr. Sherrington nodded abstractedly, and rose. "That's settled, then," said he, "and now for bed." He moved toward the door, and paused.

"I've not yet told you," he said in a matter-of-fact sort of tone, "how much I appreciated what you did this morning — pulling me out of bed and over to the window, and all that."

"Please don't speak of it," interrupted the secretary. "We were in no danger then, and I ran no risk."

"Just the same," said the senator, "I'm very much obliged. Good-night."

CHAPTER III

I HAVE a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and shan't know ; and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for it afterwards. I'd have you to know, sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and as secret as the night. . . .

There's a mystery for you: I know you love to untie difficulties.

CONGREVE, *Love for Love*.

MR. SHERRINGTON, it is to be hoped, slept well, as he did not appear for breakfast until nearly ten o'clock the next morning. The newspaper lay folded at his plate, and his first glance at it was followed by an exclamation.

"Brayne!" called he, and when the secretary, who had been sitting at a typewriter in an adjoining room, appeared in the doorway, Sherrington held the paper significantly towards him.

"Read that!" he commanded; and Brayne obeyed. The first headline told him that Mr. Stukeley Jessop, late of Chillingworth, President of C. & C. L. R. R., director in innumerable banks and corporations, had been fatally stricken the night before, at his New York house. The illness was believed to have been the result of a prolonged strain of anxiety arising from the critical illness of his only surviving daughter. Miss Paula Jessop lay in a desperate condition from heart collapse following an attack of pneumonia; and the newspaper went on to say that news of her father's death would be an actual danger to one in her enfeebled condition.

"And she will be sure to hear of it, too!" remarked Sherrington, his voice hardly expressing regret. "Here's a disadvantage to great wealth. Had Jessop been a shop-keeper or plain citizen, they might hope to shield her

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from the shock till she was stronger. But in this case the very newsboys in the street are against them."

For reply the secretary laid the paper on the table, and placed his finger on an item in another part of the page.

"*Later:* —

"It was found impossible to keep the news of her father's death from Miss Paula Jessop. As was feared, the shock caused a relapse from which she has not rallied. The physicians in attendance do not expect her to survive the night."

The two looked at one another. Brayne was about to speak, when the telephone bell in the corner rang; and Sherrington moved rapidly across the room to the instrument.

"Hello!" he said into it. "Yes, I've just seen it in the paper. Of course, you had a telegram. As you say, the decrees of Providence are inscrutable indeed. Yes. Miss Jessop should be cabled, and I'll see to it in the morning. Don't give yourself an instant's concern. Yes, I know her address. Don't mention it, doctor. Hope you're better this morning? Of course — of course! It's only for a little while longer, you know. Good-by."

Sherrington hung up the receiver, and returned to the breakfast-table. Though his expression was reflective, yet it held an underlying satisfaction.

"I suppose that was Dr. Wynchell?" Brayne ventured, and the other nodded as he poured out his coffee. The secretary, standing at the back of a chair, drummed it with his fingers, and appeared to hesitate.

"Don't you think, sir," he said at length, "that things are beginning to show I was right last night? Don't you foresee certain awkward developments here — which may make our proposed course of action really wrong?"

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Mr. Sherrington, lifting his head, looked across at the young man with a face that stiffened, as faces of his type are apt to stiffen, when confronted by definite ethical terms.

"I think we'd better leave right and wrong out of the discussion," he replied, with a touch of coldness, and went on stirring his egg.

"But I don't see how we can do that, sir," persisted Brayne. "This death throws a different light upon the matter. It may be legally necessary to know where Mrs. Jessop is, and falsifying this identification may mean falsifying your word."

No one likes to be forced to avow that he means to pursue a certain course of action whether it be right or wrong. Sherrington felt his secretary's insistence at this point to be impertinent and inconsiderate.

"This poor father has a right to be saved from disgrace, I should think," he asserted, and tried to read the newspaper. But Brayne was true to that ideal Sherrington whose kindness, he thought, led him to blind himself to consequences. The young man also had great faith in his own persuasive powers, which he had exerted more than once successfully in the past. He did not realize that though he might disturb the upper waters of this nature and drive the waves hither and thither where he would, there was a still, cold depth which neither he nor any other idealistic influence could affect. So he launched out.

"One might do much to save Wynchell if that were the only consideration," he began earnestly. "But he has nothing to do with the Jessop money, has he? And that is the point to-day. We can't go mixing up dates, because it will lead to a fraud sooner or later. For

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instance, Mrs. Jessop had an allowance, did n't she? What are they going to do about that if they don't know she's dead? No, sir, this won't go!"

A zigzag vein on Sherrington's forehead swelled suddenly.

"I did n't ask your advice on this subject," he said. Young Brayne had not outgrown the nervous quiver which angry opposition stirs in the high-strung temperament, and he shut his mouth to control it.

"You've made me your accomplice, as it happens, though," he replied determinedly, as if the point could not be ignored. Sherrington's brows were raised, but he saw reason for self-control.

"Don't be fanatic," he declared more equably. "One can't live by generalities in this world. I'm not going to do anything risky. Trust me to know how far to go — and where to stop. You're perfectly safe yourself."

"I was not speaking of myself," interrupted the secretary with spirit.

Sherrington smiled. "All for me, was it? Well, thanks! I'll look after my own conscience. Now let's drop the subject."

There was nothing for Brayne to do but return, half-satisfied, to the typewriter. Was he fanatic? he asked himself, or was he struggling with an undercurrent here which carried its own conviction, its own unscrupulousness? They had often differed before; differences in which the younger usually triumphed by virtue of his greater mental energy, but in this whole matter, from the first, he had encountered a feeling as stubborn as his own. Sherrington seemed to underline the very word Jessop when he uttered it. Was it the girl in Paris? The senator was fairly indifferent to women, and Anthony

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himself was inexperienced in this sort of astrology, though he thought he read the signs. He commanded himself to wait and watch in silence. It was a task particularly difficult to a person of his impulsive disposition, especially when events cast themselves so rapidly into shape under the hand of that supreme dramatist — life.

Miss Paula Jessop — unconscious arbiter of moral issues — lingered until the morning of October thirteenth. On the fourteenth the same newspaper which carried her death-notice gave the name of Mrs. Richard Jessop among the passengers who perished in the foundering of a little steamer which ran from Kingston, Jamaica, to Fort-de-France, Martinique. She had left a certain yachting party the week before; and her letters home indicated clearly that she meant to take that particular trip. There was a day of suspense in the Wynchell household; and then the evening paper announced that Senator Sherrington — a close and dear friend of the family — had hurried down to New Orleans to interview the members of the crew who had survived the disaster. He returned in two days, bearing the sad certainty, attested by affidavits, which he showed to his secretary with a smile.

“It’s a great old world, is n’t it?” was his comment, and Brayne nodded, while his gorge rose. On October seventeenth, therefore, a week from the burning of the Hotel Romaine, the secretary stood upon the sidewalk opposite the Wynchell mansion, and saw the long line of carriages which had come to the funeral service of the woman whose body had been hurried out of Chillingworth on the afternoon of the ninth, and lay buried under a false name in the crowded little Catholic cemetery of Chilling Lake. His disgust was mingled, despite

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himself, with a certain admiration for the performance of the *dramatis personae*. Poor Dr. Wynchell, bowed and broken, needed nothing for his part; his daughter showed the honest grief of ignorance; Bennet Sherrington, that tower of strength, grave-faced, lending Wynchell his arm to the carriage, — he was supreme. But the Anglo-Saxon man's real supremacy did not dawn upon the secretary until four days later, while Sherrington was absent in New York meeting Dr. Wynchell's granddaughter. He had surprised even the clergyman by his forethought, by his tenderness. It had been his suggestion that the funeral should take place before the girl's arrival, so as to spare her whatever was possible; and, although unusual, most people felt this to be a wise and gentle decision. Again Sherrington had stepped forward to relieve Dr. Wynchell of the heart-rending duty of meeting the steamer. And it was during this absence that the newspaper published the Stukeley Jessop will.

The dead millionaire left a certain portion of his wealth to be divided among those charities which he had been accustomed to support. He left annuities to his daughter-in-law, Edith Jessop, and to his granddaughter Diana, each of \$2500 a year, which amounts they had received during his lifetime. He left certain sums of money as gifts to various friends and relatives. Finally he left the clear sum of a million dollars to his daughter Paula for life; and after her death to his daughter-in-law, Edith, absolutely. But if Paula survived Edith, then the money after her death was to go intact to the Society for the Inculcation of Systematic Morality, in whose propaganda Mr. Jessop had lately shown much interest.

The reasons of the testator were partly given and partly indicated. Mr. Jessop was a freethinker, and had

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not made a single church or denominational bequest. As his daughter had been for years an extremely delicate woman, he evidently was willing to take the chances of her surviving her younger and more vigorous sister-in-law. He also apparently desired to make his granddaughter Diana wholly dependent on her mother, — a decision which was no doubt owing to the impression that his daughter-in-law was a shrewd woman of the world. All this bore the stamp of that cautious distrust of one's heirs, which is so often to be seen in men who have been entirely independent. Mr. Jessop, at least, seemed to have taken pains to avoid making his granddaughter a rich woman in her own right; and yet — if the date of Edith Jessop's death was to be falsified — this very thing was going to take place. Edith died on the ninth, while Paula Jessop still lived. No question therefore, it would seem, but that the money should go to the Society for the Inculcation of Systematic Morality. But she apparently survived her sister-in-law by more than thirty-six hours; and Diana therefore, from her mother, inherited this entire fortune.

It was not all this which concerned Anthony Brayne, though he immediately saw the question to which it gave rise. It was the curious little hint conveyed in the name of the lawyer who had drawn up the Jessop will. Brayne knew well that Mr. Garrett Fay, of Pewtris and Fay, had been Bennet Sherrington's closest friend since his college days. If, as his secretary had come to believe, the Senator were in love with Miss Jessop, then his ardor stood revealed as the purest self-interest; and Fate had done no more than set up in his pathway this sudden, ugly obstacle of fraud. That it would alter his course at once young Brayne never doubted for an instant; the question

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to his mind admitted of but one action, and that action a person of Sherrington's calibre would take without hesitation. It would be an awkward revelation in more senses than one; and during the hours he spent alone Anthony was already arranging in his own mind the best manner of supporting his chief through the trying days to come.

CHAPTER IV

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*.

MEANTIME the day for the dinner to Chief Justice Littledale had arrived, and Brayne could not but welcome it with a quickening of the pulse. Although he did not underrate the motive which had led his chief to give him the opportunity, yet he felt also that it was to prove something of a test. If he had it in him to fail, he would fail now, before an audience of men who were busy, prominent, and past the age to be moved by surface graces. He had been active in the debating clubs at college, and had always felt the strong fascination which public speaking holds for those quick in mind and rich as to vocabulary, but he had no further experience. However, he made the bold resolution to speak extempore, after careful preparation, to wait upon the promptings of the voice which spoke so potently and persuasively to his dreams. He had studied thoroughly the history of political reform movements, and had theories as to their sociological significance. The agitations of the popular conscience which were beginning to sweep like a great wind through some of our larger cities had left untouched the inert self-satisfaction at Chillingworth; and young Brayne burned to blow the first breath of that purifying storm.

Municipal affairs were run, not without capacity, by

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a group of men under the direction of Sherrington himself. If there were few crying impositions, yet there was a mere mockery of the franchise, and a sheer impudency of nepotism such as clogged up the avenues of improvement. Tidy, able, intelligent, Chillingworth to Anthony's mind was smug, smug with indifference, and by habit; he wanted to see it uproused, and wielding the besom of destruction. These changes imagination showed him in fiery, youthful visions; it omitted to show him, logically, that the first article to be swept out upon the dust-heap would be the senator himself. With his eye single upon the object, and his mind informed with its social and moral aspects, the tangible problem presented by his own employer never once rose before the secretary's mental vision. In Anthony's estimation Sherrington loomed a large and broad-minded figure, acting according to his present lights, yet ready to make any sacrifice for the public good. The senator was no speaker, he was the usual exponent of "the second-rate at second-hand;" that he should desire to utilize Anthony as one wields a speaking-trumpet, to express his own policy merely, — this never dawned upon the ingenuous instrument. He had told Sherrington that his ideas were more extreme than the senator's own; this done, he dismissed the matter from his mind. He went to the Littledale banquet fired with a passionate conviction, and with the one idea of lifting his voice to make that conviction prevail.

The meal was very bad, and quite interminable. His name was not reached until late, many had already gone, the rest, surfeited with hypocrisies, cheap laudations, and catchwords, saw this young stranger arise with a yawn. If it was a relief not to have Sherrington proclaim the same trite things in the same pompous way, yet it was a

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bore to hear a débutant, to whom common humanity demanded a show of courteous attention.

There is in America to-day no spectacle more disheartening to the idealist than a gathering of so-called prominent citizens at a public dinner. Anthony told himself that it was like Circe's banquet without the divine presence of the enchantress. Gathered into one room how commonplace these men seemed, how slothful, how porcine, how cynical were their faces! What a cheap mental attitude, what material for a commonwealth! Scientific truth, he felt, must surely do better for the development of men's minds than generations of conservative falsehoods has seemed to do. The room at the Hotel Montspan was large, garishly decorated, and thick with tobacco smoke, which had already wilted the extravagant festoons of flowers. Brayne's — or rather Sherrington's — place was at one end of the longer table, in the centre of which sat the guest of the evening. The side tables had begun to show gaps in their ranks; so that Anthony's audience was well within the range of his eye. He could see and hear all: the man who talked in a loud voice, or him who leered half tipsily at the thin young man with a pale face and inward-flashing eye which waited for the Voice.

Ah, that Voice! Would it fail him now? He had never lost confidence in the Voice, he had rashly staked all on it, he had not even a scribbled note. Such torrents of moving logic it had whispered to him the night before; surely, at the moment of need it would not be dumb? For an instant he stood up palely silent, the room danced and wavered to his sight, his ears roared with a noise like a passing train. Then this agitation cleared like his breath on a mirror; he beheld the whole room brightly lighted,

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and the faces turned towards him. And finally, — although the merest pause it had seemed an hour, — he became conscious that some one was speaking, in a clear and vibrant tone: —

“Mirabeau said: ‘Two powers are necessary to the existence and the functions of the body politic, the one to will, and the one to do!’ Gentlemen, if these two powers are necessary in a period of public excitement, they become vital in a space of public sloth.”

He heard these words, and then like an inner monitor the Voice took up the theme. He spoke for only five or six minutes; and he was listened to, after the first sentence, in a complete silence. Not the mere powers of delivery, the rare, intense gesture, the lift of the head, that deep-flashing, inward-seeking eye, the veins standing on the forehead; the voice which allured, persuaded, and then with a tiger-leap seized and shook the auditor, — not these only compelled attention. The matter too gave food for thought. For the speech was a young arraignment of things as they are. It swept prevailing idleness with a torrent of scorn, it charged the public attitude with indifference and hypocrisy, it shook the curtains of the tent, and bade the dweller come forth. It challenged arrogance, it challenged conservatism, it attacked the empiric code of morals practiced instead of religion, the humbug of third-rate expediency which passed for economics, the faddy æstheticism which passed for art. It condemned, as only the student and theorist condemns; it called for action, for a clean sweep, for a fresh start. — And all this, if you please, from Bennet Sherrington’s secretary!

When Anthony found that the voice had ceased, he came to an end, and sat down. There was a little pause

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of amazement, but whatever are people's private opinions, success carries with it an impetus, which men, as a group, cannot resist. It is a communal, a crowd feeling. Applause therefore came spontaneously and generously. The guest of the occasion gave it warmly, and this had an effect on those who tended to disapprove of what had been said. As for the speaker, he found himself suddenly very tired, and soon slipped out to go home. In passing through the hotel lobby he was accosted by a reporter on the Chillingworth "Note-Book."

"Good speech that, Mr. Brayne," said he deferentially. "Everybody talking of it — quite the event of the banquet. But may I ask you, — did you speak for Senator Sherrington?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Brayne, pausing.

"Why, the office understood you were to take his place, to outline his policy, and so forth. It did n't sound exactly —"

"Mr. Sherrington had nothing whatever to do with it," interrupted Brayne, a disagreeable ghost rising to confront him. "I believe his views are very different."

"But are n't you his private secretary?" asked the other, pencil in hand. "We were given to understand —"

"I don't know anything at all about that. I spoke entirely on my own responsibility," declared Anthony.

"Mr. Sherrington has had nothing to do with it."

"Oh!" said the journalist significantly, and fell back to the side of a friend, who at that moment came out of the dining-room. "Did you hear that?" he murmured, nodding in the direction of Mr. Brayne's departing back. "That is the richest thing I've heard for years. His own responsibility, indeed, — why, he tore out the

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senator root and branch! It was finely done, though. Who *is* Brayne, anyhow?"

"I don't know, — but I'd like to bet that he won't be Mr. Sherrington's secretary much longer," replied the other reporter with a laugh.

Anthony Brayne himself made no such prophecy. His transient uneasiness before the reporter yielded on reflection to his confidence in his chief. Mr. Sherrington might not personally agree with all that had been said from the practical standpoint, but he could not disagree with it from the standpoint of principle. His secretary felt also that he could claim a success, which gives weight to all views, and that Sherrington would be satisfied. In this security he went home and slept soundly. The morning paper quoted his speech with respect, and praised his delivery with surprise. His mail later on that day brought him two congratulatory letters: one from Dr. Maudsley, who had always stood his friend, and one from Professor Geraint. Anthony would rather have pleased these two men than any others on earth, for during his college career they had given him not only practical aid, but also that deeper aid of belief and sympathy. The next day brought him an invitation to address some workingmen's club upon the same theme. In fact, a door had opened in his life; and he stood on the threshold of new things, stirred by ambition as he had never been stirred before.

Mr. Sherrington returned, apparently in a bad humor. Although his manner told his secretary that something was wrong, yet Brayne did not at once suspect the cause. Sherrington's greeting was curt; he went immediately to his desk, and opened his mail, wrote some notes, all in a frowning silence. Suddenly he lifted his head and spoke, while throwing down his pen as if chafed by its touch.

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"Look here, Brayne," he began in a hectoring manner, "it's charitable to suppose you do not know what you've done."

The younger man turned in his chair. "You did not like my speech, then?" he replied, not affecting ignorance.

"Like it—like it!" — Sherrington struck his hand on the desk in his irritation. "How could I like all that impracticable tommy-rot? If the papers give you correctly, how could you get it off? But I'm not kicking at that, but at your disloyalty. Why, man, you know it has taken me over two years to get Chillingworth where I want it — *here!*" and he pressed his thumb significantly downwards. "And *you*, my own secretary, to get up in public, and stir things up against me!"

In the midst of his hurt surprise Brayne felt the charge to be a serious one.

"Why, sir, certainly I did n't mean any disloyalty!" he protested earnestly, rising. "You remember that I told you my beliefs were stronger than your own on the subject, and you acquiesced. It seemed to me my duty toward you ended there; I thought you gave me a free rein. If I had not thought so, I should not have spoken."

"You young idiot, — so it was not disloyal to upset all my plans, to beg the town to question my appointments! To urge a clean sweep — of all things! When every municipal official is my man."

His truculence stung the other's quick pride, and raised all his ready combativeness.

"I had no idea it was so bad as that," he replied coolly. "Moreover, I did n't feel that I was required to forward your schemes on this particular occasion. I do remember you said that I had reform more at heart than yourself,

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— and evidently it was true to a greater extent than I realized.”

“On my word, I don’t understand you,” Sherrington interrupted angrily. “You have some signs of intelligence, yet you’re talking like a fool. My own private secretary — Do you mean to say that a mere sense of what is fitting and proper did n’t tell you that you were my agent, and that your business was to express my views, and to forward my plans?”

“When I thought your views vicious, and your plans improper?” answered Brayne, with all his customary boldness. “In this case I did think so; and I felt the responsibility of my convictions. Of course, had you indicated such-and-such a line for me to take, I should have felt obliged to do one of two things: either refuse to stand for what I did not believe, or else to take a merely historical view. What I spoke, I spoke as a private individual; I would never have consented to speak as any man’s agent.”

“This is better and better: this is superb!” said the elder man in tones of cutting irony. “I never fully grasped the extent of your egotism. Your individual views! And who cares a damn what they are? If you’re not my agent — what are you?”

“The private individual is an unnecessary and unpopular creature politically, I know,” Anthony returned, not without heat; “but he may have convictions, and he still, in this country, has a right to express them. Surely, sir, though I am your secretary, you have n’t hired my opinions: and in our many discussions I’ve never tried to disguise them. You knew that we differed on many subjects. I’ve never falsified my ideas to you; why should you expect me to do so in public?”

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The question was one not easy to answer, because the principles which they had so often discussed between them were to Sherrington matter for discussion merely. He failed to observe that his secretary held them as the springs of action. If Sherrington had thought about it at all, he had believed that, however Brayne might talk, when it came to action he would be guided, like other Americans, by motives of expediency. The senator's disgust was unbounded, but he felt safer on the personal note.

"Well, I don't see how your principles can allow you to mess affairs up for me, as you seem to have done," he remarked more quietly. "Look at my mail! Notes, clippings, letters, the whole town in a ferment. And all because you must hear yourself jaw! The question is now, what's to be done?"

Here at last, Anthony thought, the gold gleamed out; and he hastened to throw aside his disrespectful antagonism.

"Of course, that's it, sir; and that's what I hoped you'd say," answered he, earnestly and deferentially. "But it is simple enough."

"'T is — eh?" said Sherrington sarcastically.

"The municipal conditions here in Chillingworth are rotten, though it has been to your advantage to have them so. Reforms are badly needed. Let us set ourselves to make them."

A dead silence followed this suggestion.

"I really begin to think," said Sherrington, slowly and emphatically, "that you have gone off your base mentally, Brayne. Reform this town, — why, where would I come in at the end of it?"

"Does that matter?" asked Anthony.

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"Or you, yourself, as well?"

"That does n't matter, either."

"Or Chillingworth? Is n't everybody out for number one, — reformers and all? Do you suppose that all this fuss in other cities is pure unselfishness, my young friend? I tell you, affairs would then be a great deal worse than they are now with me to run them."

"Could n't be," said Anthony.

"What do you mean?" shouted Sherrington, in an explosion which made the secretary's face twitch nervously.

"Oh, I can't translate, sir," he said, standing his ground. "You know the language. The English words are: rotten bad, insolently rotten, — a packed election, and open nepotism. You claim to do evil that good may come. Well, I never did believe in Jesuitry."

"My dear Brayne," declared Sherrington, sobered to a certain extent by terms which he had not the quickness to evade, "all this is literary, idealistic doctrine. It's not practical."

"I know that word," murmured the young man to himself. "It's the last stronghold of the mediocre."

"Now let's put this in another light." Sherrington rose, and walked thoughtfully to the fireplace. "You're young, and you're making a mistake. It is n't the way to get on, — all this. Remember, 'He who rebukes the world is rebuked by the world.' Now I mean to be governor of the state, — what after that I won't say. It's to your interest to tie to me. Acknowledge you have made a big mistake. Believe me, this town would only be the worse for what you propose, because I understand it; and I'll treat it right if it treats us right. You've made a mistake, you see."

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"I see I've made a mistake," repeated Anthony, with an unmistakable accent.

The blood rushed to Sherrington's face, as the young man turned away with a final shrug of his straight, unyielding back. A log upon the fire rolled forward, sending out into the room a puff of smoke. As Brayne bent down mechanically to replace it, the smoke wreathing about his head suddenly brought to the senator's mind his awakening on that morning in the Hotel Romaine, and the face which, wreathed in smoke, bent over him to save him. Angry as he was, the memory kept him silent. He moved stiffly toward the door.

"I'm going to Dr. Wynchell's; if Garret Fay wants me on the telephone, he can get me there."

"Very well, sir."

"By the way," asked the senator from the doorway, "during my absence has any one spoken in your hearing about that Jessop will?"

"No one," Brayne replied, in his ordinary careless voice. "It seems hard on Miss Jessop, does n't it, to be so near a fortune, and to miss it by such a fluke?"

Sherrington gave him a strange look, started to speak, and checked himself. The young man sat, his eager head thrust forward gazing into the coals; his long hands interlaced. Mr. Sherrington left the room, wearing a puzzled frown. He felt, unpleasantly, that his secretary was suddenly assuming the proportions of a problem.

CHAPTER V

"MY tongue is my ain," true Thomas he said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me.
I neither dought to buy or sell
At fair or tryst where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!" —
"Now haud thy peace, Thomas," she said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

BENNET SHERRINGTON during the next fortnight appeared much preoccupied. He was obliged to be in Washington for the opening of Congress; but his secretary thought he spent a disproportionately large part of his time in Chillingworth. Apparently they had resumed their ordinary relations; the argument was not reopened; it was not the elder man who felt the full force of the jar. The younger, whose life was solitary and whose friends were few, really suffered from the conclusions of that evening, even though his ready affection set to work to explain them as soon as he was again alone. Strong in the desire to convince, young Brayne had never prepared his work with more care; he put into Sherrington's letters and articles much labor of love in reading and style. His employer sometimes raised his eyebrows at an allusion or antithesis, but took little interest.

Sherrington spent much time at the Wynchells'. One Sunday Brayne chanced to see him leaving St. Anne's in company with a tall young woman in black, who wore a long crape veil. In his own mind Anthony had long

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since decided that Sherrington had a special reason for hurrying the affair to an issue. He was a rich man; and no doubt wished to be in a position which would allow him to make sure of the security of his future wife and her family, before undertaking to urge relinquishment of this fortune. Once his wife, or even his fiancée, Miss Jessop would have the weight lifted from her shoulders to those more adequate, and all the various difficulties would be smoothed to her feet. If the secretary seems to have read the text awry, it must not be forgotten that he longed to admire his employer still. Their quarrel had made him wince, — it had held disillusion, — and in such a situation disillusion is serious. The danger was that he could not long deceive himself, and he knew it. So he stood, anxious, watching on the threshold of the event.

“I suppose Miss Jessop is very accomplished,” he asked Sherrington once.

“Very. Her chief interest is art, sculpture,” replied the senator, not without pride.

“I know little about young women — particularly artistic ones. Is it not rather apt to be a pose with them, sir — do not our American girls try to scale high heaven? Of course,” he continued with a touch of wistfulness, “as always, I’m theoretical. But I met one once, who, because she spoke French easily, told me she felt she was fitted to be the wife of a diplomat.”

“I’ve met her sort, too,” said Sherrington. “And did she?”

“Instead she ‘very contentedly married the barber’ — I mean a broker,” said Anthony, laughing. “But young women and the arts always make me think of her.”

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"Some are like that. Miss Jessop, though, has much more than average talent. Of course, now, I imagine she will not be able to take it so seriously in the future," said Sherrington, and opened the newspaper. Anthony felt he could ask no more. So instead he laid before his employer an invitation from a workingmen's union, asking him again to address them. Mr. Sherrington looked over it carelessly, remarked that he did not see why Brayne wanted to address such a —— lot, but, as the subject was not political, there was no objection.

"You enjoy the business, do you?" he asked, not raising his eyes. The other nodded.

"Very much. And I mean to do more of it in future. I'm studying all I can."

Mr. Sherrington looked at the volume of Milton's prose which the secretary held, with an air of not seeing the connection.

"A bit flowery, is n't it?" said he indifferently; and fell again to reading. The secretary felt rebuked, though he knew not why.

The impression made by Anthony's second effort at oratory was deeper than his first. His subject was emotional, his audience less sophisticated, and he breathed an air of sympathy. The Voice spoke without faltering, and toward the end he underwent an irrepressible exultation, in feeling his grip tighten, and his audience sway to and fro. Yet, however excited, he knew his words were accurate and firm, the heightening of his mood did not bring a loosening of his English. When he finished, there was an outbreak of applause which lasted long, dying down, beginning again in a fusillade of eager hands, and then sweeping up in a great roar. It was a new and stimulating experience;

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it more than repaid him for the expenditure of so much nervous force.

As a matter of fact he had an auditor, and a witness to his triumph, of whom he never dreamed. The senator himself came in late, heard most of the speech, and noted its effect. He was by no means ignorant that he himself was a poor speaker, trite, and without magnetism. Yet, to do him justice, it was not jealousy of this talent which made it such a disagreeable discovery. He had expected talent; even hoped for it. But he had not expected independence of mind, courage, and sincerity. These told him that Brayne was not likely to be governed by him for long; and moreover they proclaimed the young man as one of that minority over whose opinions Sherrington was unlikely to have an enduring influence. He went out of the hall and up the street convinced that their differences were integral, and that, once his power over the boy was broken, he would probably come to find the association unflattering and unpleasant.

"I must have no one about me whom I do not control," he told himself, supposing that such a decision denoted strength of mind. Sherrington had in fact the common weakness of preferring the society of his inferiors. It is a form of vanity which some women show by a desire to spend most of their time with children and servants, and by their real uneasiness in the presence of the intelligent. Men display it by disliking the individual development of sons or dependants, by a love of general patronage, and by a preference for the society of the more foolish among women. So long as Brayne was subservient, so long as he frankly hung upon Sherrington's benevolence, the Senator would be

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kind; but this young vigorous shoot, seizing new earth, striking deep roots, and stretching upward without asking by your leave, — this alarmed his self-esteem. Mr. Sherrington said nothing about the speech to Brayne; but his manner from that day was a shade stiff and cold.

A month or more passed. Anthony spent his leisure — and he had much — in study. Bennet Sherrington spent his with Miss Jessop. Judging by a certain moodiness and irritability often displayed by him, the affair did not progress wholly to his liking. More than once Brayne was tempted to open the subject of the Jessop will; but decided to wait until these preoccupations should give way. He knew nothing of law, and had supposed that the pause which followed Stukeley Jessop's death was occupied by the senator in a revelation of the truth to the executors. His amazement to read in the newspaper six weeks later a glowing account of the heiress — now the richest young woman in Chillingworth — was so intense as to have all the force of a shock.

The two men sat alone in Sherrington's library on the winter evening which brought Anthony this awakening. Mr. Sherrington had just returned from Washington for over Sunday, and sat at his desk. His secretary, finishing this information in the evening paper, laid it down, and stayed for a few moments immovable. Then he looked across the desk, biting his lip.

"So — Dr. Wynchell has not told the truth to the Jessop executors," he remarked in a curious voice.

"No," said the senator, blotting his note.

"And Miss Jessop takes the money," said Brayne.

"Apparently."

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"Which is no more hers than mine," said Anthony bluntly. Sherrington laid down his pen.

"Oh, I don't think that," said he easily. "A mere accident should n't alter the intention of the testator. That's what counts in wills, you know. Her grandfather evidently meant her to have it."

"No one who reads the will could think so," said Brayne. "He leaves it to her in the very last event. In fact, it seems plain he did n't want her to be rich so young. He probably felt it was not likely to bring her the real happiness of life."

"What rot!" declared Sherrington frankly. "Legal opinion is against any such view."

"If you mean Pewtris and Fay," said Brayne significantly, "there's a question as to their competency."

"Do you think so?" said Sherrington, and resumed his writing.

"Well, sir," asked Brayne slowly, after a pause, "what are you going to do?"

"I?" The senator turned in his chair. "I don't come into it."

"You are not going to act?"

Sherrington's eye slid over Anthony with cold annoyance.

"Act? Why should I act?" he replied, blotting the line with elaborate care. "It is no business of mine."

Brayne arose; he breathed fast; he faced a crisis. "You mean it is none of mine, either," he cried. "But I don't see it. Our silence, my silence, means fraud, plain fraud. If this girl takes that money, she steals it!"

"My dear Brayne," said Sherrington in a weary voice, while, laying his finger-tips together, he faced the speaker, "really — you are impossible, you seem to have an

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ethical obsession. This whole question is not yours and mine, but our friend Dr. Wynchell's. He may have his reasons."

"If he had a million reasons he could n't make it right," said Anthony curtly. "Of the two legatees he *knows* his daughter died first."

"But he may consider that accident as in no way affecting the real intention of the testator," argued Sherrington. "He may think a mere technicality stands in the way of justice. He has legal opinion on his side for believing that Jessop meant to leave this fortune to his granddaughter as soon as possible."

"No one but a fool or a rascal could read that into the will!" exclaimed Brayne. "If he had meant that, why do what he did, — why leave it to his daughter first?"

"Oh, there are all sorts of family reasons for these things, which don't always appear," said Sherrington unwillingly, hating the young man for forcing him to define his position. "Fay drew the will; and he ought to know the intention."

"That's just it, — Fay drew the will," said Brayne offensively, walking the room. "Why, sir, don't I know that Pewtris and Fay have managed the Jessop estate for years? Do they want to give it up?"

His eye glowed; and if his employer could have decently killed him he would have done so at that moment.

"Let me remind you that this is none of your business," he said icily; but he was very uneasy. Anthony walked the room up and down.

"I confess, sir, it is hard for me to believe that you expect this of yourself and *me*," he said, and his voice was moved. "It's like being led blindfold to a new country

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— I'm lost. This is an absolute fraud — committed by this clergyman and his granddaughter."

"Leave Miss Jessop out of your indictment, please," the other broke in. "She believes the accepted theory of her mother's death."

"By Wynchell, then, with you as his accomplice. You can count me out," said the young man with violence.

"May I ask what you intend to do about it, — what you will gain by speaking?" A real danger spurred Sherrington to a strong reply. "Mind you — you don't hurt *me*, — you only hurt this elderly man, and a perfectly innocent pair of women. Their course has been guided by expert opinion. What you seem to think so plain and easy is a legal question of intricacy and precedent. And again, may I remind you that the ethical problem is theirs and not yours?" He paused, to ask more quietly, "Come, my dear Brayne, be sensible, — what can you do?"

"Perhaps I can do little, sir, but you can do so much!" Anthony threw all his personal force into what he felt was a final appeal. "It is n't necessary to make it public. You have a great deal of influence over Miss Jessop. Indeed, I understand she will become your wife. Then she won't need the money. You can make it plain to her sense of duty that she should restore this fortune to the rightful owners."

Sherrington's unaffected amazement at this suggestion made the other's heart sink.

"You young idiot!" he ejaculated, and laughed roughly. "Do you really mean that if it were true, what you honor me by supposing — do you seriously imagine that for a tomfool technicality I would allow my wife to present a million dollars to some crazy morality society? I begin to doubt your sanity!"

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The type of mind which doubts the sanity of any one who could let go any money, no matter how acquired, is one which Anthony could hardly impress; and he felt the truth. His hero-worship vanished then and there, and he made no effort to cling to it. His manner became, on a sudden, very quiet.

"I think, sir, there is nothing left for me to do but to find some other occupation," he said, in a low voice.

"I think so, too," said Sherrington.

"Evidently we differ so vitally that you will hardly wish me to work for you any longer. Although I agree it does not seem wise to make a public scandal, I must and shall find some private way in the future to clear my own conscience of this conspiracy."

His words relieved Mr. Sherrington greatly and changed his mood; his reply was more gentle. "Your code is a difficult one to live by, my dear Brayne; and so you will find. I'm sorry for this break, but I have seen it coming. You have altered lately, and not for the better. You are growing more wildly theoretical and unpractical every day. I confess to disappointment. I had hoped to find in you a loyal friend and helper."

The other did not respond to this suggestion otherwise than by a stiff little bow. "I will spend to-morrow getting things in order for my successor," he said proudly.

"What will you do?" asked Sherrington, a little uncomfortable for the first time.

"I do not know as yet," was the reply. "I shall find some work which I may do without being in a constant state of protest. Good-night."

He was young, and he was nervously high-strung, so that such a moment came hard. He left the room without a backward look.

BOOK II

DIANA JESSOP

CHAPTER VI

AND as he thought within himself, it seemed better to stand apart, and beseech her with smooth words, lest the maiden should be angered with him if he touched her knees: so straightway he spake a sweet and cunning word.

ODYSSEY, VI.

THE Chillingworth Library had successfully resisted all attempts at modernization. From the building itself, a gray, palladian structure standing back from the street in a weedy waste of garden, to the old-fashioned stands and tables within, everything about it marked a slumbering defiance of progressive methods. Books were still its main furnishing, contrary to that modern custom which provides a library interior only with desks, chairs, tablets, green lampshades, and frescoes. Here, instead of filling out a slip asking your age, name, income, creed, weight, and degree of myopia, which you deposit in a pneumatic tube, to receive in return a predigested tabloid volume such as the library authorities consider befits your case, — here, persons of ripe age and established morals were permitted to browse undisturbed over the shelves. It is true you might or might not find the book of which you were in search; but at least you spent a desultory and agreeable half-hour.

The catalogue methods of the Chillingworth library were such as to discourage culture. There was a catalogue, a time-worn volume in microscopic print, wherein "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt" was listed under "Anonymous," and Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" under "Works of Imagination and Fancy." This super-

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annuated authority was backed up by a few drawers of cards, in which the letter K stood represented by "Keats, John, Life & Works of, 61,107,590 AB, 2." If you could remember this number and send it in, you might be quite sure of receiving a copy of "Elsie Dinsmore." Repeated trials destroyed your confidence in catalogics, if there is such a science, so you usually preferred to hunt your book yourself. Such a hunt brought other game besides your quarry. You wondered who it was kept out "The Mysteries of Udolpho," that prodigious monument of dullness, or why "The Anatomy of Melancholy" was placed in the medical section.

It was only the really busy, however, who complained, and it is conceded a library is no place for them. The society in its walls is the only leisure class in the world; its inmates have all time at their backs; and we have no business to affront them by our hurried counting of moments. One grew attached to the very faults of this place, to its dusty, dusky, dingy interior. The main room was not large, with twisted iron staircases running up to the book galleries. There were battered, old-fashioned tables and book stands; dingy plaster busts of Shakespeare and Sophocles, fly-specked water-colors of revolutionary battles. Behind the counter presided an exhausted librarian, who seemed tacitly to echo the weary cry of King Solomon. He was aided by a frantic-haired small boy who lived in a chaos of half-remembered digits; and on holidays by a pretty, fluffy girl who told you when you asked her for the "Phædo" that it was advertised but had not been published yet! On the wall hung a bulletin-board, whereon the old gentleman in Chillingworth of the immortal type of Uncle Joseph, "whose thirst for general information, unchecked in youth, had sapped his man-

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hood," posted utterly unnecessary statistics, or prayed to be told the authorship of "Mary had a Little Lamb." At its side hung maps, by whose aid pallid youth mastered the political situation in the Balkans; and that case of Bædekers whose red covers beckon to so many bitter and futile dreams. Oh, the zest of reading how much we must tip the steward, as if we really expected to go anywhere, at twenty, earning ten dollars a week!

Partons, nous sommes seuls, l'univers est à nous,
Voici la verte Écosse et la brune Italie,
Et la Grèce, ma mère, où le miel est si doux !

Sometimes the sight of an anæmic boy or girl with a guidebook catches one at the throat. The gates of a library should be of ivory and horn.

Sheltered in an alcove he termed the Poet's Corner, Anthony Brayne sat, one morning in late March, eighteen months after the break with Sherrington, before an individual table heaped with historical litter. His dress was shabby, but in other respects he had not altered for the worse. Certain privations had made the lines in his face more determined, and had lent its modeling more delicacy. Perhaps the challenging eagerness of expression was less marked. Though his books were many, he was not at work. He had fallen upon a mood of profound discouragement, such as comes to one when, after toiling like Balzac's miner, he picks up an anthology, "The Golden Treasury," or "The Oxford Book of English Verse," and is dazzled by some perfect lyric crystal, spontaneous and unapproachable. He felt that his sensibility to beauty only served to show him how inarticulate was his soul. And possessed by this mood of depression, he sat in unusual idleness, head on hand, watching the door. Presently his watch was rewarded. It was noon,

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the old gentlemen had all shuffled out, the schoolgirls with novels had not yet come in; the room was almost deserted. Suddenly, with a quick step through the swing-doors, came a young woman dressed in black.

She was tall, and walked well; her hair was a bright brown, full of color and life, and it was dressed a little differently. She had the eyes of Hortense Mancini, — “neither blue, nor gray, nor quite black;” the brows were delicate and arched. The whole figure was full of lightness, spirit; and the features, although good, held more of individuality than beauty. The nose was long and irregular, the mouth well cut and full, the chin determined. She carried herself as if conscious of distinction; her way of moving hands and head, the low but *élancé* quality of her voice, all held a little touch of foreignness, which seemed to make her out as more feminine, — although that is not the word, — as more thoroughly a woman-creature than is the usual Chillingworth young lady. Anthony wondered if this was the frequent effect of a Continental education: he also acknowledged that it had an undeniable fascination. He also wondered if she always — under every circumstance — betrayed so keen a sense for the dramatic moment as she did when in the library: it was this which had interested him ever since he heard the librarian address her as Miss Jessop.

Her arm held several volumes, and she went straight to the desk. Her voice carried clearly, and she saw only one reader, so it did not seem worth while to lower it. Smiling on the librarian, she placed her books on the counter, and then, with a keen appreciation of values, she read aloud in an audible manner the titles she had written on a card: —

“Aunt Susy wants ‘Thelma,’ by Marie Corelli; grand-

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father wishes 'A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life,' and I will take Renan's 'Vie de Jésus,' if it is in."

"I'll see at once, Miss Jessop," said the librarian, and immediately whistled numbers up a tube. "I'm afraid the 'Future Life' book is out. Everybody seems to want to know about that subject lately. You are returning these?"

"Yes. I sent in Saint-Simon's 'Mémoires,' and Aunt Susy returns the 'Life of Charlotte M. Yonge.' Grandfather still has out 'The Real — Somebody.' I've forgotten whom. It's his nap-book."

She smiled; and the librarian hastened to observe, —

"Dr. Wynchell is such a rapid reader!"

"Yes, if you call that reading!" said Diana, adding hastily. "Of course, I mean he's very busy just now."

"Of course, Miss Jessop."

The librarian retired to hurry the small boy, and Diana wandered to the bookstack, glanced it over, selected a study of the art of Donatello, and a volume of Maeterlinck. She returned to the desk somewhat impatient, waved aside an offer of string as involving more delay, and, with her arms overladen, turned to depart. The top-most book was slippery and the balance of the pile precarious. Just in front of Anthony's corner, Maeterlinck and Renan came together to the floor. If Brayne had not exactly been awaiting the incident, he was ready to encounter it. Kneeling before her he picked up the books, shook them and shut them, glanced at their titles, but did not return them to her outstretched hand.

"Don't speak of it." His reply was crisp to her thanks. "Better let me take them to the carriage for you. They will only come to grief again outside."

Diana gratefully accepted, and they moved through

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the vestibule side by side. Suddenly she gave him a droll look.

"I wonder if it's horribly symbolic?" she suggested. "Science and æsthetics fall down so easily, while —"

"The trite remains eternally firm, you mean?"

Her smile deepened with the pleasurable acknowledgment of his quickness.

"Exactly. You see, I can't drop the commonplace!"

"Ah, but the reason is that Renan and Maeterlinck were on the top. And then, I was there to pick them up."

"Whereas, if Marie Corelli had fallen you would never have troubled to help me?"

"No. I should have placed my foot firmly on the volume, and suggested your returning to the desk for something I should recommend."

Her lip twitched. She felt the exhilaration which comes of defying the conventions. What a strange young man! "Oh, but you see I was not getting 'Thelma' to read myself."

"I know; but what is the use of being the niece if one cannot educate the aunt? Miss Wynchell reads a great deal too much third-rate slip-slop."

"Indeed! Is that your opinion?"

He felt all the sarcastic reproof, though trembling with inward laughter.

"At least, that is what I heard you tell her last Thursday, when you were both in the library."

She too tried not to laugh, but with ill-success.

"Oh-h! So you were here then, too?"

"I am apt to work here in the mornings."

"Now I see how you know I drove. You always sit by that same small window?"

They were slowly descending the steps toward a bas-

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ket-phaëton and pair of ponies, whose heads were held by a groom. To answer her, Brayne half turned his face aside, and dropped his tones to a graver note.

"That depends. If I think there is a chance of your appearing, I place myself there to watch for you."

Miss Jessop could not reply. The words seemed too quietly uttered for an impertinence, and yet! — She thanked him briefly as she got into the phaëton, picked up the reins, and drove off. Anthony reëntered the building, and sat down to his work with a smile.

"Not at all a bad beginning," he said to himself; "and on quite historical lines, like all successful missionaries. First, colored beads — toys — and a bit of looking-glass; finally, a gun-shot to impress and alarm. I feel like Henry M. Stanley. Will she be like other savage women, — frightened, but curious? Will her eye flash to my corner, next time? Probably not; but then it will the time after. I wonder if my theory is correct that the veneer of civilization is very thin on a real woman? I mean to interest her; if it's only to find how deep Sherrington's influence has gone, and knock him out if I can. Then she may marry him if she likes."

He smiled at his own fatuity; and bent once more to his work.

He did not forget to keep watch from the little window, although it was ten days before Diana entered the library. As he foretold, she swept serenely up to the desk without a glance in his direction. He affected to write, and made no sign. Three days later she came again. This time he was honestly busy, he did not expect her; feeling her glance he raised his head to see her going out the door. But she *had* looked; and now the question was, as he phrased it, would she come back for more beads? He

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had prepared her a very pretty string, and merely waited his opportunity to throw it around her neck.

Less than a week later, as he mounted the steps of the library, he met her coming out. A sudden downfall of spring rain had hastened his own steps; and he observed that she had no umbrella, and no carriage was yet in sight. He paused politely in the doorway, and spoke gravely. She glanced first at him and then at the sheet of rain which fell upon the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "there is no telephone here; do you know where there is one? I shall have to get to it somehow, to call up the stable."

"Let me go for you," replied Anthony readily. "It is not far."

She gave him the number, and he disappeared. When he returned it was to find her seated in his accustomed corner.

"Your carriage will come at once," he told her, and she thanked him.

"I thought, since you were on my errand," she went on, rising as she spoke, "the least I could do was to keep your place for you."

"It is not my place any more," he returned quickly. "I chose it only because I could look out of the window."

"And so you've given that up?" She could not help the question.

"Yes; since I've seen you did not like it." His manner was resolutely simple; and it encouraged a like simplicity.

"It is not precisely that I did n't like it," said she honestly; "but rather that you took me by surprise."

"And you thought me, perhaps, impertinent? I really was not," said the young man frankly, "as you shall hear. The truth is, that I had been a great deal struck

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by some work of yours at the Art Institute last fall. There was a medallion, and a study of a running youth. I admired them very much, and I was anxious to see what you were like."

Her face colored, and flushed all over with pleasure. She contrasted mentally this plain acceptance of herself as an artist with the remarks made by her friend Bennet Sherrington, when she first took him through her studio:

"Of course anything you do is clever. And then, the sculpture business has not been overdone. So many of the women one knows write, or paint, or sing, nowadays!"

"I'm glad you liked them," she murmured, lacking her usual ready tongue.

"I did like them, but that was n't all," said Anthony thoughtfully, as if recalling his impressions. "They struck me as strong, and strength is the rarest thing in art nowadays. There's so much that is flaccid and pretty, or else violent and crude. Your work had both power and restraint. The modeling was excellent, and then, — you had ideas. Are you going on, and working hard?"

Her face, which quivered to the praise, clouded, and she gave the faintest shrug.

"Ah, those days, — I fear they're gone!"

"Why?" He looked at her directly, keenly. "Then it was not strength that I saw?"

"Who knows?" she answered enigmatically, and fell silent. Anthony looked at her, dreading to see something which should remind him of that face he had seen lying with the sheet drawn up about it. But there was nothing. Perhaps the setting of the jeweled eye was like; but the proportions of the face were so different. And where there had been foolish lines, and weakness, there was vigor,

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vitality, ability. He wondered if the mother in life had had that unconventional touch of *abandon*.

The attention of both these young people during this pause was drawn to a conversation in progress a few feet from them. An archaic and picturesque old gentleman was delivering himself of an opinion on Sharswood's Blackstone's Commentaries. One of the two volumes, it appeared, had been mislaid, to the old gentleman's great disapproval.

"There are copies at both the university and law libraries," protested the poor librarian, but he was overborne.

"This book, sir," and the old gentleman shook one misprized volume in emphasis, "is not only a book, it is a monument, sir! The editor, sir, was a man of distinction, he was a man of erudition, — he was a fellow countryman! The work is one of elegant commentary, of classic style, of universal information. It should be regarded," this in formidable crescendo, "as nothing less than a monument, than a monument, sir!"

Anthony and Diana smiled at each other in appreciation of the humors of this little exordium. Just then Brayne's ear caught the stopping of a carriage in the street.

"There is your carriage, Miss Jessop," he said formally, and held his umbrella over her down the steps till he shut the carriage door upon her.

CHAPTER VII

SHE thought that she had done as much as could be expected of her this morning, and indeed felt at an heroic pitch in keeping to herself the struggle that was going on within her. The recoil of her mind from the only definite prospect allowed her, was stronger than even she had imagined beforehand.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Daniel Deronda*.

DIANA drove home sunk in thought. The encounter had been whimsical; it had brought to mind that much-regretted world of French *ateliers*, and their intercourse which was founded on work. In contrast, never had the streets of her native town, veiled in gray rain, offered a more barren background to her scintillating ambitions. She hated it, she repeated to herself fiercely, she hated it all!

Two years ago, she had hurried home under the shock of grief, longing for welcome, tenderness, the sense of being with her own people. Then had followed Mr. Jessop's death, the will, the surprise, the congratulations, the tremulous words of consecration wherein her grandfather prayed she might be worthy of these new responsibilities. The first six months of her return had been filled with the acquisitions and occupations marking her high estate. There were present the constant attentions of Mr. Sherrington, his notes, his roses and books, chiefly machine-made works in praise of things as they are; and then, the not unpleasant consciousness of moving so heavy a piece of machinery as the Anglo-Saxon man, by the mere lift of her eyebrow. But although she liked to move another, she did not wish to be moved herself.

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Diana's girlhood, so far, had been governed by the uneasy currents to which she owed her existence. Her mother had never been a tangible force in her life. The child had been put early into school; and had spent her holidays wearily enough in the ugly splendors of the Jessop home. When Diana was seventeen, and her mother began to realize that she had no longer any excuse for their not living together, she was spared further concern by the girl's passionate wish to study art. An interview followed with Mr. Stukeley Jessop, who still thought that his daughter-in-law, with her touched-up hair and face, her light voice and elaborate clothes, represented the world of fashion and distinction. Edith Jessop had handled her father-in-law with intelligence from the first. She had been easy, affectionate, determined, and secure, combining an air of worldly experience with the elegance that befitted Ambrose Wynchell's daughter. How was old Stukeley Jessop, who had carried the dinner pail, and knew of society only through the Sunday papers, to do otherwise than believe her, and bluster affection at her child? When Mrs. Jessop approved of Paris and art and independence, he gave consent and an allowance—but nothing more. All Edith Jessop's wiles could not get more from him. He gave presents—jewelry—but not money; he did not believe in women's commanding money. It was one of the deeply imbedded tenets of his youth, formed from the memory of his own young wife, her children, and her home, what they meant to her, and how little any riches had counted when their two boys died. No, no, he repeated, women should not have money to make them the prey of some idle fellow. Moreover, some one had told him Ambrose Wynchell was extravagant; and old Jessop did not like

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clergymen. He was sturdy, original, and in his way forcible and shrewd. So Mrs. Jessop got what she called "a beggarly allowance," and was really unable to assist "father," so she wrote him, much as she longed to do so.

The years which followed were the happiest Diana had yet known. She had talent, energy, a picturesque personality, and high ambition. Her allowance gave her freedom, but it was not large enough to place her at a disadvantage toward her fellow workers, or to lend her the reproach of dilettantism. She worked hard; she threw herself into the life with zest, and it was a wholesome life, — imaginative, energetic, austere. The last spring had been marked by the admission of her first bronze to the Salon; she had spent six weeks sketching in the Puy de Dôme; life had begun to stretch out, to show a larger horizon, as she mounted it. Then came the cabled news of her mother's death; her hurried return, and a change in the face of her world.

At first she talked eagerly of going back; but her grandfather had been ill, and when he recovered he clung to her. Then there were business arrangements, webs about her feet. A studio at home had been suggested, and the feeble objections that it was an unusual adjunct to a Chillingworth rectory had been overcome by Diana, backed up by the family physician. The truth was that the change from an active life full of mental and physical energy to the enforced seclusion of mourning and the elderly companionship, depressed the girl so much that she had suffered in health. After the studio was built, matters had somewhat improved; but in what a different spirit did she now set to work! The unconscionable interruptions of her aunt, the majestic patron-

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age of grandpapa, the unfamiliar street on which her studio window looked, the sense of isolation, — that nothing she did mattered to any one, — all these things were new and hard to bear. So Diana cried out, with young exaggeration, against the unutterable boredom of life in America in general and in Chillingworth in particular. Could she stand it? And for how long? After repeated jars the hours of work had been wearily filled up with other things. This little talk in the library with an original stranger had given fresh impetus to her revolt. Absorbed in these thoughts she reached the Rectory at last. In the upper hall she encountered Miss Wynchell.

“Oh, there you are!” cried her aunt in accents of relief. “You’re not wet, I hope? Then come right down with us. The Sunday School Committee is in the parlor, and I want —”

“Do you really need me, aunty?” asked Diana, pausing.

“Your grandfather expects you to be present. You know he —”

“I don’t think so. I’m sorry, but I am going to do some *work*!” cried the girl excitedly, and ran down the entry which led to her studio. Miss Wynchell shook her head as she went downstairs.

“Father ought to speak to her — it’s dreadful!” she reflected. “This plaster business is all very well for amusement, but *I* should never have been allowed to neglect church work for it. She’s making a most unfortunate impression on the parish.”

Miss Wynchell found her sentiments confirmed during the course of the day. As Mrs. Ley, one of the richest women and hardest workers in St. Anne’s congrega-

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tion, drew on her gloves after the meeting, she too commented at the non-appearance of Miss Jessop.

"I suppose she's still crushed by her loss," was Mrs. Ley's charitable explanation of the fact. "But she must n't let herself grow morbid. I hoped we might interest her in the Sunday School, — and I wrote her myself to suggest that she get up a modeling class. Some of the children have had it in the kindergarten already, and it keeps them out of mischief. But she never answered my note."

"So sorry — Diana's very busy," murmured Miss Wynchell apologetically, her ears tingling with the memory of her niece's fury at this suggestion.

"Kindergarten children — indeed! So patronizing! Heavens, how can you endure these people!"

"We all hoped," Mrs. Ley went on placidly, "that with her youth and all, she'd be one of our really enthusiastic workers. But it does n't seem to interest her. Have you ever talked to her?"

"Very little—her bereavement, you know—the shock," pleaded poor Aunt Susan, with the strongest recollection of her last effort to rouse her niece's interest in parish concerns.

"We need n't discuss it, Aunt Sue, because we'll never agree," Diana had firmly asserted. "All this work, or most of it, strikes me as sheer meddling."

"It's a great pity," Mrs. Ley repeated in accents of regret and disapprobation, "but her mother never liked it, either, I remember." And with this shot she departed.

This name, and in this connection, was the one spur which could prick Miss Susan on to the desperate course of speaking to her father. She could never forget the pain, the disappointment, the mortification Edith had

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caused them in the past; their endless troubles with her on the same grounds; how they had to apologize and explain away and cover up and plot and plan. All Dr. Wynchell's life Edith's giddy indifference to serious things had been a menace. No man but he, — his daughter fondly reflected, — with his tact and charm, distinction and authority, could have overcome such a stumbling-block. And now that poor Edith was gone, and this wonderful windfall of Diana's money seemed to have made financial matters easier at once, and when every one said Dr. Wynchell must certainly be made a bishop, was Diana to stand in the way? Not if Susan Wynchell could help it, — and she went straight to her father's study door.

In girlhood Susan Wynchell had been almost as pretty as Edith. She adored her father, she thought him a very great and distinguished man, she faithfully echoed his ideas and sentiments. He had spent much time with her, he had read to her the poetry or the essay in which his soul delighted — until he found that it went straight through her mind and left not a sediment of thought. Then he had gently smiled, abandoned the effort, and let her go her own burrowing way.

To-day he listened to her complaint, which was clearly put, in a tired silence. His face, on the whole, was smoother, more free from care, than two years ago, though his gray hair was plentifully dashed with white.

"I would n't have been troubled at what Mrs. Ley said," Miss Wynchell concluded, "if she had not mentioned poor, dear Edith. And I simply could n't forget all our trouble about poor Edith."

"I know. It was a great cross. We never knew what might happen. For years I never ceased to worry."

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"And I too!" Susan's face contracted at the remembrance. "Diana does n't realize. She never dreamed of the anxiety her mother was to us."

"I was over-indulgent. I felt she had no mother."

"*She* need not have felt it!" Miss Wynchell interrupted. "I devoted myself to Edith — have you forgotten?"

"You did everything, dear, but it is not the same." Dr. Wynchell looked at his daughter with his tender smile. "However, I think your complaint is perfectly just, and I will talk to Di. I have been meaning to do so for some time past, on the subject of her confirmation."

"I know. There again! Everybody thinks it extraordinary, and she's twenty-one!" Miss Wynchell's pause was eloquent.

"My dear — we must not hurry the young. I am going to take her with me this evening to a debate at the Faculty Club, which may interest her. And I will sound her then. I'm sure it will be all right. Diana, dear, is not Edith. She has not her mother's frivolity, thank God!"

He spoke with a confidence which eased his daughter's heart. She replied, "Of course, if you think so, I shall feel much better," and with a sigh of relief left the room. She returned a few moments later, with some letters in her hand.

"There's one other matter," she said hesitatingly. "I do not know, of course, what are your business arrangements with Diana, but surely she should be made to pay her share of expenses? These bills, now, — the one for your books is pressing. And the extras, when you had the bishop here, ought to be settled."

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“I will see to it. Lay them there,” said Dr. Wynchell hurriedly, and his daughter obeyed. When he was alone, he opened one of the letters, but threw it down again unread. He frowned, and, clasping his hands behind his back, he walked slowly up and down the room.

CHAPTER VIII

THEN in their midst rose up Nestor, pleasant of speech, the clear-voiced orator of the Pylians, he from whose tongue flowed discourse sweeter than honey. . . . He of good intent made harangue to them and said, "Alas, of a truth sore lamentation cometh upon the land of Achaia."

ILIAD, I.

THE long afternoon's work in her studio, where she remained shut up until dinner-time, fatigued Diana, so she was not enthusiastic when told the plan of attending the Faculty Club debate. But she loved her grandfather's companionship, and she saw that he counted on hers. They two were alike in many ways, — in color, animation, and humor; and often their lively talk together filled Aunt Susan with amazement. That any one should parry father so, answer allusion with allusion, and jest with jest, seemed to her almost disrespectful. To-night, however, both Diana and her grandfather were tired. The girl's inner eye saw shapes of plastic beauty whose every pose was informed with meaning. Dr. Wynchell saw only endless rows of figures, their total freshly augmented in nervous stabs of recollection; his mouth was set into a drawn line, which spoke to his daughter of two words: "Those bills."

The carriage came. At last they rolled down the brightly lighted street, which turned, after a space, into the broader avenue skirting the bank of the Little Chilling River. The earlier showers had passed; the sky was mild and clear, still tinted with sunset light. The crowded avenue, the stream beyond, gleaming with reflected lights, deep,

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deep down in it, — this roused Diana by its likeness to dearer scenes.

“Look, Grand!” she said. “This turn is so good at night! That velvet strip of river edged and beaded with lamps, the feathery fringe of maples, and the hill frowning above it! I’m coming out to sketch it all some evening, — it’s the only possible thing in the whole place.”

Dr. Wynchell sighed and smiled.

“You don’t like Chillingworth, Di?” he asked.

“It’s all right, I suppose,” she replied lightly. “I only object to living in any town that is perfectly hideous, and entirely dull. And there’s no place for me in it.”

“Not my heart, dear?” he inquired, half tenderly, half playfully; and she could only smile affectionately in return.

“And that’s not true, Di,” he went on. “Why, child, there’s so much for you here! Your people have lived here for generations. Your roots are here, — deep in this quiet, self-respecting community.”

The girl laughed a little scornfully. “Of course, it respects itself, when it does n’t realize how stupid it is. But the life I want to lead is not possible in Chillingworth.”

“What sort of life must that be?” said Dr. Wynchell, lifting his eyebrows. “You can’t mean the giddy, wandering, futile existence of a rich girl with no home? Here your position is assured; here you have a post at the head of society. Your life is bound up in the energies of this place, in its charitable and social progress. And you may marry here.”

“He always forgets the studio,” thought Di, with a pang. She turned to look out of the coupé window as she said gently, “And art, Grand, sculpture?”

“Oh, of course,” he recalled hastily; “that is a delight-

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ful privilege, something to *possess* — an art — always. But it is not duty, Di.”

“Yet I think,” she began, and checked herself. Why go on? In the past days her work had meant to him nothing but an occupation to fill up the years until inevitable marriage. And now, of course, it meant a great deal less. The carriage had turned out of River Avenue, and begun slowly to climb University Hill. Dr. Wynchell spoke, following her silence with his beautiful voice: —

“I’ve been meaning to talk to you about this very attitude. You have responsibilities, as a rich woman and as my granddaughter, which I fear you are neglecting. The studio is all very well, but it is, must be, amusement only. You seem to despise the parish. When Mrs. Ley wrote you — ”

“Narrow, banal, purse-proud woman!” cried Diana with scorn. “Heavens, Grand! Do you expect me to do more than laugh? Why, she talked of my work — *my work* — as the sort of thing to teach kindergarten children! I hate Mrs. Ley!”

“You have no need to do that, I am sure,” replied her grandfather uneasily; “and moreover, can’t you see that to take this tone reflects upon *me*?”

“But, surely, Grand, I’m a free agent?”

“None of us are that, my dear. Your poor mother used to say so.” He paused with a look of pain; and then continued steadily: “Think this over seriously, dear child. If you are unhappy it is because of a restless and un-Christian spirit. You have every reason to make you happy. You are rich — ”

“That’s no reason,” Diana declared, “unless it brings us freedom!”

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"Freedom, — why, what unwomanly talk! A woman's duties and happiness lie at home. I cannot bear to think that your foreign life has unfitted you for your proper sphere. Have you forgotten what we read only last night?

"Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance-desires?"

She found that her ear was delighted, as always, by his beautiful accent in the citation; and she thought then, as often before, that he convinced more in quotation than in argument. So she was silent; and her grandfather felt that he was producing an effect. He continued, more rapidly, for the lights of their destination shone out on the crest of the hill above them: —

"You would not wish to have people think you selfish, Di — or flighty — or wanting in respect to *me*? Being my granddaughter, you should bear some share in the work of my parish. But we will discuss this when we have more time. — Here we are!"

The debates at the Faculty Club were rather the fashion among the more elderly section of Chillingworth society. Although not, strictly speaking, a college town, it had many such characteristics, and took its university very seriously. These meetings, indeed, were serious enough to fulfill the most rigid requirements of mourning; otherwise it is doubtful if Diana would have been likely to attend. As it was, she had the cold sense of entering entirely as a stranger.

The big room was well filled. An unsympathetic row of electric lights, concentrated and glaring, beat down upon the amplitude of middle age. Seats were found for the girl and her grandfather, and she looked about rather vainly for a face of her own years. She had the mild idea

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that perhaps her friend Betty Paradise might be there, but dismissed it with a laugh, — Betty at a Faculty Club debate was too absurd. Diana could imagine her glance of pity at her friend's immolation.

"Yet I should be glad to listen," the girl told herself honestly, "if they will say what they really believe!"

It did not seem to her that this hope was fulfilled. She was in a mocking spirit; and both manner and matter of the speaker seemed to her insincere. Her grandfather enjoyed it; and, moreover, palpably relished the heavy deference by which his entrance was greeted. The girl seemed to see as never before how flattering attention, from whatever source, seemed to soothe and cheer him, how his voice grew more melodious, his periods more rounded, his manner more genial; how his very size, so to speak, seemed to increase. She stood at his side listening perfunctorily; noting with an inner aloofness the allusions and appeals, "my Diana says," "this child thinks," "our dear child here believes;" and somehow even the affection rang false. Yes, Diana was decidedly out of tune.

When the social greetings and *pourparlers* had given place to the first speaker of the evening the girl was glad, for she could at least pursue her thoughts in silence. So absorbing were these that she hardly noticed when he came to an end. Her surprise was all the keener, therefore, when she saw that his place on the platform had been taken by no other than her unknown acquaintance at the library! Here was unexpected interest: the listlessness left her face, she leaned forward; she heard him eagerly. Anthony had much improved and developed in the past eighteen months. Although his address was not long, he compressed into it suggestiveness, humor,

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intensity. At the close the girl was breathing quickly; and she turned to her companion, applauding with all her might.

"Was n't that fine? What a splendid speech!" she cried, for he did not seem to share her enthusiasm.

"Rather radical, I think, my dear; although no doubt the young man will improve," he suggested, leaning back in his chair.

"Do you know the man?" Diana asked him. He turned to inquire of the person next him; and repeated the answer to her.

"The name, I believe, is Brayne. Quite a talented young man, it seems. There is little real oratory in Chillingworth, however, outside of the pulpit," he had time to observe, before their attention was again called to the platform.

A fairly dull and conventional speaker followed Mr. Brayne; and the proceedings came to an end after the latter was given an opportunity to reply. In the interval he had seen Miss Jessop and her grandfather among the audience, and possibly their presence spurred him to a higher exercise of retaliative wit. He managed to give the *finale* a touch of humorous defiance, which in no way minimized its real seriousness; and the room, half laughter and half sympathy, drowned out the last phrases in its impatient applause.

The audience then stood up and moved about informally. Diana heard Dr. Wynchell's voice in smooth, congratulatory phrases to the more safe and uninspired among the speakers: she also saw him pass by Mr. Brayne without a glance. Of course, there was no reason why he should speak to a person he did not know, yet she was disappointed. She had rightly divined that if given half

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a chance Mr. Brayne might come over and speak to her. As it was, he merely bowed distantly, and left the room almost at once.

As Diana's eye followed Mr. Brayne out of the hall, she heard her name spoken; and turned to find herself looking down upon little Mr. Chidley Coote.

"And dear Miss Jessop!" was his greeting as he peered benevolently up at her. "What a place to find you in! I call it too bad of grandpapa, — too bad indeed!"

Mr. Coote, small and dapper, was Chillingworth's perambulating bachelor; the most unhurried, unembarrassed, and optimistic person in the world. He had no family, no occupation, and no means; he smiled on life, he was never bored or lonely, he chirped happily at half a dozen firesides, he was the embodiment of content. In the morning his club, his bit of gossip, his newspaper; in the afternoon his exercise, a beneficent promenade radiating smiles, and noting little changes in the familiar streets; in the evening a place at some friend's dinner table, — such had been his programme for forty years. The quaint gentleness of his personality had pleased Diana since their first meeting a year ago; so now she greeted him cordially, and told him she had found the evening very interesting indeed.

"I saw you applauding our young speaker," said Mr. Coote approvingly. "Just think, we have an orator at last, — a thing we've not had in Chillingworth since the excitement of the civil war. Ah, there were giants in those days!"

"Does Mr. Brayne speak often?" asked Diana. "I must hear him again."

"Very often, and very well. He's quite fiery on certain topics," said Mr. Chidley Coote. "Dear, dear, how

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does he have the energy? And he wants change; everybody wants change nowadays. I protested to him just a moment since. I said, 'My dear young friend, things are perfectly right, things are delightful as they are.'"

"And what was his reply?" said Diana, amused. Mr. Coote laughed cheerily, and pressed his hands together.

"He said that I had a valuable temperament; but that perhaps I would acknowledge that some facts — say, incomes — were less elastic than they used to be. And that is true; I can't deny that struck me as true," continued Mr. Coote very cheerfully. "I've plenty of chances to practice self-denial these days; and so, no doubt, has he, poor fellow! But then, everything is so much pleasanter, though there does seem less of it to go round."

"Is Mr. Brayne independent? What is his work?" inquired Di with interest.

"Independent?" repeated Mr. Coote. "That's such a nice word, what a pity there is no such thing! Our friend Brayne writes, I believe, leaders and articles, essays if any one will buy; and gives lectures if any one will hear. He has a powerful friend in Professor Geraint, that white-haired man over there. But I fancy he is poor, my dear Miss Di, in a sense you will never even understand."

"You can't be sure of that," said the girl restlessly.

"Oh, yes, I do, I can. There is quite a natural law in these matters," affirmed Mr. Coote benignantly. "When I see an ardent young man with talent and no prudence, I can plainly see where his end will be — among those long, dull, unread rows in our public libraries. And when I see a beautiful young lady, why, then I know where she will end, also."

"And that is?"

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"Now you can't expect me to define, particularly in the absence of our friend Bennet Sherrington," responded Mr. Coote with gallantry; and Miss Jessop's color rose.

"Life is a very uncertain quantity," she remarked enigmatically, using the generalization as if it were an original discovery.

"One should never be certain of anything, that is true. Life's chief art is to leave all things tentative, so that events may take the shapes which will make one happiest. How are the statues, my dear Miss Di? And do you still pine for the artistic life?"

"More than Grand thinks I ought," sighed Diana at the query. Mr. Coote spread his plump hands abroad.

"This dear grandpapa, such a personality!" he murmured. "I suppose it is hard for a sapling to take root under the shade of so very majestic an oak-tree. But here he comes.—Well, my dear sir, I was just likening you to a forest oak." Mr. Coote beamed in turn on Dr. Wynchell. "What is your opinion of the forensic arena this evening? I can fancy it not flattering, after your sermon last Sunday. Eh, Miss Di? I was of St. Anne's congregation on that occasion. What a really eloquent discourse!"

"I don't think Diana heard it; she does n't care for sermons," said Dr. Wynchell. "She prefers screeds like to-night's on 'ethics,'—that, I understand, is the term."

"Oh, dear, dear,—oh, dear me!" Little Mr. Coote glanced uneasily from one to the other, feeling that he had fallen under the shadow of a difference. "Miss Di is so clever and advanced; no doubt she is original, as all young ladies seem to be nowadays. Well, 't is late, I must go. Such an agreeable talk, such a pleasant evening!"

"There goes an incurable optimist," observed Dr.

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Wynchell, as Mr. Coote tripped off; "and one who always remembers the pleasant thing to say."

"Sometimes I think he laughs at one a little, very gently," said his granddaughter. "But it is a wonderful disposition, and I wish mine were like it," she added regretfully.

Once alone in the carriage, she slipped her palm into Dr. Wynchell's in token of an altered mood.

"I'll be good, Grand," she cried wistfully. "I don't want to please Mrs. Ley; but I do want to please you. Let me 'mud' away in the studio when I like; and I'll give you no cause to scold me any more."

A sense of sudden loneliness overcame the girl and made her cling to him, as to the one creature she loved. It was the generous, warm reaction of affection.

"I'll do all you want me to, Grand," she repeated.

"Thank you, dear child; we'll discuss it more fully to-morrow," he replied affectionately and indulgently.

There were other matters on his mind beside those he had mentioned; concerns more vital than Diana's artistic obsessions or her disrespect to his parishioners. Their presence in his mind made him a shade self-conscious. As he bade her good-night and turned up his study lamp, he found himself wondering, even calculating, how far this generous impulse would carry the child. These carping financial cares! It seemed hard he should be harassed by them just when his path had begun to clear. He wished he had not been obliged to sacrifice already so large a block of the securities placed in his hands. Of course it was all for God's work; and it all made good her standing, helped her on the way. But these fresh difficulties; for her own sake she must help him over them. Her welfare, he repeated, was his only object in life, —

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and for him to be elected a bishop naturally made for that welfare. If his logic was a little mixed, at least his emotion was pure. With his head on his hands he prayed deeply for the accomplishment of his wishes: that Diana should give him a great deal of money and come up for confirmation at Easter.

CHAPTER IX

WITH a young pair in any degree harmoniously fashioned by nature, nothing can conduce to a more beautiful union than eagerness of the maiden to learn and of the youth to teach. Out of it there arises a relationship as fundamental as it is agreeable. Nor dare we wonder if since the days of the old and the new Abelard there have sprung forth from such a meeting of two beings most violent passions and as much happiness as unhappiness.

GOETHE : *Dichtung und Wahrheit*.

As Diana entered the library a few days later, her first glance was to the corner where her strange acquaintance was wont to sit. Yes, there he was, absorbed in a pile of yellowed newspapers, dabbing little hurried notes upon a pad. The spring had at last chosen to assert itself in a morning of glowing sunshine, whose shadows yet were fresh and cool. All the windows and ventilators in the library were open, and a faint, intangible odor of renewing green leaves stole in to replace the prevailing fragrance of dust, gas, and india-rubber. Across the width of the room from the young man's chair was a door opening on a veranda. Twisting smoke shadows cast from nearby chimneys dappled the floor; its posts were crowned by a twining wistaria vine, whose pale amethyst blossoms dropped softly now and then in a perfumed rain. Diana's eye, catching this picture, marveled that the young man could keep his head bent so assiduously over the musty papers. At the rustle of her approach, however, he lifted it, and then rose.

"Why did n't you tell me you were Mr. Brayne?"

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This question came quickly, covering a touch of diffidence.

"Suppose I had done so, Miss Jessop," — his eyes smiled on her, — "would you have been any the wiser?"

"I *did* enjoy that speech of yours!" the girl declared heartily. "It was the only thing in the whole performance which interested me. Do you speak often?"

"Whenever any one will listen," he replied with a mock gravity. "Sometimes, like Demosthenes, I practice by declaiming, not to the ocean, but to my landlady, who is just as indifferent, and quite as stormy and capricious."

"You are writing an address now, perhaps?"

"Not exactly." He lowered his voice, for Diana had forgotten or ignored the request for silence which swung upon a nearby wall. "I am trying to make an article on some aspects of psychology as shown in the matter of the Tichborne Claimant. These are the files of the London 'Times' for that year."

"Oh, yes, I remember. He pretended to be some one else, did he not?"

"If he had only done that I should n't bother with him. But he convinced some of the nearest relatives of the man he assumed to be, and it's a question if he did n't convince himself. It's that which interests me."

"His conviction?" she asked, interested, "or his self-deception?"

"Perhaps the line of demarcation. I am glad you liked my speech. I felt somewhat handicapped by the age and distinction of my opponent."

"Do you mean that dreadful old fat man, who blew like a grampus, and wallowed on the platform?" Anthony was uneasily conscious that this frank description

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was audible to the furthest recesses of the library. "Oh, he was hopeless, — he was n't worth refuting!"

He shook his head deprecatingly. "Professor March is really a noted scientist. I grant he has an odd delivery."

"He reminded me exactly of a person learning to swim! He should n't do a thing he is so little fitted for by nature."

Her disposal of this elderly savant was so complete and final as to fill her hearer with amusement; but he only murmured, "I'm awfully afraid, Miss Jessop, that our talking may disturb some of the readers."

"Does it?" Her look about the room was one of surprise. "Very well, then let us go out on the porch and see that lovely wistaria vine."

"You have forgotten your book?" He resented feebly this encroachment on his time, but her reply was unhesitating:—

"I don't want a book; I just ran in to tell you how I liked your speech."

A smile danced into Anthony's face, and out again. He dropped his hat on the newspapers in token of proprietorship, and followed her into the veranda. She drew a breath of pleasure at sight of the little square of green inclosed by the surrounding office buildings; at the nodding mauve wistaria blooms, and at the newly planted bed of crocuses and hyacinths.

"It is so much nicer out here!" she declared, seating herself on the railing and turning her eyes on Anthony's. "Now I want to hear all about you, Mr. Brayne."

He did not answer for a moment; but maintained a considering silence. The truth was, he had expected a much more conventional person. Her spirit, frankness,

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and the strain of manly friendliness running like a gold thread through the many-hued tissue of femininities, — all these things made him a little ashamed of his deliberate effort to stimulate her curiosity. She had taken it simply; but he had not been simple. In truth, Anthony was not often simple; and in this particular instance his motives had been more than usually complex.

“There’s very little to hear,” he said unwillingly. “I suppose I am a sort of a free lance.”

“That seems a very rare vocation nowadays,” said Di. “I’d like myself to be a knight-errant.”

“I fear most people call it adventurer.” He spoke with a jar, for her bright confidence shook him. “For the rest — let me see. I write, and speak, and do odd jobs for Professor Geraint.”

“Geraint — you mean the atheist?”

He smiled. “I believe some people do call him that. He is my best friend.”

“Then you agree with him — you are a skeptic too?”

Examine her expression as he would, he could find in it no artifice, — only an ardent interest in the talk, a certain ingenuous power of forgetting outside things. He could not know, of course, how she had been starved of intercourse for nearly two years. He answered her, therefore, thoughtfully, —

“I really don’t know. Tradition, color, all such influences have a far greater power over a temperament like mine than over a man like Dr. Geraint. I am studying, thinking; but at the moment I really do not know to what extent we do agree.”

“And you’re studying, thinking, writing, and all that, here in Chillingworth!” At the word her own discontent rushed out. “Don’t you think it’s a dull, dreadful

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place? Don't you long to get away? Don't you hate it?"

"Perhaps it is rather narrow. But I don't hate it."

"Well, then, I do!" She slipped from her seat on the railing and stood up excitedly, her face moved with feeling. "You can have no idea what it means after one has lived for years among people all working at beautiful things,—all interested in them together,—to be dropped here, where nobody cares. How am I to work at art, to be a sculptor? Why, in almost two years you are the only human being I've met who knows what an *idea* means! — And the stupid things they expect one to do—the colorless creature they want one to be! But there — you think I'm crazy!"

"No, no — believe me, I understand all you mean," he said slowly, and quite seriously. "So you feel you cannot work in such surroundings?"

She threw out her hand intensely. "Who could?" she demanded. "Can any artist do good work in this limited, uncongenial environment?"

She spoke the dictum with confidence; but instead of an affirmative, he kept silent; and in that pause an idea was conveyed to the girl. She voiced it immediately.

"You think perhaps it ought n't to matter. But take the great artists!"

"That's just what I'm thinking; let us take them."

Diana tried to go through the, to her, novel process of examining her assertions more nearly and of producing her proofs. She made a breathless, hurried mental canvass, with disastrous results. Then she laughed.

"I can't seem to think of any at the moment," she confessed, "who did n't have to fight against their surroundings some time or other! And yet there must be."

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"I doubt it." He turned toward her, speaking positively. "Mind you, I don't mean to minimize your difficulties — but we hear a lot about congeniality and so forth these days — and from such a set! — All the great forces and talents have toughened their muscles and grown hardier in the struggle against life. It's the survival of the fittest over again. If your art can't make you forget your environment, it's not worth much. Of course, I can believe it makes the pleasure in work less to follow one's art alone—but after all, does that matter? Is n't most of this talk we hear about the necessity for an artist's life being congenial and all that, just to bolster up the mediocre in their mediocrities? I'm asking you."

"I suppose I see what you mean," replied the girl unwillingly. "And yet — "

"Did you ever read Stevenson's letter to a young gentleman who proposes to embrace the career of art?" he asked her; then, as she shook her head: "Well, that expresses my meaning, although I do not care personally for his cat-on-a-wet-pavement style of writing. He says, if my memory holds, that you artists not only wish that keenest of all pleasures, creative work, but you think your capacity to feel that pleasure entitles you to other privileges and immunities among men. And he goes on to say, and it is very true, that if you cannot make this greatest of all joys serve you, you had better seek out a more manly way of life."

She flushed a little proudly.

"You think it is enough in itself?"

"I think it is a great deal in itself. 'Men pay and pay highly for pleasures less desirable.'"

"But no one cares what I do."

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"Work harder, then; you will make them care."

"Are n't you rather stoical, Mr. Brayne?"

He turned his face aside and his voice grew less blunt.

"I would be. My life, circumstances, everything would tend to make me so. I understand your feeling fully, — only — I hate to see any artist — womanish."

Both laughed.

"I suppose you understand — I wonder if you do!" she meditated, "because after all —"

"I'm not an artist, that's true, only a critic." He held his watch in his hand, and snapped the case. "A critic who has his bread to earn and his article to write. I must go back to work."

Diana looked crestfallen. "I'm sorry," she murmured.

"Please don't be, for I've had a most interesting talk," said Anthony heartily, and she saw he meant it.

"Will you come in to see me, and continue it some day?" she asked him suddenly. "There are many things I want to ask you, and I see that I must not disturb you here."

He looked down at her, hesitating. The clear, strange eyes met his, and their seeking glance appealed to that strong and characteristic love of influence. Of course he would go.

"Thank you. I shall be very glad," said he formally, and turned back with resolution to his chair before the files of the London 'Times.'

Diana hastened homeward. She felt that there was a little breeze of interest blowing over the still waters of life. When she reached the house she remembered a letter she had received that morning, about which she wished to consult her grandfather. So upon entering she went at

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once to the door of his study, and knocked. Her tap was recognized and welcomed.

"Is that you, Di?" he called. "Come in, dear." Di went in, happy, decided, her eyes sparkling. She moved and spoke with the full assurance and self-confidence which belonged to her at this time.

"Oh, Grand, I want a cheque, please!" was her greeting. "Will you write it now? Make it for three thousand or, say, thirty-five hundred." Dr. Wynchell stared at her.

"Three thousand — my dear Di!" he ejaculated, finding his voice. "May I ask what for?"

"You've forgotten how rich I am," the girl laughed as she kissed him. "That's a tiny, trifling sum nowadays. But I'll tell you why I need it, dear. To-day I got a letter from Grace Brant in Paris. You remember, I told you of her, — that Illinois girl who was working so tremendously hard and has such promise. Every one believes in her future. And now she says her father has failed and can't keep her there any longer. We are great friends, so she wrote to me. She says here that if she can be assured of one year longer over there, she feels that with commissions and so on she'll then be able to stand on her own feet. It's just this last year she needs." She added, as her grandfather made no comment, "I know you'll approve, Grand. Grace is splendid, really. She's bound to arrive. Of course I will send her the money."

"I see, my dear, I see." Dr. Wynchell stirred restlessly in his chair, but his face did not cast off its worried frown, nor did he look at his granddaughter. "Your friend and all — it is very generous of you, Di. Perhaps by next autumn something may be managed for her, but —"

"But why not now?" asked Diana, her eyebrows raised.

"Because — just at the moment it is impossible — I do

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not see how you can afford to dispense so large a sum of money, my child."

"But Grand!" Her voice failed in bewilderment. "I thought I was so rich! I thought I was a millionaire!"

Dr. Wynchell laughed softly. "You dear girl!" he commented, straightening in his chair and smiling benevolently on her. "And do you think you spend nothing, Di? Why, the truth is your income for this year is hardly large enough for your personal wants. In the first place, the estate has not all been settled; and only about a half of the securities have been turned over to you. Then, as you know, most of the bonds pay an absurdly low rate of interest. Of course, I should change the investments for you if I could," — he coughed deprecatingly, — "but I have no power. So you are really a trifle straitened for the present, — it will take management for you to live as you do."

"But even then," said Di, puzzled, "I don't understand. Let us run over things and see."

"If you wish," — his tone was a little bored by her persistence, — "but these business matters you can hardly understand."

"I will understand!" she cried energetically. "The studio and all, I know, cost about three thousand. Our trip to New York last November, my furs and all, could n't have been over three thousand more. And of course the stable costs each month, I know. But that's all. I've not entertained; I've had no clothes, being in mourning. I thought I was saving hundreds!"

"You have omitted two important items," he replied, and his lips still smiled although his eyes were sombre. "One is your past debts —"

"My *debts*, Grand?"

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"Yours, dear, and your mother's. If you must go into all this, child—" She bade him proceed with a little quick nod. "Then you must know that I had been obliged to advance for you. The executors thought it fitting I should be repaid. I'm only a poor clergyman and could not afford to wait. Then, there are your living expenses here; you've forgotten those."

Di nodded soberly; she had forgotten. The idea was entirely new to her.

"I should love to give you these if I were able," Dr. Wynchell continued, rising and standing before the fireplace. "But I am not, my dear, because your living here puts our whole establishment upon a totally different footing. Society expects more of you; we have to consider your position in Chillingworth. You have a right to a standard which must be maintained."

He paused, and Diana wondered why this was necessary, since she herself had never expressed such a wish. Diana wondered where and how she had contracted debts; she who had lived in Paris so well within her allowance. A little wrinkle came between her brows as the smoothly flowing voice went easily on. Dr. Wynchell proceeded, his lips still in a beneficent curve which contradicted his anxious eyes.

"This question is a little involved; perhaps you do not see its importance yet, as we do. For instance, your entertaining the Bishop this winter properly, as we did it, required a great outlay. It was to your advantage, my dear; it caused most favorable comment that it was done so handsomely. There were fresh roses on the table every evening. I doubt if in any parish the Bishop ever received more attention."

"The Bishop—that dull old man! But I did n't

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care one rap!" the girl broke out dismayed, but her grandfather swept on.

"It was extremely advantageous to your social future. And there were reasons — which we won't go into now. You have no worldly prudence, Di, and believe me, I'm a better judge of what is proper for you."

"Really, Grand, all this—" she paused in her disappointment and surprise; and he turned towards her with the air of one who has not yet clinched his argument.

"Then you have passed over the *necessary* and the large item of charitable subscriptions. I have subscribed for you — in both our names," he spoke as if this doubled the value of the donation, "to practically every Episcopalian charity in Chillingworth. No name appears more frequently in good works. Perhaps I've been lavish, but I felt that there was no way so thoroughly to controvert criticism, so to place you beyond comment. My first duty, I felt, was to fix your position in society. So you see, the money is spent, and well spent; but we'll have to be careful for a few months."

Diana stood, biting her lip. She did not know what to answer. Dr. Wynchell, troubled, put his arm over her shoulder.

"Dear child, you're disappointed. I know your generous heart! And I'm so sorry." His face was full of tender, affectionate distress. "I love you the better for wanting to help your friend. God bless you, Di—and, as I said just now, I think that in a few more months, say by the autumn—"

"I understand," said the girl; but she did not show him her face. She patted his caressing hand; and then went out of the room. She felt she must go somewhere alone, and try to understand.

CHAPTER X

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah! were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet there is not such.
So as she shows she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
Sovran of beauty, like the spray she grows;
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd flower.
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn
She would be gather'd though she grew on thorn.

ROBERT GREENE.

THE studio building consisted of the large studio proper and a small anteroom where the girl kept her books and desk. Here she commanded a fitful seclusion, broken occasionally by Aunt Susan with a sacred summons from the dressmaker; and here she turned her steps after the disagreeable revelations of the business talk with her grandfather.

The windows of the anteroom looked out upon the budding elm-trees, upon the sketch in silver, green, and bronze made by an April in town. A chattering of little sparrows outside in the ivy filled the air. Diana rested her arms on the sill and her chin in her hands. Must she once more readjust herself?

The one fact which had governed her life for this last eighteen months had been this fortune. The one compensation for the renunciation of all she wished to do,

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had been the power of this fortune. The ability to do as one listed, to help when one wished, — these had been the advantages, so she had repeated to herself, which were to make up for her lost activities and ambitions. And now it seemed she was not to have even these!

Diana had not been one whit convinced by the conversation with Dr. Wynchell. The truth is, her idealism, her high spirits, and her often giddy tongue had caused him to think her far more of a child than she was. She had been too independent in the past not to know something of practical affairs. She saw clearly that the money was being spent in ways and for objects for which she cared nothing. Dr. Wynchell might think his granddaughter benefited by episcopal entertaining or prominent almsgiving, but she passed over the profit with a mental shrug. Ah well, it was done; she neither could or would mortify him by objections now. But the future? That presented some very dark shadows, a very real anxiety. Diana had definite ambitions, plans, ideals, — she had a *métier*, a schedule; what of these? Was this sort of thing to go on, or must she protest? And to protest to the only creature she loved, and who loved her: did it seem inevitable?

She wondered that her grandfather had not yet suggested that she take over the charge of her own affairs. She remembered that she had signed papers and gone through formalities; and that he had smiled and said of course she would not wish to burden herself with financial details. She wondered a little more that his anxiety to do the right thing socially had caused him to let her become straitened the very first year! It hardly seemed worth it, she reflected, and it was surely a bad precedent. Di had a strain of the shrewd Jessop blood; and she felt that this state of affairs was both uncomfortable and un-

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wise. And then those debts he had mentioned! She racked her brains to recall them. She had always lived well within her allowance, frugally, and had money in her pocket. She had a strong dislike of debt. Could it be that her mother — After all, here lay probably the explanation of all. She had always noticed a constraint whenever that dead mother was named. She remembered dimly hearing of extravagances; doubtless these, mercifully hidden from her, were the cause of Grand's attitude. The money had come to Diana from her mother, and she supposed that any claims against her mother's estate must needs be satisfied before she took possession. And yet, the amount seemed so very large, — she could hardly believe that this accounted for everything. It was all very tormenting and strange.

She sighed and covered her eyes. After all, why worry? It was only for a few months; next year would set it all straight. If only she were not conscious of this underlying difference of opinion with Grand, a different viewpoint, differing standards, which lately had come up in their every talk to fret her. Better anything than that they two should not see alike. And he certainly did not share her feeling about Grace Brant's appeal.

The rustle of the letter as Di unfolded it, frightened the little sparrows, who had chattered above her still figure, and they flew away. She reread the words; they were direct, proud, sincere. She loved the writer much; she recalled now with a passionate homesickness that thin figure, the delicate temples and curved shoulders and long hands, the shrewd, observant speeches in the nasal American French. She had called the girl "J. J. Ridley;" and they two had been very close. Grace had more austerity, a greater ruthlessness; hers was the narrower nature

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and perhaps the deeper. In the name of their past equality how could she let this appeal go by? How could she condemn all that talent and energy to a return home, to eat out its heart like herself, — only without her supposed compensations? She could not do it.

Diana, of course, knew nothing of the many ways by which the poverty-stricken rich supply themselves with money. She had a dim idea that one could borrow, but that idea suggested lawyers' offices, red tape and formality and advice and opposition, all of which she wished to avoid. So she took the feminine course of consulting her jewel-box. It held several beautiful and costly objects, and she chose a string of pearls, a present from her grandfather Jessop on her eighteenth birthday. She believed that pearls were very valuable; no doubt they were worth fully what she wished for them. Yet it was evident that it would look strange if she were to try to sell or pledge them herself, — Grandfather Wynchell would certainly hear of it. And whom could she trust to do it for her? Her maid? Diana had an instinctive dislike of taking a servant into her confidence. Suddenly she thought of her new friend, Mr. Brayne, and with impetuosity decided to place the whole matter in his hands. He would know how to get the money, and she felt sure he would approve. It was so like the girl, this sudden confidence in a stranger, and this entire overlooking of the stranger's point of view.

She was made much happier by the decision. She put the pearls safely away; smiles revisited her face, and she was glad at the sound of the luncheon bell. This content animated her during a meal where Dr. Wynchell seemed depressed, and where her aunt could do nothing except worry and remark that he was not himself. Miss Susan was chilly with Diana, half suspecting her to be the cause.

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"It is just as he used to be after a talk with Edith in the study," thought Miss Susan in terror. "Are we going to have that all over again?"

While they were still at table, the door-bell rang, and Bennet Sherrington was announced. Dr. Wynchell's face cleared. He grasped the guest's hand warmly, crying, "This is unexpected! This is wholly delightful!"

The Anglo-Saxon man looked florid and bronzed. He had just returned from a fishing-trip, undertaken ostensibly for nervous recuperation in an outdoor life. Whether the physician who advised this considered the conditions best fulfilled by its being undertaken in company with three political friends and a portable bar is a question, but it had been very successful. It is a great thing to go to Nature once in a while; she steadies your nerves and renews your self-esteem. You can undoubtedly stand more whiskey on a fishing-trip than in the purlieus of civilization. Mr. Sherrington brought Dr. Wynchell a giant trout, and Miss Susan a Canadian table-cover. To Miss Jessop he paid the tribute of an instant and craving glance.

"Well, I hope the trip has banished the effects of overwork you complained of, my dear Bennet?" asked Dr. Wynchell sympathetically. "Life in the open, under the pure heavens, free of all preoccupations, — that is the life which renews one. I have not done such a thing myself since I was a boy. How I have wished I might!"

His tired eyes contracted.

"Sleep out of doors, father! Why, you would catch a terrible cold!" declared Miss Susan, quite alarmed.

"I should love it," said her father dreamily. "'Into the green-recessed woods they flew.' Yes — to go on and on and leave no token of one's passage. I should love it."

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Mr. Sherrington, whose sense of humor was not strong enough to remind him of the empty bottles which had marked the trail of his party through the forest, agreed that it was a great thing, and that he felt perfectly fit.

"We must get you into camp, doctor," he suggested. "Can't you get off some autumn and hunt? Miss Jessop would enjoy the trip; and there's no need to rough it nowadays. A lady could camp out in a silk dress if she wished."

"I should hate that!" asserted Miss Jessop at this, "and I should like to rough it."

"You'd be sick of that in no time. We modern folks must have our comforts," said Sherrington. "This trip, now, has been perfectly easy in every way."

"But I should never take to the woods what you took to the Restigouche," remarked Diana pointedly. But Sherrington was never quite prepared for her perspicacity.

"If you ruin your health by exposure and poor food, what good does the open air do you?" he argued. "If one can afford it, why not take the improvements of modern life?"

"Is that what you call it — the improvements of modern life?" She looked across at him with a daring sparkle. "I heard it spoken of the other day as 'a camp-load of cocktails'!"

"My dear Di!" ejaculated Dr. Wynchell, horrified, and his daughter pursed her mouth.

"How Diana can even allude to such things!" thought Miss Susan as she left the room.

"Oh, Mr. Sherrington is fair game," said the girl calmly. "He can be such a sham, you know."

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Her grandfather looked at her helplessly; and then turned to their guest.

"Will you have a cigar with me in the study?" he asked Sherrington, who was biting his mustache.

"Later, if I may. I want to see what Miss Jessop has been doing in the studio," he replied, and Dr. Wynchell rather hurriedly left the room, shaking his head. Diana made no move to leave her seat.

"You don't really care about the studio," she observed, looking at her plate. "You simply want to talk to me without interruption."

"That is perfectly true," he replied firmly; and she had no excuse to deny him. So she led the way thither, but without enthusiasm.

As the studio door closed on them with an echoing bang, Bennet Sherrington stood still and looked at the girl.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Well?" she replied lightly, as if surprised.

"You were going to tell me to-day."

"Tell you what?" she said indifferently, and without a smile.

"Don't pretend — and don't evade!" Sherrington commanded, grasping his stick tightly. "You know perfectly well what I mean. You were going, during my absence, to consider —"

"If I cared about you?" she finished for him calmly. "Well, I don't know."

"You mean you've not decided?"

"I mean I know no more than I did when you went away."

He drew a sharp breath. "Is n't this sheer cruelty to animals?" he asked her fiercely. The term was unfor-

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tunately accurate, great big animal that he was, and she looked acknowledgment.

"I suppose you would think so," she remarked candidly; and then with gentleness, "I don't mind discussing this, Bennet, if you wish to do so. When I say I don't know — it's true. I *have* considered it — honestly, but I only get one result. You seem a suitable person for me to marry; and I suppose you love me."

He was about to burst into protest, but she checked him with a gesture. "Yes — I say, I suppose so. You're rich — so that does n't come into it. You have a career which interests me. And Grand would like it. When I think about these things, I think I'll marry you — and the moment I think I'll marry you, why, then I don't like you."

He did not answer at once, but her speech relieved him. It betokened, so he thought, merely a natural virginal shrinking, which he felt fairly confident of overcoming. Only he had waited a long time.

"Well, I have schooled myself to a long patience," he said at length. "But if *that* is all, some day you will be my wife."

"Odd: I thought it the final reason against you," said the girl reflectively.

"A girl like yourself, I suppose, strong and independent, does n't care about marriage in the abstract," he replied. "The question is, can I make you care? And I will make you care!"

He came nearer to her with exultant eyes.

"But you know," objected Di, with habitual frankness, "I don't approve of you."

"Any special cause? You don't mean the silly gossip about this fishing-trip, for instance, for that's nonsense,

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believe me. I've a strong head, and I'm not an ancho-rite. But I can be a total abstainer without a shadow of a struggle, if that's all you want." His answer was perfectly truthful, and she knew it. Moreover, she liked him the better for mentioning that incident. But she shook her head.

"No, it's not that particularly—it's everything—it's all together," and she turned restlessly to her modeling stand and began to unwrap the figure. "It's just that I'm always criticising you — and I don't want to criticise my husband. Oh, I'm not proud of this behavior — it seems very weak, I know. I like to talk to you — to have you for a friend; and most of all I like a sense of power over you,—I like to stir you — I like to see your eyes shine. There — I know I'm horrid. But I miss that excitement when you go away."

He looked at her in silence. There were moments when her intellectual clear-sightedness gave him a jar. That she should openly declare what women so strongly deny, that for her to move him was excitement and pleasure,—this avowal really shocked that curious thing which passed in his soul for modesty. Catch-words and phrases are like spiders: they spin webs over the clearness of our souls, and tend to entangle all truths and keep them from reaching the delicate surface. His only way to win the girl was by an equal and a serious frankness. But these spiderwebs had dulled his vision. Rather helplessly he changed the subject.

"And I am not to know to-day?"

"It is just where it was."

"Then show me your work. God! I've been patient — I still can be. What have you been doing?"

He set his mouth, and walked over to her side. Di

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admired him: he was certainly a gentleman. After a half-hour's conversation with him on questions of art, however, she was forced to reflect that his being a gentleman mattered somehow very little, since she was obliged to translate her ideas into words of one syllable for his benefit.

"The truth is," was her reflection after he had left her, "he does n't speak my language at all!"

It was the first time she had acknowledged the fact.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT makes these longings, vague, without a name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time draws near,
And weak defeat and woful victory fear?

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise*.

It was plain to be seen that Dr. Wynchell was very sorry to have put a check upon his granddaughter's generous impulse; his attitude toward her since their financial discussion had been one of apologetic solicitude. Diana, reading this tenderness only half aright, was inclined to speak, to confess all her plans. But even she, the indiscreet, the outspoken, felt that there were differences here of tradition and temperament which would make a misunderstanding inevitable. So she kept her own counsel. Moreover, she, the fortunate owner of money, had a delicacy in even discussing it with him, of whose situation she was not so sure as of his affection. Youth has these sensitivenesses, sharp and clean-cut, like the undulled edge of fine steel. Diana prided herself on her superiority to the whole financial question. Wealth she regarded in the light of an excellent, useful, indispensable servant, whose utility one took for granted, without having the bad taste to allude to it in conversation. One would, of course, regret extremely if this servant gave one warning; but at twenty-one, with boundless vitality and energy, one would feel an inward

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assurance, somehow, that an equally competent domestic could be found to take the place.

Above all, one must never talk about it; and particularly when there were in question such naïve and artistic extravagances as Grandfather Wynchell's. During these spring days, for she was beginning to emerge from the complete seclusion of her mourning, on all sides the girl heard praise of her loyal Episcopal almsgiving, its generosity and completeness. She took note of how these pleased the real donor — how his chest rounded and his eye gleamed. She observed it all a trifle cynically, and assented with a circumspect gravity. 'Twas amazing — amazing — but anything was better than money squabbles. Let him give as he wished; she supposed, vaguely, that there would always be plenty left. Meanwhile, how about the girl in Paris, waiting, hoping for an answer?

Diana had hoped that Mr. Brayne would call; but the days passed, and he did not. She was therefore forced to seek him in the library; and arrived there one morning very early, just as he had settled down to work. She made for the veranda, and once there beckoned him imperiously to join her. He followed her, wondering, to the farther end, and she seated herself upon the piazza railing with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Now," she declared, turning her gaze full and absorbed upon him, "we can talk. I have been trying to get here for ten days, but something has always prevented. I want your advice, Mr. Brayne, — and I want your help."

Thereupon, without further preamble, she told him of her friend's letter, of her appeal to her grandfather, and of its result. She spoke well; she drew the girl in

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Paris with warmth and sympathy; the interview with Dr. Wynchell in many little vivid touches and some humor. He listened attentively. The subject held for him a significance the girl knew not of; the pictures her recital raised before his mind were supplemented by others of which she saw nothing. He saw again that early autumn morning; the engines thudding in the street; Dr. Wynchell's gray face of haggard fear; Sherrington stooping above the sheeted body, raising its hand, — here Anthony gave a sudden start and shudder, at which Diana paused in full career. She had taken off her gloves while she talked, and swung them to and fro. That narrow, pointed hand of hers wore a ring, — a ring which like a spectre confronted his imaginings with reality. He broke in sharply.

"That ring! Where did you get it?"

"This?" — she held up her hand in amazement. "Grand gave it to me when I returned from France. It was my mother's."

The young man flushed, irritated with himself.

"Of course — of course," he explained hastily. "It reminded me of something. I beg your pardon. Please go on."

"That's all," said Di, her mind occupied with herself and not with her hearer. "You see, I must send Grace the money. We were friends and workers together. Just because dear old Grand has his ideas of what money's for, does n't alter my feeling. So I hunted out something to sell, — these pearls; and I thought you'd be kind enough to attend to it for me."

"But, Miss Jessop —" he said, and paused, torn between amusement and a sort of exasperation at her friendliness and her arrogance; at the naïve way she

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took him for granted and the self-confidence of her demand. He stood with the pearls dangling from his hand, the picture of irresolution, uncertain whether to be cross or to laugh. The latter impulse finally became irresistible, and he gave way to it until Miss Jessop, scenting ridicule, became very stiff and dignified.

"I don't see what you find so funny," she remarked coldly.

"Only this," he replied, composing his features, — "you've talked to me twice or thrice. You hand me over this valuable jewel without a by-thought! Why, you have no idea how poor I am. The whole thing is funny," — and he laughed again.

"Oh, I knew that!" she hastened to tell him, not forgetting Mr. Chidley Coote. "Lots of the men I knew in Paris had to pledge things. I thought you'd know how."

"Thank you!" He made her a smiling little bow.

"Of course, if I did it Grand would know. Oh, if you don't wish to —"

"No, no," he declared, drawing back as she made a motion toward the necklace; "I did n't mean that. I shan't laugh any more."

"You see," Di explained sadly, "I've so few friends here. None that I would want to ask. There was one I thought of — but — you've heard of Mr. Bennet Sher-rington?"

Anthony nodded. "He would probably be glad to advance you the money."

"But that's just it. She colored painfully. "I did n't like that idea."

By this time Anthony was disarmed. He examined the pearls in a businesslike manner.

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"Let me see," he said. "I don't know much about jewels, naturally, but I will do the best I can. I'll try to pledge it first; failing that, I'll sell it. Is that what you wish?"

Her face cleared and she thanked him warmly. "And you'll bring me the money?" she asked. "I don't know how to thank you. Grand was so pleased with all those Episcopalian donations that I would n't disturb him for the world."

If there was a person more indiscreet than Miss Jessop, that person was Mr. Brayne. He had called himself, playfully, a missionary to this pagan woman, and now she was seated at his campfire waiting for him to speak. There was a challenge running through all her words and actions. The courage to interfere in the affairs of others is rare in this day of indifferentism, and he had it, — he had it so deeply imbedded that it was not self-conscious. Ah, and that savage chieftain, Sherrington, on the other hand! — He was twenty-seven; so he spoke. Little Mr. Coote would have been horrified to hear him.

"You talk about Dr. Wynchell's almsgiving as if you don't much care for it," he suggested. "Are you not an Episcopalian yourself?"

She shook her head, and looked at him steadily.

"I'm not a church member," she avowed. "He wants me to join — but I don't know. I'm like you, Mr. Brayne, I don't know."

"Please don't misunderstand me," — he hastened to correct this view. "When I say I don't know, I do not mean I am uncertain about creeds. On the contrary, I am quite sure that every vital spirit must outgrow the need of sect or dogma. Can one safely outgrow the whole tradition? Well, that's a question. My 'don't

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knows' referred to Dr. Geraint and his absolute negation. *That* takes study."

"You mean study as to which view makes the best people?"

"Partly — but there's no doubt in your case. You must n't be identified with a church you don't believe in, even if your grandfather does make you. That's too insincere!"

The "must not" fascinated her, that rare phrase.

"I want to please Grand," she asserted.

"Well, that's wrong," said he squarely. "This wealth is yours, not his; you're responsible, not he. It's a great responsibility. You can't let him waste it on self-indulgence, when there are real things to be done with it — that's certain."

"You mean that's your opinion," she corrected.

"It's not a question of opinion. It's certain."

"You mean I ought to dispute with Grand over a few wretched charities." She spoke with some heat. "That would be horribly undignified."

"Ah, but now you're jumping at conclusions, Miss Jessop. I said nothing about disputing. But there should be a clear understanding, and *you* should shoulder the responsibility — that's all."

"Why, this is almost a lecture!" said Diana, displeased.

"That is in my line, you know," replied Anthony indifferently.

There fell a pause. The girl had expected admiration, applause, and the opening of a congenial acquaintance. Instead, she had been told that she neglected her responsibilities. Although willing to do her bidding, he was not enthusiastic. He leaned against the veranda

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post, twisting a bit of vine in his fingers, quite unimpressed. After a moment he continued:—

“You have a high vitality, Miss Jessop, and more strength and independence than most. You should n’t shrink from any struggle, and you are fitted for responsibility. It will be harder later on. This is why I speak.”

“I must go. Good-by,” she replied uneasily. “You will let me hear in a day or two?”

“I will write or call,” said Anthony formally; and, bidding her good-by, he went back to his work.

Diana went out into the street, quite lacking the glow of adventure; and decided that if one’s left hand were sympathetic, it were a pity not to let it know what one’s right hand doeth. At home she found a note from Sherrington, asking her to ride with him; and she had barely time to dress before he and the horses were at the door. She was kind to him during their ride. After all, an attitude of perpetual admiration was pleasant. She gave him friendly words, and glances that were sidelong and velvety, and liked to see his nostril grow tense and his eye flame. When he grew personal, she broke away laughing, and galloped furiously along River Avenue with him in pursuit, in the face of all Chillingworth returning to its luncheon. She sent him home exhilarated, triumphant, sure of her at last. She turned to the studio, but could not work, and later dressed and went to her friend Betty Paradise for afternoon tea. There she flirted deliberately with Betty’s brother, and allowed herself to be drawn into all sorts of engagements she had not the faintest wish to keep. Wine ran in her veins with a sort of chafing excitement; she felt a chaotic turmoil, out of which what might come?

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That night as she turned her head upon her pillow, she felt the imminent presence of certain large words, — ideas which she must hold at arm's length lest they should take possession of her nature, and blot out all sense of youth, power, and caprice.

“Belief, responsibility, aims, ideals!” She was afraid of them — afraid as no weak soul is afraid, because she knew their fascination, and her own capacity for yielding. No, no! not yet — she thought in terror; for is there not something very terrible in the approach of the “Stern Daughter of the Voice of God”? And when one feels that the grip of ideas is tenacious, undeniable, — does not one dread the day of dedication?

In her dreams she died a martyr's death; she slaved, starving, at her clay; she suffered all pressures unyielding. She awoke in the dawn tired, and a little ashamed.

CHAPTER XII

FROM my high seat in this vast theatre, I look down on the scene beneath me: a scene calculated to afford much entertainment, calculated also to try a man's resolution to the utmost. For to give evil its due, believe me, there is no better school for virtue, no truer test of moral strength, than life in this same City of Rome. It is no easy thing to withstand so many temptations, so many allurements and distractions — like Odysseus we must sail past them all, and there must be no binding of hands, no stopping of our ears with wax; that would be but sorry courage; our ears must hear, our hands must be free — and our contempt must be genuine.

LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA.

ANTHONY BRAYNE, at the time when he threw up his private secretaryship, had saved a matter of two hundred and fifty dollars. His first act was to go to Arthur Geraint, professor of biology in the University of Chillingworth, tell him as much of the affair as he felt proper, and ask him for the reader's work which he had undertaken before. Dr. Geraint, who was perfectly heterodox and who detested Sherrington and all his works, bestirred himself energetically for his protégé, and saw to it that Brayne obtained a reader's position in the English Department without many weeks' delay. Indeed, Dr. Paramore was very glad of the aid of his brilliant graduate, whom he also had strongly urged toward the academic career. Thus was renewed between Dr. Geraint and Anthony that relation which the foregoing three years had greatly interrupted. It was a tie particularly close. For the abrupt, white-haired, dogmatic scientist the young man felt an affection reverent and yet spontaneous; filial

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perhaps in quality, and yet not perfunctory. It was a love of the ideal the man stood for, as well as for the man himself; a worship for the only thing Anthony felt to be worth worshipping, — the authoritative, aloof, scholastic life; the days spent with pure ardor tending a pure flame; that living in the *edita doctrina sapientum templa serena*, and breathing the bracing air of truth. Such affections are possible to teacher and student in college, and are the reward of close and enduring influences, often exerted unconsciously. The elder man, too, had shown belief and confidence in the younger, which was in itself to be remembered with a swelling heart. Then there existed a special congeniality: both were very lonely; both, though for unlike reasons, faced as antagonist a great barrier of constituted things.

Differences there were of temperament and intellectual quality, as well as those of age. Dr. Geraint was an avowed and militant freethinker, destructive in tendency; while Anthony, who vibrated readily to the influence of tradition, had refused to be hurried into the same position by his impatient elder friend. Geraint was not a tender person; he refused to regard the human race as other than a zoölogical incident, having only the importance attached to its place in the evolutionary chain, and not to be set arrogantly high above the ape or the ant. Anthony's attitude was not only persistently tentative, but governed no doubt by the fact that to his mind the individual was more interesting than the mass. He somehow seemed to care as little about man as he cared greatly about men. He was at this time possessed by a zeal for ethical and personal influence; observing upon every hand how the individual life suffered from a great incompatibility between the church code it was

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taught, and the law of self-preservation which it was forced to observe. Between gross, cynical materialism and outworn mysticism, what was the unfortunate good man to do? No wonder he was confused and ill equipped. He was a knight in cumbrous armor, against a modern machine gun.

Anthony talked much with Dr. Geraint of these things: it was often like throwing china plates at a rock, and one sat surrounded with the shattered fragments of his arguments. But he learned much from the exercise, and once or twice even the rock was scarred. He would come home and jot down the thoughts stimulated by these discussions; he gathered a mass of such material, and at some future time meant to codify it and examine the result. Might it not become, perhaps, the silver trumpet at whose note men would flock about him? Had he, indeed, the education, the force for a leader of thought? Deep down he cherished the sacred spark of this ambition; meanwhile much must be read, studied, pondered over. And then, one's daily bread was to be earned.

The reader's labor was ill paid, but Anthony was obstinate, and tried to live on oatmeal and water before he was brought to sacrifice the few remaining precious hours of study for hack-work. It was only when he found that he could not afford illness, and a doctor told him plainly that he was running a fine engine on insufficient fuel, that he took up newspaper writing. The privation of that first year had been very keen; but the second found him an accredited contributor of leaders to the Chillingworth "Note-Book;" and of anti-Sherrington articles of some venom to a New York paper called the "Fifth-Avenue Review." Deliberately modeling the

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style of these effusions on Milton, Swift, and Junius, he gave them a certain rare trenchancy, the bite of satire in a country where that art has bid fair to be superseded by the cheaper one of humor. They found their way to Chillingworth, although no Chillingworth paper would reprint them. They showed a quality of the same force which has expressed itself in Swift and in Ruskin, — that appreciation of humanity's fundamental inadequacy, which worked pure destructiveness in the hands of the great Dean, and turned to such a pitiful idealism in those of the great critic. The acknowledgment of this force is the foundation of satire, and a distinguished satire is the keenest weapon in the hand of right. Anthony, laboring hard, though his work of this sort was unsigned, felt its impetus, and was not dissatisfied with its effect.

"Do not forget," Geraint repeated to him, "that, as Goethe says, 'It cannot be expected of the public that it should receive intellectual work intellectually.' That man, Brayne, knew you — as he knew us all."

"Yes, sir; your mind," the young man had replied, "is perhaps the only mind he did not know. And yet in his method he foreshadowed Darwin. I wonder if he would have agreed with Renan where he says, 'La faiblesse littéraire d'une œuvre n'est pas une raison pour qu'elle n'ait pas une action de premier ordre dans l'histoire de l'humanité'?"

Geraint grunted. "I doubt it. But it is a pretty saying — Renan is always graceful, — and should comfort and sustain you, Brayne, in your rare moments of self-doubt!"

"They *are* scandalously rare, sir," acknowledged the young man, laughing.

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"I was not unlike you once," said Geraint dryly; and the subject was changed to an address which Brayne had just been asked to deliver. As he told Miss Jessop, he still spoke when any one would hear, and the number of such requests increased as he improved. His friend the professor, however, was against them.

"Mind you, I don't like all this spouting!" he declared vigorously, walking the room as was his wont. "It's the incurable vice of the day. Are you going to let your cistern run perfectly dry, and never give it time to settle and clarify? Stir up the people, good Lord! Who cares about such muck?"

"But I do, sir," said the other, standing his ground, as he knew from experience was the only way to do.

"Then you had better learn to despise 'em!" thundered Geraint, with the twitch of his white eyebrows. "Your business is to sit down and get knowledge. If you take to mixing yourself up in personal affairs you'll run dry. Mark my words, you'll run dry!"

Anthony could not help recalling these warning words on the day when Miss Jessop left him in the library with her pearls in his pocket. The interview and her behest had successfully thrown his attention off the track of work; he made an end in a haste of vexation and hurried forth into the street intent only on getting the errand done and off his mind.

In his ignorance he had supposed the affair to be one of minutes, but he soon found himself swamped in tedious embarrassments. The possession of this jewel without credentials, and by one whose appearance was inappropriate to its ownership, had given him little concern, but he soon discovered his mistake. The jewelers of Chillingworth did not treat him as the finder of the

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pearl of great price was treated. He was finally driven to the office of a pawnbroker, and, sickening, repeated his perfectly true story. He had been entrusted with the necklet by his friend, a young woman of means, who, temporarily straitened, wished to raise some money for a worthy purpose. On the face of it this tale was incredible to the pawnbroker. He was puzzled by the fact, which he carefully concealed, that he knew who Anthony was; for, being a pawnbroker with aspirations, he had heard him speak and had read his articles. This accounting for the transaction had a significance so obvious as to be almost technical; it struck the pawnbroker as unworthy of Mr. Brayne's supposed intelligence. Had he been a pawnbroker of allusive habit, he might have altered the immortal reply of Michael Finsbury: "You innocent mutton! It is the seediest expression in the English language and only proves the narrator to be an ass."

Being, however, merely an observer nurtured on a philosophic calling, he made no audible comment, but took the pearls, and after some haggling agreed to lend the required sum for them. This would take a day or two to procure, since he cast a doubt, perfectly natural in our present disingenuous society, as to whether they had ever lain in the bosom of an oyster.

"When they come that size," he observed to Anthony, —and the aphorism had a wider application, — "it stands to reason that we must look into 'em clost."

The whole matter had been an unspeakable bore to the messenger; and his sigh of relief was heard by the money-lender with a smile of sympathetic comprehension. That evening, when subjecting the necklace to a thorough examination under the microscope, he came,

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of course, upon Tiffany's mark upon the clasp. Later on he wrote to Tiffany making inquiries. These two innocent young people had thus managed to set in motion the springs of a highly complex machinery, of which the results were not yet. And Diana fancied herself a woman of the world!

Anthony came out of the shop in no very good humor, and hastened homeward. His room was in a small suburban boarding-house half an hour's ride from the centre of the city. The street was clean and shaded; the houses, ugly but neat, stood each in its own quarter-acre and clipped margin of green. It was the quarter of the small shopkeeper, the accountant, the clerk, and the minor city official. Anthony had a pleasant room whose window looked upon a neighbor's pear tree. Mrs. Kendall, the landlady, was brisk, competent, and not unfriendly; she looked after Anthony's desk and papers, lamp and bookcase with a tumultuous zeal.

Mr. Brayne entered his room with a feeling of exasperation, for he had wasted much time. His desk was piled with proofs and memoranda; a note from Dr. Paramore asked his special attention to something,—so no more flourishing recreation at the pawnbroker's, on the request of any young lady. A spring breeze moved the pear tree without, and blew freshly over the window-sill. Anthony would have liked a long tramp over the fragrant fields with a troop of dreams and ambitions for company. But work sternly beckoned him to his desk. With a sigh he took off his coat, took out his pipe, worked hard until lunch time and harder still thereafter. He sat, in truth, deep in his labor until the pale sunshine dappled his eastern wall, when he was interrupted by a knock on the door.

CHAPTER XIII

HE that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind: and the fool shall be servant to the wise of heart.

Proverbs, xi, 29.

IN response to Anthony's "Come in!" there entered an individual of about his own age, agile, dapper, and blond. He wore a gray suit, a large heraldic ring, and a small pointed imperial. He had an important manner, undecided gestures, and a vacillating eye.

"Hello, do I interrupt?" he inquired, and paused on the threshold.

"Not a bit, Jim," replied his friend with relief. "I ought to have finished an hour ago. Sit down," and he pushed towards his visitor the large tobacco jar.

Jimmy Paradise — James Quint-Newton Paradise, Junior — had been a classmate of Brayne's at college. He had been interested, in a vague, dilettante way, in Brayne's success. Jimmy's own health had never permitted him to do justice to his own talents. He had early assumed toward himself the attitude of Lady Catherine de Bourgh toward her daughter's musical achievements: "Anne would have been a delightful performer if her health had allowed her to learn." Jimmy knew that he would have been a delightful performer on the active stage of this world but for the extreme nervous susceptibility which was part — so he explained — of his inheritance from a long line of Paradises of Virginia (Du Paradis, Auvergne) and Quint-Newtons of Kent. The present Duke of Quint-Newton, Jimmy would tell

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you, belonged to a cadet branch of that great family; and Jimmy personally suffered the responsibilities of the main stem. The Paradise family was constitutionally procrastinating, but Jimmy had attained the reputation of firmness by getting his friend Brayne to make all decisions for him. Between him who shuns mental responsibility and him who welcomes it, a certain degree of friendship is a foregone conclusion.

"I meant to come here two hours ago, but I was detained," said Jimmy; "but since you were busy, perhaps it was just as well; because I want your *entire* attention, Tony, on a matter of importance."

"Well, go ahead!" said Anthony, gathering together into bundles his mass of papers.

"Do you mind not rustling that paper?" asked Jimmy gently. "You see, I said I wanted your complete attention. Thanks." He held up a forefinger impressively. "You have heard me speak of Betty's friend — *the* Miss Jessop?" Anthony nodded and grinned.

"She has been in deep mourning until this spring," Jimmy pursued, speaking slowly as if with the laudable desire to make his facts quite clear, "so that I never really met her until the other afternoon." He coughed reminiscently. "We have arranged to go to the String Quartet Concert together, — she and her aunt, Betty and I."

He paused. Anthony's eye was still a little preoccupied, and he had begun mechanically once more to sort and stir the offending manuscript. At Jimmy's prolonged and significant silence, he was recalled, however, and ceased.

"If you don't mind, Tony?" Jimmy's tone was injured but urbane. "Nothing gets on my nerves like haste and

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preoccupation, when I want my mind to be clear. Let me see, I got to the concert. It is to-morrow night. Now I naturally wish to make a favorable impression; and I cannot decide whether it is best to wear a Tuxedo or dress-coat. Here in Chillingworth we consider those Quartets informal, and Miss Jessop is still in mourning. Most men here would wear a Tuxedo. But in New York I suppose they'd wear full dress?"

"Wear whichever you like," said Anthony, very patiently.

"But think of all the considerations involved," returned Jimmy with anxiety. "If I wear my dress-coat she may think me affected — overdoing it. But if I wear my Tuxedo, she may think I don't know. The dress-coat will be different from the other men in the audience — she may n't like that. On the other hand, the Tuxedo may look as if I were careless, as if I did n't appreciate the honor —"

"Jim — believe me, it does n't matter."

"You say that simply because you are self-absorbed this afternoon, and do not want to discuss what concerns me," said Jimmy, rebuffed. "You will be impossible if you let this egotism grow on you. The question must be decided, and —"

"Very well, old man, the dress-coat," said Anthony firmly; and Jimmy sighed an acquiescence, although still inclined to go over the ground.

"You do not think that decision is hasty? Well, perhaps you are right. You see, the truth is, it would be a very suitable marriage. After all, the Jessop is only on one side, and Wynchell is an excellent Chillingworth stock, almost as pure as our own. Then there is the money. Of course, I should n't do anything without

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carefully considering it from every possible point of view — ”

“Of course not,” said his friend gravely.

“And I’d want you to see her, so that you could discuss the pros and cons intelligently.”

“But look here, Jim,” Anthony suggested. “Surely it is said that the senator — Sherrington, I mean — has a claim there?”

“I believe not.” Jimmy shook his head. “Only the other day Coote, you know, — Chidley Coote, — told me it was certainly off. It’s not in your line exactly, all this society gossip; but I have it straight that there is no engagement. Our match would be thoroughly suitable. Now about your meeting her. There’s no way for you to do it, I suppose, outside of our house?”

“None,” said Anthony, his mouth twitching.

“Well,” declared Jimmy meditatively, rising, “after all, Miss Jessop’s unconventional, she’d like all sorts of people. I’ll tell her about you; I daresay it will be all right. Suppose you come next Sunday to supper.”

“If you think the young lady might object to meeting me — ”

“Not at all — I never said so,” interrupted Jimmy, alarmed; and to tell the truth he did not think he had. “Besides, am I not going to see her, and explain? Now, Tony, you can’t refuse. How are we going to talk it over fully unless you know her?”

Had Anthony been a simple person he would have refused; but there was a piquancy in the situation which strongly attracted him. So he accepted quietly, and did not even rescind it when Jimmy went on to explain the full measure of his own tact.

“I chose Sunday on purpose, because I thought it

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would be easier for you in the way of dress. Besides, she'll think you an eccentric genius, so that it won't matter what you wear."

"Will she?" said the other, laughing. "Very well — I'll come. Only don't get her expectations of eccentricity up too high, Jim, because she'll be disappointed."

At the Quartet Concert Jimmy entertained Miss Jessop with an account of his friend: brilliant fellow, queer history, eccentric chap — not like the men in one's set, but likely to have a remarkable future. Incidentally he made use of the figure in comparison with his own. His abilities had not been regarded as less than Brayne's at college, — but then, his health. Brayne's freedom meant so much, whereas Jimmy had ancestral responsibilities, — the du Paradis, Auvergne, the Quint-Newtons of Kent. Anthony promised to accomplish much already for Chillingworth — but then, the mere existence of James did more. Chillingworth needed men like Brayne — since it was manifestly impossible to get any more like Jimmy Paradise. He told her all this sweetly, affectionately even; Diana enjoyed it, and was sorry when he changed the subject to a minute account of his last recuperation from the strain of a brilliant season and the management of a Bachelors' Ball. She was grateful also to Jimmy for preparing her for next Sunday's encounter; for that she took a romantic interest in his friend was undeniable. It was as yet quite light and literary and superficial, and Diana liked to play with it, to summon it to her dreams or to throw it away at will.

Jimmy Paradise and Elizabeth his sister, together with some three or four juniors of the family still in the schoolroom, lived with their mother in the usual Chillingworth house, rather more imposing in size and situa-

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tion than their means warranted. The result was that almost everything else was skimmed. The house and Jimmy were the family luxuries. It is unfortunate that the financial question was so inextricably interwoven with the fibre of this family. They were racially bad managers. Their power of procrastination was infinite; and their indecision amounted to genius. If an appointment could be missed, if an agreement could be misunderstood, if an arrangement could be incompetent and a state of mind incoherent, these would be accomplished by a Paradise. They were strongly like the progeny of Mr. Henry James. And as life is brutally keen-edged and disgustingly definite, they were continuously ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Mrs. Paradise herself was a forlorn lady, a combination of the sentimental and the vindictive. She was constantly being wounded in feeling by her two elder children, expressing her state of mind by silent sniffs at breakfast, and making her only retort epistolarily, by pinning little notes to their pin-cushions. When Jimmy was not recuperating he used to bring these effusions of his mother's to Anthony to be answered.

It is fully comprehensible, therefore, that, having asked Diana and Mr. Brayne to supper on Sunday, Jimmy forgot to mention the fact to his mother till late on Saturday. Mrs. Paradise sighed and supposed that Betty was making all the arrangements for their entertainment, not that Betty ever did, but that such a supposition saved activity. The result was that on Sunday Mrs. Paradise and Betty were hardly on speaking terms; and Jimmy had more than once coughed a hollow cough and declared that entertaining was an exertion from which his nerves required a thorough rest.

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Both guests arrived on Sunday promptly upon the hour. The maidservant who opened the door to Diana gaped at her helplessly, as though the apparition were the last thing in the world which she expected. Miss Jessop's question as to where she should leave her cloak produced the effect of panic, so Diana dropped her wraps upon a dusty hall-seat, and drifted into the large, dim drawing-room, where she found her host and Mr. Brayne. Jimmy introduced them with the solemnity of much circumstance; and their eyes met, the green and the gray, with a flash of mutual understanding.

Familiarity with the room where she sat had taken away from Diana some of its gloom. In decoration it hesitated between half a dozen manners, and collapsed into unmitigated dullness. Its atmosphere was charged with smoke from some badly trimmed lamps; and the family portraits, placed on its walls after the same convention which causes steamships and druggists to hang prominently before the public eye their certificates of efficiency, leered patronizingly down upon the three young people. By and by, Mrs. Paradise, very red around the eyelids, came vaguely in, greeted her guests in a subdued undertone, and sat down expectantly, as if it were somebody else's house. Diana's friend Betty followed; and the whole mansion then sank into a dull inertia which lasted for upwards of half an hour. It was the silence of complete paralysis; not a step sounded, not a plate clattered, and Di, who was young and hungry, began to feel her conversational power frozen by the same deadly fear which invaded her entertainers. Would there be any supper? That was the question; and any other topic was merely undertaken as an effort.

"You got John Stuart Mill at the library the other

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day, did n't you? How are you getting on with him?" Anthony asked Diana, doing his best. She laughed.

"Oh, I'm being battered about at the end of his arguments like a tin can tied to a dog's tail," she replied airily. "I can hear nothing but the noise of my own emptiness as it bangs over the stones. I know why women are not logical, Mr. Brayne; Mr. Coote told me."

"And what did Chidley Coote say?" asked Jimmy deferentially.

"He said, 'My dear Miss Jessop, we men have been obliged to invent logic, to excuse our paucity of imagination.' Is n't that comforting?"

"Yes, but I cannot understand why we do not have supper." Mrs. Paradise came in here, under the impression that she was forwarding the conversation. "I hope you are prompter at the Rectory than we seem to be, Miss Jessop. I know Dr. Wynchell used to preach about it —"

"Grand preaches a lot of things he does n't practice," said Diana cheerfully; "and I don't care about promptitude myself."

"Betty — suppose you tell Sarah we are quite ready?" suggested Mrs. Paradise for the fifth time; and just as Mr. Brayne asked Miss Jessop if she had ever read Turgenev, the portières were drawn and the meal seemed to become a tolerable certainty.

"My son tells me you don't find much art interest in Chillingworth," said Mrs. Paradise to Diana, relief lending her a certain graciousness of tone.

"None at all," said Di with decision.

"That is very strange, because in the old days there used to be a great deal of drawing and painting. Jimmy's

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great-great-grandfather used to cut silhouettes. We've quite a collection of them, but as we've lost the labels we don't know who they are. And my great-grandmother used to make beautiful landscapes out of hair. The foliage was all made out of the hair of a certain breed of poodle that was very rare in those days. They are very artistic; you must see them. I will find them for you after supper — that is, if I have n't lost them. And my dear grandmother's shell-work samplers were greatly admired. The family has had a strong love of art since early Colonial days."

"Yes; but do you call that art?" asked Di frankly, much to Anthony's amusement.

"It was considered so, in Chillingworth," said Mrs. Paradise. "In those days people were content at home: they did n't think it necessary to have all these foreign ideas. Life here suited them."

"Then, of course, that accounts for it. Nowadays the more one goes, the better. What I want to do," explained Di, "is to spend the winters in Europe, — American winters are so unattractive, don't you think? — then travel on the Continent in the summers; and spend a month spring and fall with the family."

"That would be a wretched education for the artist," Mr. Brayne challenged her from across the table. "No good work could ever come out of *that*."

"But — why?" she turned on him.

"Nothing creative ever came out of perpetual movement and change. You must have thought to make good your energies."

"But think of the experience!"

"You mean sensation, I suppose," said Mr. Brayne coolly. "Lots of people think that the enjoyment of new

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sensations is a sign of creative intelligence. It is n't — it's the other way about."

"You are a very positive person, Mr. Brayne."

"It is my one virtue, Miss Jessop."

"But look how artists travel nowadays!"

"It points my argument. Not only does modern art lack ideas, but it lacks definite conceptions of beauty as well. Take the Greeks — the Italians."

"Ah, but they lived surrounded by beauty!"

"A great many of them did n't think so. I've no objection to travel for purposes of study. But there ought n't to be much of it; it prevents thought from settling, it disturbs intellectual processes, it's a giddiness of the mind."

"I hate moderation as a doctrine," said the girl laughing. "What do you think, Mr. Paradise?"

Jimmy had listened to the foregoing argument feeling very doubtful as to the wisdom of his friend's attitude. Thus appealed to, he passed his hand over his forehead and replied that of course he agreed with Miss Jessop. After supper was over Mr. Brayne came and sat beside Diana, and made no pretense whatever that his conversation was general. She was whirled off to the world of art and ideas.

"And yet," she said impulsively, "you scolded me so when we parted last!"

"Don't forget that you told me you had no friends to do it for you."

"And you think it implied a friendly interest?"

"I know it." He paused and lowered his voice. "By the way, I've something for you. When shall I give it to you?"

Her nod of understanding was rapid. "To-morrow evening," she suggested. "I shall be at home and alone."

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Ah, Mr. Paradise," as Jimmy rejoined them, "I'm afraid I must go. I have kept the man waiting half an hour!"

"I will come," said Anthony as she rose to depart.

"Tony, we must talk this over," said Jimmy to his friend after Miss Jessop had gone; "I am anxious to know your impression."

"Well, I will give you one now," returned Brayne, laughing. "What on earth would you do with a sculptress? It does n't come into your scheme at all!"

"That art enthusiasm is a mere effervescence." Jimmy waved his hand. "Marriage will supplant it."

"That's just it — I am by no means so sure," said Anthony; and he left his friend in quite a perturbed frame of mind.

CHAPTER XIV

PERÒ la mia fortuna alla tua non somiglia,
Tu avesti in sorte un nome, un tetto, una famiglia.
Fu la scuola di un padre che t'educo alla vita,
E sprone alle grandi opere fu la grandezza avita.
L'armi, pria che un chinento, ti furono un trastullo.
Io crebbi solo — un orfano, no, non è mai fanciullo.

G. GIACOSA, *Una Partita a Scacchi*.

"AGAIN, I don't know how to thank you," said Diana.

They stood together in the studio. Diana held a lamp in her hand; its upward glow made rosy her face and white dress, and dusted her coil of hair with gold. The long, wedge-shaped flare of light beat upon the green walls and ceiling, and lost itself in some dusky corner in the wide spaces of the room. Formless bulks of clay, each upon its standard, wrapped in its corpse-like cément; something now like a head, now like an arm, outstretched threateningly from a shadow; the long workbench, the litter of paints and sketches; the blank north window hiding a cloudy sky; here and there an ivory shape, some Greek vision, bending benignant, — these were the elements of a picture which Anthony held in mind for many a day thereafter. Its effectual mystery suddenly broke out in words, — words which swept his errand, and her thanks, and all tritenesses, out of sight and mind for always.

"The workshop of the Gods! It is like mankind in the making — like the Titans at the beginning of things!" He quoted suddenly in a rush of excitement:—

"Cocus and Gyges and Briareus,
Typhon and Dolor and Porphyryon!

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“Oh, the gorgeous words! All these half-developed forms, still enwrapped in silence; and *there*” — he pointed to a shelf, whereon the Olympian Hermes, just touched by the lamplight, bent his ineffable, disdainful smile upon the pair — “*there* is your model unattainable — there the God looks down.”

“The workshop of the Gods!” repeated the girl with a subdued accent, setting her lamp upon a table and moving some paces from it. “Oh, dear, dear! And so vacant — so empty of all divinity!”

She stood, very tall and thin and white, with her hands clasped as she looked up at Hermes; and though her face was in shadow, yet her young body took on a beautiful plasticity, and a pose informed with thought. Anthony rushed on: —

“How camest thou over the unfooted sea?

Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dream'd.”

Both remained silent. One of those moments had swooped unexpectedly upon them, surcharged with a high sensibility, in which the quiver of the imagination is audible almost like a delicate pulse. The beautiful, unforgettable words in the young man's moved voice seemed to stir all through the place, and all through the girl so that her throat tightened. Both stood silent, looking upward, and hearkening; until — if there had been a divine, mysterious visitant bearing the garland of poetry, at length the perfume and sound of his wings grew faint and disappeared.

“If I were only free!” Diana broke the pause, scarcely above a whisper, and quite irresistibly drawn to confidence.

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"You are right; why should one care about outside things, when one can stay here — and work? Here I am quite happy. But then, there are all the bores. And how can I bear to hurt grandfather, when after all he is all I've got? I love him dearly."

"I know," was all Anthony could say. There was another short pause; but its quality was different, and by and by she sighed, and picked up the lamp.

"Let us go back to the sitting-room. Come. This place is depressing; it reproaches me. It is so full of the ghosts of things I shall never accomplish."

"That I will not believe," he replied firmly, and she was glad to hear him say it. They returned to the smaller anteroom; which was softly lighted and warmly hued, and comfortable with cushioned chairs and bright with flowers and trinkets. Stepping into it, she seemed to shed the vestment of poetry, and become a figure which Anthony found himself able to analyze and observe in a manner wholly impersonal. In the distincter atmosphere, her face, figure, manner, were all very modern and dauntless: a girl of talent and character, if you will, but assured and imperious. They sat down facing each other; and on the table between them lay the roll of money which he had brought her.

"Personally, I can't see," he pursued, leaning back in his chair, "why you are not free to pursue your ambition. Dr. Wynchell can have no real objection."

"It makes him anxious and uneasy: he wants me to marry, and fears it will prevent," she explained frankly. "Then, as I told you, I hate Chillingworth. Here nobody cares. I want to go back to France and work."

"Naturally, and no doubt you will. But don't forget that it is your art above all others which has possibilities

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in America to-day. No, I'm not very hopeful about art generally. I can see that painters find so much essentially unpaintable, such paucity of subject. But I do think we have form, impressive and beautiful form, everywhere. But the practitioners of your art do not seem to show much intelligence, nor have many ideas."

"There is a piece of work I mean to do" — she spoke dreamily, her eye conjuring it — "which I think has an idea behind it. If I were only a free lance like you!"

"God forbid! That expression is deeper-rooted than you dream. Do you really think me fortunate? Well, a woman always has strange values. I who have had to fight against such odds; and who always will, because —"

He stopped abruptly with a breath; and looked down upon the books lying on the table. A volume of Giacosa caught his eye; he seized it and turned the pages as though in search.

"You read Italian — you know this?" Then as she nodded, wondering, he found the passage and read in his somewhat Latinized Italian. "Don't you remember Fernando — Paggio Fernando?"

*"La mia sorte è severa,
Se mi farò una stemma, avrà la sbarra nera —*

I am like him." He looked across at her. "I am illegitimate," he said gravely.

"Tell me," said Diana, after a pause, and her voice had much gentleness, "if it is not too sad a story to be spoken of."

"It is sad, but it is not romantic at all," he said in his ordinary voice. "I would not have mentioned it, only you are certain to hear of it sooner or later; and you should know whom you ask to your house. My father I know

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very little about. His letters seem to show him a gentleman and a man of ability. My mother's name was Brayne. She was born in New England, near the sea; and of seafaring people, who were rigid and sturdy. She came to the city to teach in a school; she was very handsome; he met her there. He had married an English-woman; they had separated, and she had returned to her relatives. There was no divorce. He told my mother this only when I was born. She had supposed herself his wife for two years." A certain quiver of shock and tragedy moved in his voice here; but he steadied it and went on. "She was a very good woman, but she loved him dearly, and she did not leave him. After all, what could she do? He was all she had; he had burned her boats for her, she had passed as his wife, and he argued that few people need know the truth. So she stayed with him; and she was always glad that she did, because he died of typhoid fever when I was four years old."

He paused inquiringly. But Diana made a gesture for him to go on. He thought her eyes were very large and soft and dark.

"He had given her some money, a little; and so she went back to her own place. Of course by this time most people knew; his death had brought out the fact of the English wife. It was horrible for her — and hard for me. I do not wonder she died."

"Long ago?" Diana asked in a low voice.

"When I was ten years old. Yes; it was horrible for her. Her family and relations were of the upright, unyielding stock; they saw no excuse, they were perfectly inflexible. It made no difference to them that she was innocent; that she had been wickedly deceived. They were relieved when she died."

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"And I suppose," Diana said, as his eyebrows contracted, "that they took it out on you. Was it dreadful?"

"Yes, it was hard; and in some ways very cruel. Cruel largely because I was the sort of person to feel every pin-prick. I was a delicate, high-strung, hypersensitive little child. I had no courage, moral or physical, no dauntlessness, no childish graces. I crept about like a vessel of wrath that I was. I cried easily and often — oh, I seemed to be always sniveling. And I lied — if you frightened me I could not help it — I always lied."

The figure was not attractive, and Di's brow wrinkled at it. "Who took charge of you?" she asked.

"I lived with an uncle and aunt, elderly people. Their idea was to frighten my sin out of me, and they very nearly succeeded. Life was one long, slippery incline down to the gaping mouth of hell. Other folks, they told me, might escape; but my mother's conduct, as it were, had greased my boots. Oh, how afraid I was of hell!"

"You stayed long with them?"

"Until I was sixteen. I had a friend, the schoolmaster, who helped me, although he was contemptuous of my lack of courage. Physical courage I then greatly lacked. If you opposed me, my eyes would become moist. It is the temperament most men despise. But the law of self-preservation taught me in those days to get my will and to save myself by means of intellectual control over others. And just because it was easy for me to lie, I came to examine and respect the truth. But I don't know why I am boring you with all this, Miss Jessop."

"Please do! please go on!" she commanded. "And then?"

"Then I was determined to go to college. I had the

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sum my father left me, enough to take me through. Of course there was opposition, — a fuss, — it cut me off practically from all my relations. But I got my way. I came to Chillingworth. And the story made it hard at first, but Professor Geraint and some others were very kind; and when I graduated they got me a position almost at once."

"And what was that?" she asked. He hesitated only for a moment.

"I was Mr. Sherrington's private secretary for three years."

The girl sat erect. "Bennet Sherrington? How strange I should not have known! — But he is a broad-minded man? He did not make it hard?"

"No," admitted Anthony.

"How strange Mr. Sherrington never mentioned your name! Then you left him?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact we quarreled."

She knit her brows and bent forward. "Was Mr. Sherrington wrong?" she asked severely, and Anthony smiled.

"After I said we quarreled you would expect me to think so. I would n't mention the subject to him if I were you."

Diana did not assent: these were the days in which she was always perfectly sure of her own conduct; and she had made up her mind that if Mr. Sherrington were wrong she would punish him for it.

"Now you see," he went on, "I have told you all about me so that you will understand why I don't come and talk to you about statues and poetry, as I should wish to do. Dr. Wynchell would n't like it at all."

Diana flushed and drew back. "That's nonsense!"

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she declared with decision. "You've done no wrong; what your father did is not your fault."

He shook his head, but she hurried on, "I shall be very hurt if you do not come again."

"That is the generous but not the worldly point of view," said the young man, and smiled; "you will not find that your family share it."

She leaned forward earnestly, clasping and unclasping her hands and fixing her eyes upon him. Her thought was to tighten hold, not to let go of such possibilities of friendship and help.

"Do you really think, Mr. Brayne, that I care about any world except the world of ideas?" she asked him. "One of these days I shall shut myself in *there*,"—she nodded in the direction of the studio door,— "and work, and work, and bar out all else. Already I have had help, stimulus, encouragement, from our talks. You say that to give these is what you wish to do; are you going to let pride, mere morbid pride, stand in the way both of your work and mine?"

So there was depth underneath the vividness; depth and steadiness. He sat immobile, his hands clasping the arms of his chair. There was a certain crucial quality in that moment; and both felt it. Diana held her breath.

"It is n't pride—believe me—so much as the wish not to give you more obstacles than you have already to overcome," he said at last, slowly. "I'm not thinking of the difference between wealth and poverty, or even between orthodoxy and unorthodoxy. But—you cannot deny, Miss Jessop, that the gulf is undeniable between the rooted and established family, built up in respectability, bulwarked in conventions, and the wild weed grown in barren places, the outlawed thing, springing

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up and trying to live beyond those bulwarks. Oh, you can't deny it. And you have already much to fight against."

"So you think I am not strong enough to keep a friend?" she asked steadily.

"I do not know," was his uncertain answer, "whether you will find it worth while."

She made a little haughty movement of the head. "Suppose we let me be the judge of that," she said, and sat erect.

He looked at her a long time, steadily, questioningly. He had yielded, in telling her his story, to the impulse to give her fair play. Unquestionably, this color, flexibility, and strength all appealed to his love of power. He knew that he should never resist the desire to mould it, to influence it, and develop it, and that he should exert this influence contrary to her grandfather and to Sherrington. It would be war, and she would suffer. He felt instinctively that sooner or later he would bring her pain, though in what shape the gods kept hidden from him. And he hesitated, because he did not know how strong she might be. Their eyes met, baffling one another.

"Then — I shall let you be the judge — only —"

"Only — do not make me bear the burden of all these outside, artificial things — which really are n't *me*," she interrupted sensitively. "I am only a person who wants to do good work."

"I see!" — he sprang up, with a certain exhilaration. "I shall come soon again, but now good-night!"

They shook hands, and he went away.

"She will have it. She must take her chance," he repeated to himself, as he went out into the cloudy night.

CHAPTER XV

Tout homme, digne de ce nom,
A dans le cœur un serpent jaune,
Installé comme sur un trône,
Qui, s'il dit: "Je veux!" répond: "Non!"

C. BAUDELAIRE.

THE spring days followed one another, sunshiny, mellow, and fresh. Society began pleasantly to take account of Miss Jessop, to ask her here and there, to mention her comings and goings. During Easter week she found her days filled with gay, half-informal goings about, which were a foretaste of what next winter might be. The rides with Bennet Sherrington began to be interspersed by walks with Jimmy Paradise, who became distinctly attentive to Diana in a tentative, remittent sort of way. He was unexciting, he demanded no effort; and he was Mr. Brayne's friend, so that it was always possible to talk to him about Mr. Brayne. But although he was willing to do this, it was not always in the strain Diana liked best to hear.

"He does seem to sympathize with and understand one wonderfully, does n't he?" she asked Jimmy on one of these occasions. Jimmy coughed.

"I should not think that applied to women. Anthony strikes me as essentially uninterested in women," he remarked. "I never knew him to visit one in his life."

"Not really!" exclaimed Di vivaciously. She saw no reason to mention the three or four visits that Mr. Brayne had lately paid her.

"Yes — the truth is, he is cold, Anthony is cold,"

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said Jimmy, as if it were an unwilling admission. "His attitude toward them is that in the index to Herbert Spencer's 'Psychology': '*Woman* — see *Female*.' It is much to be deprecated, in my opinion. Now I myself am very different. There is something exquisite in the feminine nature to which I find my own soul responsive as to a strain of music —"

"So you think Mr. Brayne cold?" interrupted Diana quite ruthlessly; because she did not care in the least about the responsiveness of Jimmy's soul. "Should n't you call it impersonal, rather? Great men, I should think, are apt to be impersonal."

Jimmy gently shook his head, and smiled above the imperial.

"It gratifies me to see how I've contrived to interest you in the fellow," he murmured complacently; "but since we are on the topic let us consider — and do not let us exaggerate. I doubt Brayne's ultimate success myself, because he is deplorably democratic — he ignores society. No man of course can succeed in Chillingworth who does that. I told him the other day that some of the time he spent over his musty old books would be better spent in going about the world a little, cultivating friends, and so forth, among the right people. I reminded him that this was an important element of success."

"And what did he say to that?" asked Di.

"Some nonsense about the more important element being a thorough knowledge of one's subject. Oh, I am impatient," Jimmy sighed long-sufferingly; "I am occasionally quite annoyed with Anthony. Here he has his opportunity; I've had him at the house, I have introduced him to *you*; it is his moment to make an

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impression. And he keeps himself shut up like a hermit."

"Not always!" sang through Diana's mind. She laughed a little; but to Jimmy's ear her mirth was wholly sympathetic.

This conversation took place at a little country club, which the youth of Chillingworth in the springtime were apt to make the object of an afternoon's drive. Diana had driven Mr. Paradise and the ponies there on this rather unpropitious day, because he wished to show her the new golf links. They strolled together over the wide, flat stretch of dun and green-tinted country, with a flat, gray sky hanging just above the tops of the trees. A whistling north wind ran about over the fields, pricking on the sullen cloud masses with his sharp sword. Here and there a break in the vapor showed the blue dome or let fall a single yellow sunbeam, but the onward-rushing clouds soon closed over it again. The air was clean and bracing, and it gave Diana's step lightness and spring.

"By the way, Mr. Paradise," she followed his last speech, after a moment's pause, "what do you do?"

"I? What do I do?" He paused and looked at her. He could not say, "I am a Paradise;" but he looked it.

"Yes," pursued Diana, springing onward. "I never remember hearing Betty say. What is your work?"

"My interests," replied Jimmy with dignity, "are very many — too many, in fact, for my health. They are mostly connected with our family enterprises." (The Paradises owned a tenement, and Jimmy collected the rent.) "Although, as I think I told you, I was associated with the same subjects as Mr. Brayne at college, I have never been free as he was to pursue them," — he coughed,

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feeling the moment a propitious one. But Miss Jessop was, as usual, much more occupied with her own thoughts than with his.

"I mean to work tremendously next winter," she said confidentially. "I want to go back to Paris if it's possible to do so."

"Indeed!" said Jimmy blankly. "I should have thought, now, that next year you'd be going out a good deal in Chillingworth."

"Chillingworth! Oh, I detest Chillingworth," said the girl decidedly. This was a dreadful blow; on the principle that the minnow prefers the small pool, Jimmy loved his native town.

"Of course, you see, I mean to be an artist," declared Diana, trying, ingenuously enough, the experiment of the same frankness with which she talked to his friend. "And it's no place for that. I've had to stay here this year on account of dear Grand, and all the business arrangements."

"But surely you won't deprive us —" Jimmy weakly took refuge in gallantry. "This would always be your home? Society here — the people —"

She made a little face. "I will say for Chillingworth," said she cheerfully, "that it has some original bores, of quite a new variety. New bores are almost as rare as new shells; and I have encountered one or two quite new bores, even in Grand's congregation. But my chief objection is that it is a hard place to work in. And work, Mr. Paradise, after all is the only thing, is n't it?"

He made some vague assent; but meanwhile reflected. "I think perhaps there is something in what Tony said," he told himself gravely. "The art enthusiasm is too dominant just now. What a pity!"

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"Grandfather Jessop used to say about sculpture," Diana went on, quite unaware that she had rebuffed her companion, "that at least it was n't play — it meant work. And yesterday I found the same thing in Balzac. I wonder if there's any other subject in which Grandfather Jessop would have agreed with Balzac?"

Jimmy felt helplessly unable to pursue this topic; he wished she would not make references and oblige him to follow them; he was afraid she would end by disillusioning him. He passed his hand over his brow and murmured something about the late Mr. Jessop being one of our "captains of industry."

"He never called it industry, you know," said Diana, with the utmost candor; "he always said that what men earned by industry was nothing to what men earned by nerve. Oh, Grandfather Jessop was not a bit of a sham! He never pretended to know about pictures and books, and Shakespeare and the musical glasses. I remember once" — she paused to laugh — "some man wanting him to buy a piece of wonderful old pewter, and he said he never saw any pewter unless it was his dinner-kettle. And the man was so horrified!"

Jimmy sympathized with the man. "There is more of that *parvenu* strain than I supposed," he thought. "This is exceedingly painful, but salutary."

"Ah!" cried Di, interrupting these reflections, "it's raining;" and she showed the splash upon her hand. In an instant a light crystal rain was freshening the new leaves, and turning them to a delicate tracery of green upon gray, of emerald upon silver. The two ran back to the club to escape this April shower; and there found sunshine, so to speak, in the person of Mr. Chidley Coote, who had been also driven to seek shelter.

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"Now, is n't this delightful — so fortunate!" he declared; and in a moment, under his benign direction, a cheerful fire crackled on the hearth, and they were seated about it listening to the light, steady, pleasant sound of falling rain.

"I thought of you, my dear Miss Di, the other day," said Mr. Coote in content, his head laid back against his chair, his finger-tips joined. "When I happened, through some fortuitous circumstance, to drop in at one of the meetings of the Society for Inculcation of Systematic Morality. Our young acquaintance, Mr. Brayne, was the lecturer — and such fire, such eloquence! Almost," Mr. Coote finished with a chuckle, "almost he persuaded me not to become a Christian!"

"I am by no means sure," observed Jimmy Paradise, employing the grave accent of the social critic, "whether Brayne's best interests are served by his identifying himself with that sort of thing. It looks revolutionary — radical, you know. Society always dislikes and resents that sort of violent, hectoring tone, and it does n't like its opinions changed."

"But suppose they ought to be?" cried Di, with fervid scorn. "Do you think one would stop in his mission because the savages did n't like it?"

"'Ought! ought!' What strangely austere words, dear Miss Diana," — Chidley Coote beamed on her young ardor. "I wonder the world has not been reformed long ago, with so much youthful zeal at large in it!"

"But surely, Miss Jessop, as a member of your grandfather's congregation, you must feel —"

Jimmy went no further in his remark, because his ear had caught the sound of an opening door and of

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entering voices; but Diana rushed quite heedlessly, as always, into the break.

"I am not a member of Grand's congregation, nor even of his church," she replied, and her low voice, with its penetrative quality, blurred no syllable of the speech. "I hope I'm able to appreciate how fine it is to try and teach the truth as one sees it. It seems to me you get a great deal more respect from society for being yourself — simply, directly, sincerely yourself — than by a tacit acquiescence in things you do not believe!"

She was looking at Jimmy as she spoke, and, seeing his eyes fixed as if fascinated above her head, Diana turned. In the doorway Mrs. Wilmot Ley, clothed in the full severity of a mackintosh, stood gazing disapproval through a lorgnon.

"Good afternoon, Miss Jessop," she remarked coolly; "is it possible that that remark came from you? And you are *alone* with these gentlemen?"

"Why, dear Mrs. Ley!" Mr. Coote had arisen and with a welcoming benevolence of expression placed himself between the lady and Diana. "The rain has driven you in also! How fortunate, how delightful! Do come and join our little party by the fireside — do add weight to our little discussion."

"The rain is almost over," said Mrs. Ley firmly; "as for this conversation, I think — Miss Jessop's grandfather —"

"Dear Dr. Wynchell — how fortunate I met him before I started! Miss Di had been good enough to ask me to join her on the homeward way, and it must be nearly time to start."

Mr. Chidley Coote had the voice of the charmer; and it could not but recall to Mrs. Ley the fact that his

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presence saved Diana's conduct from marked unconvictionality. His age, and friendship with the family generally, all smoothed the wrinkles out of the little situation. But Mrs. Ley could not forget the shock of Diana's first remark.

"Oh!" she said; and still lingering, still stately, she withdrew her eye from the group. Mr. Coote was not daunted.

"The shower has ceased," he suggested; "shall we go, Miss Di?"

"If you like," said Diana briefly; and the three retreated, leaving the battlefield to Mrs. Wilmot Ley. Jimmy came with reluctance; he was very seriously disturbed by the incident.

"And Mr. Paradise wonders," remarked Di, as they drove out of the gate, "why I don't like Chillingworth! There was nothing unconventional in our being there."

"It was n't that, my dear—this has been delightful!" Mr. Coote laughed, in a subdued, relishing chuckle. "She caught your un-Episcopalian observation, I fear. That tinted the glass through which she looks at you."

"But good gracious!" cried Di, snapping her whip until the ponies capered. "Have I got to be a member of the same church as Grandfather? I thought this was a land of religious freedom!"

CHAPTER XVI

A CHILD over whose mouth a hand is placed shows a strong tendency to resist, often accompanied by marks of anger. On recalling his experiences, every one may perceive that an arrest of respiration by some external agency, instantly produces an intolerable consciousness of oppression. . . . Evidently we have here a representative feeling due to experiences, mainly inherited and organic, but partly individual, . . . the most powerful form of the general feeling produced by whatever restrains the bodily actions.

HERBERT SPENCER, *Principles of Psychology*.

ONE afternoon, a month later, Dr. Wynchell came out of his study, and walked frowning to the studio door. He knocked; then, as he received no answer, opened it and entered. Within, Diana was at work; and he stood on the threshold for a few moments contemplating her in silence. She wore a gingham apron, the sleeves rolled up, leaving her arms bare. Her long throat was free also, showing in all its purity the line that ran from shoulder to chin. The room was warm; the girl looked pale. The level brows were drawn in concentration, and the eyes beneath them were touched with shadow. An austere mood swept the face and aged it. Dr. Wynchell was conscious of strongly resenting the swift, tense, unhurried movement, that absorbed look, that high preoccupation. When at length she saw her grandfather, Diana breathed and smiled, and her smile held a new quality of tenderness. She held up before him, deprecatingly, her gray, smeared hands.

“Do I interrupt?” he asked her, and continued without

moving. "The affairs of your generation, my dear, seem so very serious and absorbing, that a plain, elderly person is constantly afraid of obtruding his trifling concerns upon your moments of inspiration. I'll go — if you say so."

"Grand, please don't!" the girl half-smiled, half sighed. "Just let me wash my hands; and I'm at your service."

She vanished into a far corner of the room, and Dr. Wynchell looked reflectively out of the window, upon the bending elm boughs. When Di returned, she found him turning over the books upon the table near by.

"You've grown very serious in your reading lately: Epictetus — and Darwin on the Human Emotions! Good gracious, child, how absurd! And what's this?" He turned over a couple of shabby, brown volumes, one of which lay on its face as though the reader had just put it down. "'Smoke,' 'A Lear of the Steppes,' by Ivan Turgenev. Foreign novelists, Di, in my humble opinion, are best left unread until one is married. I read a vile book by this man once named 'Anna Karénine.'"

"No, no, Grand, that's Tolstoi! And how can you call it vile?"

"I suppose 'superbly realistic' would be your term. You are of age, I know — but I should never have permitted your Aunt Susan —"

"To read Tolstoi? *Cela se voit!*" said Di briskly, hoping to change him to mere scolding, but she was not successful.

"Whichever the man or the book, it is always the same godless point of view. Whew! What a tobacco-smell about this volume!" He threw it down in disgust.

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"Really, child, I should think you might afford to dispense with these library books, handled by every one in town."

"These were lent me by a friend," she explained briefly.

"If I had known you wished a course of reading, I should have been only too glad to advise you," said Dr. Wynchell, not without a jealous dignity. "Have you ever read '*Apologia pro vita sua*,' Newman's great book? I should like to discuss it with you. And here" — he took from his pocket a prettily bound volume which he handed her — "is something I was much struck with. It contains many beautiful thoughts; and shows convincingly how the advanced ideas of science are working with and for the glory of God."

Diana turned the pages. The book in question was one of those ephemeral outbursts of the spirit of compromise wherein the mediocre enthusiast endeavors to pass off florid English, muddled logic, and a liberal use of pseudo-scientific mysticism for real authority. It had a certain vogue among the uneasy minds of the day.

"I heard of this. Did you see the article," she ventured cautiously, "which Professors Geraint and Chisholm wrote about it? They show this man to be quite wrong in his facts — and — and — I supposed he was entirely discredited."

Dr. Wynchell was deeply mortified. He was not without the vanity of wishing his opinion to coincide with the distinguished minority. Unfortunately his habit of mind constantly outraged this ambition.

"Geraint would. Geraint, of course!" He waved his hand. "I confess I thought that Chisholm was sounder. And so the young teach their elders, it appears!"

"I did n't mean that; you misunderstand, dear." The

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girl spoke with quick sensitiveness. "I just happened to read about it, that's all."

There fell a pause.

"Who called on you last evening?" he asked her. "I heard voices at a late hour."

"Mr. Brayne," said Diana. Her grandfather's eyebrows went up.

"That speechifying young person? Do you call that altogether wise, my dear Di? He is not — er — in your set at all."

"Mr. Sherrington is in politics and speaks," said Diana, restless and jarred. "I never heard you object to his being here."

"He is different. The Sherringtons are a well-known family; besides, I owe Mr. Sherrington for many kindnesses. This young Brayne comes in another category. He is not, I believe, from Chillingworth. He is not a church member. From what I hear, his opinions are unsound. He is in his way, I think, an adventurer."

Diana had nowadays so often the sense of being hampered by cobwebs, troubled by things so light and slight that one resented one's own irritation. She tried to speak humorously.

"Well dear, you know, neither am I a Chillingworthian nor a church member," she said, and wandered over to her clay.

"The comparison is absurd," he said loftily; "but that is just what I wish to speak of. This refusal of yours to identify yourself with the Church pains me. I heard the other day from Mrs. Ley that you boast of it in public. You know my great disappointment last Easter. When am I to see you at God's altar, child? When am I to dedicate you to his service?"

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She shook her head.

"You know," her grandfather went on, laying his finger-tips together, and using the persuasive register in a way she knew very well, "this dedication is, in a sense, an emancipation. It simply enrolls you among the host which fights on the right side; without it, you are a single unit which hardly counts. Christian as you may be, you are only a free lance."

The term hurt her; it had come to have a sacredness for her of which he must be ignorant.

"Grand, dear," she spoke quietly and lovingly, "I can't argue because I don't know enough, and because I love you. I'll be honest, though. I will not be a member of any church, because I can't make a promise not to grow. And if I grow I may think differently. Then I don't seem to feel that some of the things you teach are true. And the truth is what matters."

"Since when have you felt these stirrings of infidelity?" he asked sharply.

"Are they that? But I'm not unhappy, you understand. I'm trying to learn for myself."

It was unfortunately impossible for him to take the line of argument which might carry conviction. He underestimated her too thoroughly.

"The form which evil takes is very subtle. You are entirely too young and ignorant, Diana, for any opinion except that taught by one in authority over you. You should submit yourself to my direction, — and without question."

"But I can't help the question!" she spoke in despair. "Don't I see that there is n't one single important person even in this little town that has n't grown beyond this sect business? How many men of intellect are in your congregation, Grand?"

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"Because infidelity and intellectual arrogance are rampant, my dear, — permitted to exist by Providence for its inscrutable ends, — does not excuse you. Influences surrounding others are much to blame. In your case, these are powerful for good. *I* am here, to guide and to teach you; to command you in God's name not to neglect your duty, nor to hamper me in the performance of mine."

"He talks as if I were Mrs. Ley or Miss Whittaker," thought Diana, as she sat silent; "he does not know how to address, he could not convince, he has not the power. In his mind it is just defiance of authority. Oh, dear, oh, dear — what are we to do?"

"I can't help it," she said finally, seeing he expected an answer. "I try to be good. I want to learn the truth. I cannot make promises I might not keep. You don't want me to be a hypocrite, do you?"

"If you believe, I will take care of the rest. You may leave it to me."

"But I can't leave it to you. I'm not that kind. I have n't a particle of belief in Jonah and the whale, and Lot's wife, and all that!"

"I have explained many times that part of the Old Testament is what we call sacred legend, and is not meant for our literal belief," replied Dr. Wynchell, with fluency.

"It was thought so a hundred years ago."

"The Higher Criticism, in a divine sense, does not of course apply, my dear, to the revelations of the New Testament."

"But Renan says there's just as much sacred legend there as in the other."

"You have been reading Renan!" Dr. Wynchell arose in his horror and pushed back his chair. "Now I begin

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to understand! My poor child, I have been too indulgent — far, far too indulgent!”

He was honestly horrified, but there was perplexity in the tail of his eye. The truth was that Dr. Wynchell was not a controversialist, and he knew it. It is one matter to cajole and command a wayward and careless girl whose thoughts have never been turned to serious things; but it is quite another to discuss the question with an active young intelligence well fortified by reading.

“I never dreamed,” he went on impressively, “to what extent the spirit of skepticism has prevailed among the young. I can hardly speak of it. Can it be the influence of that young man who was here last night? I know he lectures for that Society for the Inculcation of Systematic Morality, — that insidious form of unbelief which claims to teach ethics without religion — to give a dead husk in place of the living fruit of Christ Jesus!”

He spoke with extraordinary bitterness, which the society in question always aroused in him; so that Diana looked at him in surprise.

“Is n’t it just as well that somebody does teach morality nowadays?” she inquired. “Some of your congregation, Grand, seem pretty hazy about it at times.”

“You amaze — amaze and shock me,” said Dr. Wynchell. “I am upset and grieved, my dear child. When I am calmer we will discuss this again. Conduct, you will find, cannot exist apart from the Church. You can’t be good, as you wish, Di, without throwing yourself for guidance on Jesus.”

“Other people seem to manage it,” said Diana philosophically; “but really, dear, you’re making too much of it. I’ve no new ideas about my conduct. I want to be good and live by the truth. That’s all. And I don’t want

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to bind myself by vows I may have to break. There's nothing else — really."

"What you will *not* do" — he paused at the door with dignity — "is trust yourself to *me*, rely on *my* authority, nor submit yourself to *my* direction. And this wounds me, it wounds me very deeply."

He went away. She heard his heavy step departing through the anteroom. Mechanically she walked over to the window, and laid her forehead against the pane. She seemed lately to ache all over with the pain of rapid spiritual growth. Moreover, the worst of it was that she could not help seeing how he mishandled his case, failed to understand her attitude, and brought only a paternal authority where he might have used patient elucidation, intelligent understanding, and convincing argument. And always he sounded the egoistic note of outraged dignity, that note which is the very weakest and least appealing to the young and active-minded.

She could not again take up her tool. Instead she went into the anteroom, unlocked her desk, and took from it a number of typewritten sheets. They formed a portion of a group of essays which Anthony Brayne had written, and which he intended to issue under the title of "Man To-day." If he had given them to Diana to read it was not because he expected any valuable suggestions from her, but simply because they expressed in a full and particular measure his own attitude towards the problems which confronted her at this time. Sitting in a chair near her desk, Diana reread, with a keen sense of contrast, a paragraph which had especially pleased her. Not here the note of dead formality and convention, but the vigorous freshness of living thought.

"The great glory of science is its reliance on truth. It

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may well have been that in the first shock of disillusion, when men saw the Christianity they had loved, with its preconceptions, its explanations, its authority, shrivel into a superstition at the touch of advancing science, truth seemed to them to carry a menace. When what one has loved is taken, joy goes with it; years only can bring the philosophic mind. And so not with thanksgiving, not as a deliverer, was science welcomed — rather did she come as a messenger of death, death bearing away what had been best loved. This is the spirit which has pervaded the literature of the past fifty years. But it cannot be that new and future generations will look upon science with hostile or saddened eyes. Rather will she seem the one stable basis for modern life, the one great hope for mankind; success in her service will mean harmony with nature in the individual life, unending and beneficent influence over the lives of men now and always. Faith in science, — what is it but reliance on truth? What nobler basis for belief and for conduct can there be, — what motive more religious, more pregnant with beauty and with power? Let science pervade the minds and lives of men, let reliance on truth be the guiding force in each individual and in the race, and can one imagine for humankind a more ample and enlarging inspiration? No faith in a supernatural revelation made centuries since, no reverent devotion to a deified human being, can be compared in possibilities whether of power, of good, or of beauty. Truth is the most cheering, the most radiant aspect which the face of nature has worn to man.”

CHAPTER XVII

LE travail moral, la chasse dans les hautes régions de l'intelligence, est un des plus grands efforts de l'homme. Ce qui doit mériter la gloire, dans l'art, car il faut comprendre sous ce mot toutes les créations de la pensée, c'est surtout le courage, un courage dont le vulgaire ne se doute pas. . . . La main doit s'avancer à tout moment, prête à tout moment à obéir à la tête.

H. DE BALZAC.

WHEN Anthony came again, a day or two later, she told him the situation and stated, though a little tremulously, her own position. She was not by any means sure how he would receive the confidence; his mood of delicate and sensitive sympathy alternated with that which was particularly hard and aloof. And at all times, during these weeks, Diana was striving in her futile woman's way to make definite, to concentrate those fleeting glimpses of personal interest, personal friendship, which he showed her. They were very brief and fleeting, perhaps because Anthony, like Sir Charles Grandison, "always thought what is called Platonic love an insidious pretension." Yet although he had studiously and steadily kept to the note of guide and philosopher rather than that of friend, although he had scrupulously avoided entering that intimate doorway which the girl held generously wide for him, yet there was much in her particular situation which aroused his keenly combative spirit. Diana was wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove when she made the text of her appeal that question of creed and authority on which his opinions were decided and alive.

"You cannot — of course you cannot." He walked

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the room, gesticulating. "You are young and growing, and you cannot stunt yourself in any such organization, away from the light and air. You know my theory, — that everything counts to the artist: culture, belief, health, energy, imagination. I do not believe in the sacrifice of a single one of these. No, you must be yourself. You cannot capitulate."

"No, I cannot capitulate," she repeated, lying back in her chair with her hand laid palm outward over her eyes. "But oh!" she cried in a muffled and hurried voice, "he will not love me — I know him — he will not love me if I do not do all he wishes!"

"That does n't matter," said the young man, who knew not whereof he spoke.

"It does matter!" She drew away her hand and let him see her wet and glowing eyes. "Good Heavens, of course it matters! You have told me about yourself — but you are not one half so alone as I am!"

The intensity of her tone shook Anthony and made his heart contract, as with the feeling a traveler has in a volcanic country when he comes unawares upon a smoking crevasse. He told himself that the ground was insecure upon which to build up a calm and impersonal relation.

"Shall I read?" he asked her hastily; and as she assented, he picked up "A Lear of the Steppes," and read to its superb end.

To the lover of form, the work of Turgenev must come with freshness of delight and awe. He is the one modern whose hand has chiseled upon his substance the perfect line. He possesses the ideal aloofness of the artist. If he contemplates with serenity the busy stir of men, it is a contemplation of tenderness. Tragedy touched with

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nameless distinction, and without violence; the purity of young passion; pathos for the futility of human energy; and insight into the immortal springs of human action, — he has dealt in turns with each of these in a manner of high clarity and sureness. There is a sense in which the absence of a personal note causes his books to create somewhat the same impression as would a group of Greek marbles: in them, also, Hermes smiles, youth moves onward in procession, Zeus considers his world, and the garments of a winged feminine figure flutter in glorious movement on the wind. Although every day widens the sphere of his influence, yet the great Russian's work has suffered from the creed and attitude of his countryman, Tolstoi; he is unread by many of those to whom the restraint of his work would appeal. Diana felt as though her mind could never lose the sense of such strong and delicate perfection; the thing went home with every line and phrase, true, clear, and unsurpassable.

"It is like sculpture," she said dreamily, as he laid down the book; "there is no looseness, no redundancy. One forgets nowadays that fiction is an art."

The young man smiled appreciatively. "I mean to work on Turgenev some day. He is n't read as he should, as he will be. And there has been no adequate criticism."

"What will you say?" she asked with interest. "His work seems to me to be so filed and chastened, brought down within measure and line, that it is a little hard to find a salient point to grasp."

He was always freshly surprised by her. Her general intelligence was on a level he had not expected; and his voice and eyes showed this.

"That is exactly true, and yet" — he threw back his head and laughed — "he is the one great modern, and

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there is a world to be said in that. Moreover, I never was distinguished for hesitancy in criticism. There is only one character I shall not mention."

Diana smiled. "Rudin? — Yes, you are rather like him."

"I'm afraid of you, Miss Jessop! But if I am like Rudin, so is Dr. Wynchell!"

The name drove out the smile again, and there was a pause.

"You say, do not capitulate," said the girl abruptly. "Then do you believe happiness does not matter?"

"I believe it matters exceedingly."

She stood before him and made a gesture of her hands.

"You see for yourself," she said in a moved voice. "I am not the person he thinks I am, and I can never be what he wishes me to be. What am I to do? The life he wants me to lead bores me. That I wish to lead he thinks unbecoming. I am very fond of him — so I am unhappy."

"Let me think," said Anthony, and was quiet for a long time. Who could have believed that this was Edith Jessop's daughter? And who would tell him the limit of his own responsibilities? In view of certain plans of his own which he had not yet fully formulated and had not mentioned, had not this friendship advanced to a point he could no longer ignore? Was he not conscious at moments of an uneasy emphasis in her mind? Was he not equally conscious that there was no such emphasis in his own? Her vitality, originality, and talent had far surpassed his expectations. He delighted in her as an audience, — the kindling of her eye and voice, her quick response to ideas, were an inspiration in themselves. And then there was the fascination of his opponents,

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Sherrington and Dr. Wynchell, — the world and the Church. "Let me test her strength — let me give the guiding touch." Men have said this before, and forgotten the essential of feminine nature. For a woman is rarely influenced save by one she loves; and influence, to her mind, almost presupposes affection. The question was, knowing himself and his plans and his probable future, should he, dared he, go on?

"I think I had better not advise you," he said uncertainly. "I really think I had better not."

"Why?" the eager eye flashed at him.

"My advice perhaps might be against your peace of mind. I might not consider your peace of mind. Miss Jessop, my judgment is — I think, that I'd better stop coming." Her pupils dilated.

"And not help me?" she asked in a low voice.

"Oh, of course I will help you," he cried out sharply. "I *must* do that if I can. But it may make everything harder."

"I know," she said firmly, and her firmness left him no choice. Could he say to her, "I do not love you — I must not love you — don't let it mean that to you"? Could he resist the temptation to shape her destiny with the touch of his finger? Could he resist it? Would he? In his soul Anthony knew he would not.

Dr. Wynchell's coldness toward his granddaughter continued for several days; but, contrary to his remark and to her expectations, he did not reopen the subject. He had for some time past felt the presence of counter-influences, with which he hardly knew how to deal. Not only had he hoped that the opening of a social life would insensibly cause the studio to fall into the background, but also that it would bring the Sherrington affair to a

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crisis. Dr. Wynchell felt that for Sherrington to become a member of the family, removed from that family and himself the one danger which menaced them for the future.

Diana shut herself up in her workshop and appeared more deeply absorbed than ever. The understanding with the senator seemed even farther off than in the winter. And now there was added to these dissatisfactions the element of serious difference, and of a firm resistance to authority which augured ill. Could this Bohemian upstart, this oratorical adventurer, be the cause? Dr. Wynchell grew cold at the thought. He had liked the young man's articles in the "Note-Book;" had read them aloud with pleasure in their trenchancy, accuracy, nervous vigor of phrase. But all this had nothing to do with personal contact. Diana was at an impressionable age, and should be guarded from unconventionalizing tendencies. She should above all things be conservative, unassailable. The attitude of the capitalist, cast in a feminine mould, should be hers; and that was not this irritating desire to look below the surface, nor this direct, satiric survey of her surroundings. When he had showed her, with pride, her name at the head of some charitable church enterprise, she had shrugged her shoulders in that detestable foreign way, and replied, "It is not I who gave it — 't is your doing, you know." That is the sort of thing young Brayne would say. The intimacy was impossible; Dr. Wynchell determined it must be checked at once.

He was far too much of a man of the world to mention his vexations to Sherrington; but he did go so far as to complain rather wearily of Diana's intense artistic pre-occupation.

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"I thought that when she began to lay aside her mourning and go into the world a little, this zeal would moderate," he said, trying to put it lightly; "but dear me, I was mistaken."

"It is n't so awfully exciting for her, you know," suggested the senator, who saw in the studio only a refuge for the girl from a not very sympathetic milieu. "She has not many friends, after all."

"Her poor mother has not been dead two years."

"I understand, but the circumstances have been harder than in most cases. She has, after all, no circle in Chillingworth. Unquestionably she is bored; and you know, my dear sir," urged Sherrington, "that when a woman is bored, anything may happen."

"I suppose so," sighed Dr. Wynchell.

"The weather is charming in the country. Bring her to Chilling Lake to visit me for a fortnight. It will be a change, and I fancy I can amuse her. Besides, — well, sir, I've never disguised my hopes from you."

"I know, I know. I cannot hide from you, Sherrington," said poor Dr. Wynchell, "that Diana causes me — though totally different — almost as much worry as her mother did. She does not seem to realize her position, she cares nothing for appearances, and she seems to have imbibed a great many dangerous ideas. Her education has been, to my mind at least, responsible for much that is radically at fault. Her generation seems to accept nothing on authority — absolutely nothing. They question *everything*, even the truths of Revelation. It is extraordinary. And this frenzy for work, when she has no need, I confess I cannot understand it."

"Oh, a great deal of that is due to superabundant vitality," Sherrington comforted him; "and I maintain,

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sir, that life has not been very amusing for Miss Jessop of late."

"But must life be amusing?" said Dr. Wynchell severely. "How about duty? When my daughter Susan was Diana's age, I cannot say I heard all this about *ennui*. The occupations of her age, the duties of her sex —"

Sherrington coughed. "I know, sir, but consider the differences of temperament," he commented mildly. "Pay me this little visit, and let us see what the country will do. I'm sure it will interest you both to come to me for a fortnight or so."

"You are very hospitable, my dear sir. Diana is a noble child, and I confess if I could see her happily married, I should have little left to wish for," said Dr. Wynchell formally. "I will talk to her this evening."

Diana considered the invitation with willingness, if without enthusiasm. She was conscious of spiritual *malaise*, although ignorant of its cause. Her frenzy of work had tired and discouraged her. She knew that she was jarred and irritable. She knew she woke early in the warm, spring dawns tormented by an oppressive sense of excitement, which often ran to nervous tension. She knew that she dreamed and was dissatisfied, dwelt abnormally on trifles, accented mere nothings, and enjoyed only two things, work and the talks with her new friend. Their intellectual stimulus was no doubt responsible for this inner upheaval: in honesty, Diana stretched her arms heavenward, and felt that she was growing to a higher, freer stature. But, as one rarely plays a fair game with one's self, so nothing is so deceiving as self-analysis. It was true the girl had come to that crucial point in young womanhood at which so many crystallize into the fixed

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form which they will retain. And those who carry within them sufficient energy to continue their growth are few. Nature has planned, moreover, that the source of growth must be emotion — of one sort or another, yet it must be emotion. Herein is a vital difference between their life and that of men.

In considering Sherrington's invitation, Diana carefully omitted to remind herself that she had heard Anthony Brayne say something about moving himself and his books to a farmhouse outside of Chilling Lake in order to do some work. When she graciously accepted and set the day, the visions she had of walks and talks in the green lanes were not with Bennet Sherrington. In fact, she sat down and wrote a little note, which she mailed the same evening.

"I'm going to be bored at Chilling Lake," she told Anthony. "When you can spare time from your desk, there are a thousand things I want to talk to you about. We go out on next Friday. I will keep any afternoon that you like. You won't have to see Mr. Sherrington. I'll arrange that."

She posted this airy disposal of her host without a tremor, and eagerly awaited the answer.

CHAPTER XVIII

OR let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

JOHN MILTON.

DURING the last few weeks, Anthony Brayne had begun to feel that his present driving newspaper life was leaving him neither the time nor the energy necessary to complete his equipment for the place to which he aspired. He did not wish that his literary and scientific abilities should be given up to the collocation of minutiae, to what was in the nature of a microscopic slide for the trained eye to look upon, and file away. He wished rather to be the exponent of certain general principles respecting man's ethical and artistic life, which modernity has tended to crowd out and obscure. And he felt the need as never before for the seclusion of the scholar, for some months of uninterrupted study and thought, in which to complete his group of essays. In the first place, he was distinctly hampered in his constructive criticism by his own still tentative attitude as to the present influence of modern science on personal ethics. He had written of it firmly, and yet! Did a pure reliance on truth alone reveal a code by which one could live? Might this code healthily replace the highly colored one supplied

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by ancient tradition and racial literary activity? Was he obliged, therefore, to stand beside the Puritans of 1850, whose gaze beheld the battle near, who saw the brilliant, parti-colored banners of the old order go down in the fight, and for whom despair followed? Was their note of sadness justly to be prolonged? Were all things gray, conduct unvitalized, art and literature joyless, because men were no longer deceived as to their own importance? Geraint's savage scorn and austere standards preached contempt; but wherever is youth, imagination, and passion for *l'impérieuse bonté*, there must always be distaste for such a creed as Geraint's.

There was the question, the opinion with which he must concur, or which he must study to overset. And to do this took uninterrupted reading and hours of thought. Not that these are invariably given to the production of such work; no one knew better than Anthony how raw, how hurried, how undigested is the matter of men's thought as tumbled out upon the world to-day. He told himself that if, driven by an insatiable love of knowledge and truth, one strove to be the Arnold or the Emerson of one's time, these were the questions upon which one could not remain tentative or unsure.

"Everything points the way," the young man thought, walking his room. "I must go off into the desert and sit down and get knowledge. And how to go — and where?"

There were other reasons also, personal ones, why he wished to go away. At the thought of them his brow wrinkled. Not only Monte Cristo, it appears, had cause to repent the rôle of Destiny. That coldness to which Jimmy Paradise referred, which was really a strong instinct of self-preservation, had kept Anthony up to the present from any sort of entanglement. He had liked to stamp

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his foot on solid ground and assure himself that he stood free — free to work and think. But the uneasy emphasis in Miss Jessop's mind could not escape his consciousness. And it was not agreeable, because at present he wanted to do nothing but work. Meanwhile, beside Geraint, whose interest was as unfailing as his vigor was stimulating, Anthony found a reader and critic, self-constituted, in Jimmy Paradise. Jimmy insisted on reading "Man To-day," and he was hypercritical and condemnatory without stint. To one of Jimmy's sort, condemnation is a sign of great intellectual energy.

"It won't do, Tony, it won't do," such was his judgment, as he waved a sheet of manuscript. "Of course one does not expect from *you* any traditional or conventional ideas, yet *this* really won't do."

He read aloud once more the objectionable sentence:

"In his dealings with men he will violate each day the teachings he believes he has accepted; he will profess a religion of utter self-abnegation, he will practice an empirical code of ethics which obtains in the vocation he has adopted."

"Oh, come now," said Jimmy in disgust, "that is rather too strong."

"I don't see it," maintained the author stoutly. "Does your modern business man turn the other cheek? Does your captain of industry and pillar of the church practice the golden rule? Of course he does n't. He would tell you it is n't practical — that the world is n't built that way, that he could n't do it and succeed, that Jesus meant it for use among a simple and agricultural people. All right, then. If his religion, his creed, is not a vital thing, a living thing by which he can be guided in his life, then it is a dying thing — and, as I said there, 'A dying religion

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is a deadly curse.' Geraint liked that paragraph about the best."

"What does Geraint know about literature? Besides, I never thought Geraint to be so important as you do. In the classroom I assure you I had rather a poor opinion of him." (Dr. Geraint had not shown in examination that consideration for the Du Paradis of Auvergne and the Quint-Newtons of Kent which Jimmy felt he might have shown.) "You overrate Geraint, Tony, believe me. Now this performance of yours has one great defect. It won't make any impression on the persons you are trying to reach."

"I am not so sure," said Tony in defense. "I read that particular section to Miss Jessop, and she seemed to understand it perfectly well."

"You did?" Jimmy's eyebrows rose. "And without consulting me?"

"I am not a great person for consulting any one."

"It would be better if you did. Your life has not touched *her* sphere at all. She might show interest in your book, Tony; she might even feel it, for she is broad-minded, but —"

"Miss Jessop has a quick intelligence, and she is flexible. She has read a good deal. Her grasp of some books which I lent her quite surprised me," interrupted Anthony.

"You had better be careful," warned his friend; "Grandpapa Wynchell —"

"Thank Heaven, I don't have to care about him! It's one of the advantages of being a free lance."

"You won't always stay *condottiero*."

"I hope so. We need 'em badly. — Well, I'm setting off in a day or two for Chilling Lake to work." Tony

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indicated his box of books upon the floor of the bare room. "I board in a farmhouse, — it will be pork and peace. Shall I see you?"

"If there's a chance," said Jimmy, rising, "I'll run over from Sherrington Manor. Did you know I was going there for over Sunday? The house-party includes Miss Jessop."

"Yes, I know," replied Anthony, thinking of the note he had received that morning. "She told me."

Jimmy wondered, on his way homeward, if his friend had selected that rural retirement on purpose. He privately thought Diana not a little indiscreet.

"He does n't understand a fashionable woman," Jimmy reflected, "and that she'll pretend to be interested, and then drop him as she took him up. And Tony's so cock-sure — you can never teach him anything. He would n't believe me if I told him."

Diana's note meanwhile had caused the recipient no little perplexity. Many men, like Renan, have felt that their lives are governed by principles in which they no longer believe. According to his private code of sincerity, Anthony should have told the girl that under the circumstances he felt their intimacy to be unwise. But that was like striking a child, rebuffing something candid, frank, dependent. And yet the intimacy was making him restive. The air was a little thunderous; he woke too often holding his breath in expectation of the lightning flash. One cannot work under such conditions; particularly when one is far-sighted enough to see that a storm would not clear the air. He believed with George Sand, "*Il faut travailler comme si l'on devait vivre toujours, et être prêt comme si l'on devait partir demain.*" And it was the readiness on which he prided himself. If he was to

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carry out this plan of disappearing to an austere life of study, there must be no wrench about it. He was not free, he told himself, for any emotional experiences as yet. In the future, perhaps: but there was a sense in which he gripped himself even now. And one ought not to go around repeating to one's self that the hour had not yet struck,—it savored of uneasiness.

He sat down finally and wrote the following reply:—

“You cannot have forgotten what I told you of my quarrel with Mr. Sherrington. It was a quarrel of such a nature that I cannot possibly call at his house, even upon you. Perhaps we may meet outside, although I doubt it, for I shall have to work very hard. I fear there will be no opportunities for talk until you return to Chillingworth, and even then circumstances may prevent. These are the sacrifices I shall have to make if I am to complete my work with the thoroughness which it demands.”

He addressed this to Miss Jessop with a certain sensation of relief.

CHAPTER XIX

EVERYTHING being thus prepared, and a messenger dispatched before, whither they intended to go, the next morning . . . the ladies . . . and the gentlemen . . . set out from the city . . . and came to the place appointed. It was a little eminence, remote from any great road, covered with trees and plants of agreeable verdure, on the top of which was a stately palace ; . . . around it were fine meadows and most delightful gardens, . . . and this palace they found cleared out, and everything set in order for their reception, with the rooms all graced with the flowers of the season, to their great satisfaction."

BOCCACCIO, Prologue to the *Decameron*.

SHERRINGTON MANOR stood upon a high knoll overlooking Chilling Lake. The water was reached by a series of terraces set with trellises of grape and high hedges of arbor-vitæ and box. The house was built of gray and brown field stones, with shutters, cornice, and pillars of white; it had that charming air of wealth and leisure which our ancestors knew how to express in architecture. Though its maintenance had varied with the Sherrington fortunes, yet there was still land enough to give it the proper setting, to confirm and support its importance. Much might yet be done, so the present owner had often reflected, to develop it from merely a fine country place into something approaching a large English estate. The acres which had been sold during the financial ebb immediately following the Civil War should be recovered. But even politics, that lucrative profession, had not so far permitted such an outlay. There was something especially fitting in the idea that the Jessop money, raw, new-minted, parvenu gold, should go for so honorable a

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cause. Diana had never seen the place, and Sherrington's knowledge of her temperament, its love of the beautiful and picturesque, led him to place high hopes on the impression. Surely, no woman could be unmoved at the thought of ruling such a domain, least of all a woman with a keen love of beauty. She must be influenced favorably during this visit.

Sherrington anticipated the day with a nervous restlessness. Her visit was to be in a sense his last stake. He was forty; his ambitions were no duller than ten years ago; he was physically vigorous and energetic; and he felt that all his appetites together were on the point of being gratified. The fine fibres of sensitiveness which had been troublesome in earlier days had lately ceased to give him any uneasiness. This, he told his drowsy introspection, was because he had become a man of the world. If he were in a similar case to the young king of the Black Islands, he was not aware of it sufficiently to "weep lamentably;" instead, he was possessed of something akin to exultation. And as he took a preliminary survey over the beautiful, stately house, and the gardens heavy with fragrance and bloom, Bennet Sherrington felt he had a right to exult. In preparing for his guests he had turned the household upside down. Never had his housekeeper and butler found their easy-going master so hard to please. The library was opened, and the volumes dusted for Dr. Wynchell. Diana's room was made the receptacle for half the flowers in the garden. He had an eye to every detail, and Decker, the private secretary, ran his sycophantic little legs off before everything was arranged to his chief's mind.

The train got in about five o'clock of a warm June day. Dr. Wynchell and his daughter alighted first, fol-

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lowed by Jimmy Paradise and Diana. The last looked somewhat strained and white. The note she had received that morning contained a disappointment so bitter that it had poisoned the day. This was not only because of Anthony's refusal to call, and her doubt of seeing him; it was because she caught again that echo of his feeling that there was a period set to their intercourse, a termination to their friendship. She had been conscious of this before and had refused to listen. The suggestion contained in this note filled her with an irritable dread. In fact, her feelings on that afternoon were so tumultuous and ill controlled, so uneasy and absorbing, that she had to plead a headache to account for her preoccupation. She took refuge on the journey therefore in a pale silence; while Jimmy Paradise made himself deferentially agreeable to the Wynchells; and her grandfather responded in his best manner, a perfect blend of graciousness and geniality.

Even on the platform, the lighter, nimbler air of the hills refreshed Diana's cheek. The sun was disappearing over the lake, a red ball sinking in a bronze mist. She was helped to her seat beside her host, who had something of a boyish eagerness and spirit as he took up the reins. The drive up the long ridge, and the view therefrom over the gleaming stretch of water, could not but arouse her to declare the headache better. She exclaimed with pleasure, while Sherrington halted the horses for an instant that they might gaze.

"This is my very happiest day," he murmured to her, under cover of the prospect. "I have often told you how I love the Manor. And to see your figure there—at last!"

She raised her eyebrows. "For just a fortnight!"

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"No, in my mind's eye — forever. Henceforward you will always be the centre of the picture."

"Oh, how pretty, how charming!" cried Di, in delight, for they caught a first glimpse of the terraces, shining with flowers and set high upon the bluff. In a minute more the carriage stopped, and Sherrington led them around the house to the higher terrace, where chairs and cushions had been placed to catch the cool breeze from the west. Here they were awaited by several people: Decker the secretary, a dreadfully subservient young man, Diana thought; Mrs. Wilmot Ley and Miss Ley, who had driven over from Leyton; and Mr. Chidley Coote, who had been picked up and added to the party to make them feel quite at home, almost as though he had been a cat. At once, while greetings were exchanged, and veils drawn up to welcome the pleasant air, butler and maid appeared with trays and shining silver equipage, and everything thereon to quench the thirst, tea both iced and hot, lemonade enticingly prepared with strawberries, and the more masculine requirements of seltzer and stimulants. Baskets of roses stood about; a soft shawl had been thrown over Miss Jessop's chair in case she felt the breeze; nothing had been forgotten; and it was impossible to remain insensible to such thoughtful attention. Dr. Wynchell, who loved this sort of thing, and upon whom Mrs. Ley always acted like a brisk draught on a good chimney, flamed up brightly and began to utter rotund and polished sentences. Diana, too, smiled and was pleased.

"We were so sorry not to see you at the meeting of our Working Girls' Club last week." Miss Ley came over to Diana's chair with this regret. "It will be a great thing, I'm sure." She raised her voice to take in the somewhat

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inattentive Messrs. Coote and Sherrington. "We've organized it to provide amusement, and so on, for the factory girls. It is to be entirely social. Each meeting is exactly like an afternoon tea. We open with a chapter of the Bible, a hymn, and a prayer —"

"Do you call that like an afternoon tea?" inquired Diana giddily. "Even in Chillingworth, I don't find they begin teas with a hymn."

The "even in Chillingworth" was extremely annoying to Miss Ley, who took it as an example of sheer arrogance.

"These girls must have uplifting influences," she said stiffly; "that is the *object* of the club."

"So I gathered, but don't you think the jelly on the pill is rather thin?" observed Miss Jessop carelessly. "I should think it would simply antagonize."

"How can it, when they are treated as equals? Why, I have them as guests in my own house! If I hear that a girl is difficult or wayward, then I simply have her with me on every occasion," said Miss Ley warmly.

"Dear me, how good of you, when it must be such a trial to both!" said Diana sweetly. There was something to rub her the wrong way in the very name of Ley. In the outraged pause which followed, Mrs. Ley's voice floated in from across the terrace.

"Of course, as you say, Mr. Paradise, every one goes to her house, and so do I. But she has no discrimination. If a person is clever and cultivated and charming she never asks who she is. Why, I have been obliged to be introduced to women in her parlor whom I had successfully avoided meeting for years. I call it so inconsiderate!"

"I think the club we chiefly need," said Chidley Coote

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in Diana's ear, "is one for the protection of the idler. There are too many pleasant things to do."

"Well, you know I like reforms," laughed Di.

"And reformers?" inquired Miss Ley, not sorry to take this revenge. She had once seen Diana speaking to Mr. Brayne, and she had a memory for such details. Bennet Sherrington saw Diana's deep flush, and for some occult reason supposed himself to be intended; so he came at once to her defense.

"Come, come, Miss Ley," he remarked easily. "One must n't expect these interests from Miss Jessop. She has her art."

"I know so little about it!" said Miss Ley, not without grace. "You have a beautiful studio, I hear. Are you at work now?"

"I've been so unfortunate lately with models," replied Di abstractedly. "The last boy I had was an Italian with a beautiful head, but a wretched leg and back."

"Oh!" said Miss Ley, and instinctively moved toward her mother. That lady, who had caught only the words "model" and "art," drew her chair nearer to Diana.

"So sorry we must go," she said, "but the poor horses! Hope you'll get over to Leyton, Miss Jessop, while you're at the Manor. So you are still interested in sculpture? What are you sculpting, generally? Of course your statues are — er — draped?"

"Oh no!" said Di, in her clear, decided voice. "Draped studies are hopeless; so muddled in line. I prefer the nude. I want some day to do Grand's head and torse. I'm sure his torse would be magnificent."

Mrs. Ley's eye rested on Dr. Wynchell, wide with horror; and she beat a hasty retreat with her daughter. Once in their carriage she expressed her impressions.

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"Dreadful girl—worse than her mother, positively!" she declared. "Actually more of a Bohemian than Edith Jessop. Poor, dear Dr. Wynchell!"

"Poor Senator Sherrington, you mean," replied her daughter, her envious eye resting on the flower-beds. "And this place, in the family since the Revolution, to have that creature as a mistress. What a sin and a shame!"

Meanwhile Mr. Chidley Coote, laughing softly, sat beside Diana and patted his hands in muffled applause.

"Routed! Quite driven from the field," said he, delighted; "but dear grandpapa looks a little worried. Did you think it fair to allude to his — er — surplice in those terms?"

"I always seem to say the wrong things to that woman — and about my work." Di looked anxiously at Dr. Wynchell. "But you see, I thought she admired him. Most of these females do, I find."

Mr. Coote's natural benignity caused him at once to change the subject, when he saw her troubled.

"Don't let us bother over the Leys," he said. "I want to know what you think of young Brayne?"

Diana turned about eagerly. "Well, what do *you*?" she demanded. "Is n't he extraordinary?"

"Professor Geraint says, I am told, that he may do much. Did you know there was — er — a story about —"

She broke quickly in upon this hesitancy. "Yes, he told me himself."

"Of course, of course!" Mr. Coote observed aloud, while mentally he added, "Shrewd, very shrewd. I'm inclined to agree with Geraint."

"I've been reading some of his essays," Di went on enthusiastically. "He is going to make a book of them. I was struck by their distinction and their perfect sin-

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cerity. Naturally I'm too ignorant to be any value as a critic; but I know that a vital point of view is an essential, and so I told him."

"You were entirely right, Miss Jessop."

"Then he has been helping me to plan some reading. I really think," she concluded explosively, "that he's the most helpful person I know."

Mr. Coote's lips met to whistle, but no sound came. His kind eyes twinkled expressively. "I have gathered," he said cautiously, "that Brayne was not exactly an — orthodox Churchman?"

"Oh Heavens, no! But, dear me, Mr. Coote," said poor Diana, "I am not to blame because grandfather happens to be a clergyman!"

Just at this moment Sherrington approached. "I have surely been very patient," said he, smiling on the girl; "but there's just time to show you a little of the garden before the light fails."

"Why, quite right." Chidley Coote rose at once and wandered away happily. "Delightful after the hot city. Such a beautiful view! Heavenly spot, indeed. Your granddaughter, my dear sir," he addressed Dr. Wynchell, "is a truly charming young creature. So spirited — so unconventional."

"She is nothing if not unconventional." Dr. Wynchell's tone was a little rueful, as he turned to pace the terrace with the smaller man. "If you could teach me how to inculcate the conventions, Coote, I should be glad and grateful. This new generation is a problem indeed. This child, so independent, and mistress of her fortune! I cannot help it, I've found myself questioning the wisdom of all-wise Providence in bestowing it on her. She lives for her art."

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“Young ladies are so apt to live for art until they live for some gentleman!” Mr. Coote reassured him. “Indeed, my dear sir, I would not give myself an instant’s concern. These little enthusiasms add piquancy, and mean nothing. Seriousness over one’s pursuit is the great condiment to life; and the dear child will wake up one day to the utter triviality of everything. Meanwhile, she adores you —”

“Which did not prevent her from speaking as she did to my important parishioner. Heavens, Coote, I suppose you are right. Diana, who gratifies her lightest wish and disposes of her income according to her whim, probably does not comprehend my position. I try to think so,” sighed Dr. Wynchell; “and as you say, the realization of the futility of existence, the *vanitas vanitatum*, will one day moderate, I hope, her egoistic tendencies. Meanwhile, she is the freest of God’s creatures. Just think of it! Beauty, health, talents, and the unchallenged disposal of a large fortune!”

Dr. Wynchell left Mr. Coote upon the terrace, smiling softly to the sunset.

“Really admirable sham, the doctor!” he murmured commendingly. “Beautiful piece of artifice, really! Charming, charming!”

CHAPTER XX

HIM not the splintered lightnings, nor the roll
Of thunders daunted. Undismayed, his soul

Rose, and outsoared the thunder, plumbed the abyss,
And scanned the wheeling worlds from pole to pole;

And from the abyss brought back for you and me
The secret that alone can set men free.

He showed us how the worlds and worlds began,
And what things can, and what things cannot be.

LUCRETIVS, *translated by* W. H. MALLOCK.

“AND so, sir, you think well of my plan?”

“I think it is the only thing to do if you wish this work to count.” Dr. Geraint spoke with all his customary unhesitating decision. “Your present life will never allow you to finish it as you wish.”

Anthony, still somewhat doubtful, ventured: “But do you think the material, as it stands, worth the sacrifice — for it is a sacrifice?”

“A sacrifice of what?” questioned the elder sharply.

“Of worldly experience and advancement, I suppose,” the young man explained slowly. “Of all these political reform interests.”

“Politics — bah!”

“I know how you feel, sir, but there is a streak in me which enjoys an active life among men, and rebels at life-long retirement to a lighthouse.”

“Then why do it?” asked the professor gruffly. Anthony made a gesture.

“Oh, because — because the part of me that means to

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finish that work and finish it well is the stronger, that's all. But one can't ignore the other."

"Well, then, you must consider that. As to your book," here Dr. Geraint's crisp accent lingered, for the appeal was now to a side of him that could not be positive; "it is hard to say. Your work seems to me nervous and accurate, and not unmarked by distinction. It shows more study than most. Some passages are ill digested, perhaps. Your tolerancy strikes me as vague, and as showing a nebulosity of mind, and your attitude of authority, when you take it, is a bit forced — a trifle cocksure. But I repeat, it has more breadth and thickness than most. Oh, yes, you could publish it now, and some people would read it; some reviews would be respectful and some antagonistic; it would not be a bad beginning. Only —"

"Only, sir, it would not take the rank I worked for. It would not have the force I hoped."

"Exactly. And why?" Dr. Geraint wheeled round, his heavy eyebrows working. "Because important scientific criticism is not a thing to be tossed off in the intervals of speechmaking and newspaper polemics!"

He paused, and then began to address Anthony in a voice and manner that gathered force as it proceeded: —

"You must not forget that you do not hold the popular point of view. The ideas you express are not really shared by those to whom a beneficent civilization has revealed the inexpensive dissipation of reading. That life is an art, that moderation is its keynote, that knowledge and self-restraint are the only real objects worth attaining, that free thought brings joy and a higher morality, that in the life of the sage there are no tragedies, — these doc-

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trines are not sympathetic to the crowd, who ever love to be pampered in the thought that their happiness or misery does not hinge on their own actions. If you are to win attention against these disadvantages, if you are to declare and uphold things the cultivated minority only think, you must do so with sureness, and, I speak advisedly, with a touch of genius. There is no help for you, you are foredoomed to failure, unless you possess that last authority which carries success. This is a fact in the history of progress. The larger the idea, the stronger must be the hand that wields it. Therefore, in regard to your work there can be no half-way measure. You cannot be merely good, you must be great. Either your book must count for nothing, or it must be one of those great levers which, as by a single tremendous effort, lift up mankind and set them, changed and awed, upon a higher plane in their development."

He paused, and the young man, almost inaudibly, assented. "I see, sir," he said quietly. "I understand. It is a greater task than I thought."

"It is a great task. To be critic of one's age is a great task indeed. No work can be too thorough, no preparation too wide. If you have these possibilities there," — he pointed to the scattered sheets of manuscript, — "they ask for more than your leisure hours, they demand your undivided energy. To develop them, you must have knowledge and reading and study and reflection. A year or two out of the world is what you most need. Honestly, what I dread for you is the dissipating effect of the cheaper sort of success, — dinners, and newspaper notoriety, and women."

Here Anthony smiled; the picture was one entirely strange to his imagination.

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"I don't know much about women, sir, as yet," he remarked coolly; "not so much as I'd like to."

"Then you're not dancing attendance on some rich girl, this Miss Jessop?" asked Geraint bluntly. Anthony threw back his head.

"What an expression! Do you 'dance attendance,' sir, on microscopics? I found in this girl, as it happens, a true artist, and the flame being wet-blanketed in Episcopalianism."

His friend grunted sarcastically. "Your explanation, my boy, does n't explain. Believe me, better leave the missionary work to that pompous Levite, Wynchell. This sort of thing interferes with work. Some day I suppose you'll have to marry —"

"I, sir? You forget my history."

Geraint laughed outright. "Do you think the illegitimate all go single in this world? Why, your illegitimacy is a romantic asset. Oh, women will hamper you enough. But if you must marry, choose some hearty, healthy, unpretentious girl, and leave alone these neurotic, overcharged, melodramatic creatures who call themselves cultivated. They will singe your wings for you if they can."

He spoke with rough vehemence, and Anthony wondered if his student life, with its peculiar isolation, had given him anything more than a literary opinion on these subjects.

"Well, sir," he replied, laughing aside the topic, "a sense of humor, if nothing else, would keep me from offering myself to any young lady at present. No; I'm not hampered, I'm free to go away and work." He stirred the papers which lay on the table between them, and selected a letter. "My uncle is n't enthusiastic at having

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me, but he'll stand it. I am to work for my board — hard, outdoor work, that will be exercise enough to keep me in good health. The money I've saved will last me at least until this book is out. And I'll keep my connection with the 'Fifth Avenue Review.'"

Geraint agreed. "There is no objection to that. It pays, and does not drive you. But in your lighthouse at least there won't be any speechifying."

"Hardly, sir. There are only two people on the island. There's a mail every day, but one has to row a mile or so for it. I guess there's no doubt about the seclusion."

"It sounds ideal. But I suppose there's no library?"

"No, sir; and that brings me to one of the things I wished to discuss with you;" and the talk drifted at once into a detailed consideration of books. By the time this was settled, the heat of the day was beginning to abate, and the two set forth together for a long tramp around the lake and over the hills.

Anthony accompanied Dr. Geraint to the station, and saw him off in the late train back to Chillingworth. He then turned his steps homeward, exhilarated by the talk and the prospect. It was not one to exhilarate most people, but to him it opened the way for uninterrupted work. His mother's brother, Captain Peter Brayne, now retired to keeping a fourth-class lighthouse on the Maine coast, had assented to his nephew's proposal to come to him. If his agreement was not enthusiastic, it probably held more satisfaction than Anthony was aware of. Captain Peter was old and alone, and even this boy, whose very existence was a wound and injury, was at least his own kin, and would not be unwelcome. Anthony had saved a very little money; it would suffice to keep him in incidentals until he had finished "Man To-day." Beyond

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this he did not look—he felt it to be unsettling. He was simply glad now, glad of his freedom, glad nothing tied him to the hurrying world.

With an elastic step he turned the corner of a quiet lane, green and white with blackberry thickets, and came face to face with Diana Jessop. At the sudden sight of him she stood still; and he hurriedly assured himself that he had not seen her draw a laboring breath.

“How do you do?” she greeted him composedly enough, holding out her hand. As Anthony took it, he seemed struck afresh by her breadth of brow, the fine modeling of cheek and throat, and wide, strange eyes. There was again a breath, an emanation from her of a high quality of vitality and of *abandon*. As for Di, she thought his face wore a look of light and clean-cut intelligence, which cast as it were a shade of coarseness on the faces she had left behind her at Sherrington Manor. A pause of somewhat similar quality to that they had known when first in her studio, fell between them after their greetings; it was not easy to break.

“I hope you understand my reason for not calling?” Anthony broke it at last, conventionally enough, as he fell into step beside her. Di shook her head.

“Frankly, it did not seem very adequate to me. I did not ask you to call on Mr. Sherrington.”

“Ah, but think of him. He would have forbidden me the house.”

“I think not.” The words were quiet, but their accent had a significant menace. It implied so great a degree of loyalty that Anthony suddenly felt overwhelmed by it. Never had she tugged so at the reins of his self-command. And man is eternally tempted to test his own powers of aloofness, if only for the experience.

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"Honestly, I was right. Our quarrel was bitter and the rupture final. I fancy Mr. Sherrington hates me now. You see, I could not so lower my own dignity and insult his."

She waved aside the whole matter with a gesture. "Never mind it now. I have much to ask you. How is 'Man To-day?'"

"'Man To-day' is — 'Man To-morrow.' Dr. Geraint will not hear of my publishing it at present."

"But why?"

"He thinks its effectiveness is not equal to its ambition."

"And do you think so?"

"Yes, I think I am convinced. I have not, after all, spent on it the time and thought it demanded. I can't set up for a critic of my age on so slim a foundation."

She turned her look aside frowningly.

"I confess I'm disappointed," she said. "What I read seemed admirably finished. I fear you'll spoil it. If it represents yourself at this present stage, had you not better stand by it?"

"Ah, but it really does not. I could do better, much better. I've been too much distracted trying to earn a living."

"But — how could you help that?" she said. "What can you do?"

"I can give up trying."

"I am very stupid," she returned; "but I do not understand."

The lane where they wandered turned into a little chestnut wood, through whose thickness the sunshine slanted in yellow spears. The girl found a mossy, curled root in the shape of a seat, and dropped upon it.

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“It has come to be a plan,” explained Anthony, standing above her. “When I found Dr. Geraint was right, I had to think out a remedy. You remember the old uncle I told you of — the seafarer? He is in charge of a little lighthouse; and I’ve about decided to join him there, and give myself up to uninterrupted study for a while.”

He did not look at her; and for an instant she did not answer. The wood was very still; and they both seemed to listen intently to the sharp chirp of a near-by insect.

“Ah,” said Di finally, with a curious inflection, “so you’re going away. Will it be soon?”

“Just as soon as possible. Probably in ten days.”

“Ah,” she said again, “and you will stay, I suppose, until your book is done?”

He looked up among the feathery branches.

“Oh, this is a permanent move, I imagine,” he answered lightly; “if I find it works as I hope, I shall make it my headquarters, — I shall not return.” He paused expectantly; the silence had an imminent quality as if she held her breath; he hurried on: —

“You can see it would be an ideal retreat for study. And I can live there on nothing a year. There’s no pressure on me from any direction, and no distractions. Then, of course, I have but myself to consider. I leave no one behind me.”

She was seized with the impulse to shout, “And I? And I?” and, to suppress it, she bent down and tore at the root of the tree with savage fingers. He watched the action, wondering.

“There! I’ve broken that ugly root,” she said breathlessly. “Go on — finish!”

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"There's nothing more. May I look for a letter from you sometimes? I shall want to hear all about your work."

"I doubt if I do much work in the future," said Di deliberately. "It's too much of a struggle. I seem to mind Grand's dislike. Everything tends away from it. Women seem to live for people, not ideas."

"Some do, perhaps, but oh! not you!"—his earnestness leaped out. "You are different. You are so strong!"

She stiffened under the praise; but still she shook her head. In her present mood she saw the studio slipping away, and did not care. There was a suffocating weight of misery on her soul, which crushed out ambition. After a time she heard him speak again, as if to himself.

"If it were right—if I could determine—but it might make everything harder." He was thinking of the piece of information he had at first intended to give her, that all-important fact which he alone knew. "And it might mean freedom! It all depends; and I must take the entire responsibility—and I do not know. Miss Jessop, how strong are you?"

"How do I know?"

His eyes as he stood above her looked sternly into hers. Deep, deep they looked, and could see no end. He put his hand up over his own.

"No, I can't—I can't. It would be too hard for you. Better ignorance—and yet, listen!" He suddenly looked down on her face, and his eyes burned. "If there comes a time when your work calls you—when you feel you cannot stand this present life—this money and all—that you must have freedom at any cost—write to me and tell me, and I'll help you."

She hardly heard the words. She only knew that she

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was looking at him for perhaps the last time. Then she got up and brushed the twigs from her dress.

"Good-by," she said, and they shook hands. "I wish you success, Mr. Brayne. Thanks for your friendship and counsel."

She moved away down the lane and left him standing there. The last sun-rays gleamed upon her white gown. He did not see her face, but it was touched with a curious, ironical smile.

It was late when Diana reached the Manor. In fact, the dinner hour had struck, and her host, extremely worried by her absence, was pacing the avenue in sight of the main road when he caught sight of her. She walked as if tired. Bennet Sherrington hurried to meet her.

"Is anything the matter? We have been so anxious," he burst out in peremptory greeting, but Di only looked a cold surprise.

"Anxious? Why, I am of age, remember. As a matter of fact it was warm, and I was n't hungry for dinner. So I took a walk instead."

"Then why not let me go with you?"

"Thanks, but I did not wish to talk."

He observed her narrowly. Her mouth was set in a hard curve. Though she bore herself with courage, it seemed to her as though the self-abasement, the humiliating emotions of that afternoon, must be plainly marked for all to see, must leave an ineffaceable trace.

"Don't you want your dinner?" she asked Sherrington wearily. "Because I don't think I wish to go indoors. I'd rather sit here in the twilight."

"I shall stay with you."

He saw that she was unhappy, and that at this moment she craved sympathy from whatever source. They

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turned aside from the road, and followed a path through the shrubbery to where a bench, placed under a tulip-poplar, overlooked the lake, gleaming softly in the after-glow, and the purple, twilight hills.

"It's hot," said Di, and laid back her aching head. He watched her steadily.

"Di," he said, "you are not happy."

"Is anybody? Are you?" said Di. He ignored the reply, and turned his handsome head toward her.

"This visit has opened my eyes. How can you be happy in that household? You know I'm fond of your grandfather, but he does n't understand you. You're an artist: you crave a life of color and variety; how can they give it to you, or the atmosphere you need for your art?"

"I shall never work again," said Di. It seemed the final capitulation of his one great rival, and his heart leaped within him; but he had the shrewdness to say regretfully, "Oh, but why?"

"If I once had an idea, that idea is dead," said the girl listlessly. "If only they'd let me alone with that little allowance! I might have done something then!"

Her thought really was that then there would not have been this barrier between her and her friend, that then she would have been on an equality with all the workers in the world.

"You feel discouraged, and no wonder," Sherrington was saying; "but listen, Di; I have found how to show you I care. Let me take you out of it. You shall go back to Paris at once; I'll leave you there if you like, or I'll stay and help you. Nothing here counts in comparison. You shall live the life you desire, in the atmosphere you wish. You shall get away from it all!"

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"Get away!" He could not have made a stronger appeal at the moment. She had plumbed bitter depths of self-distrust. Oh, the gnawing desire to get away! With a new life, new ideas, surely the old peace would return!

"But I don't believe I ever could care for you as you wish," she pleaded piteously.

Sherrington felt that it was his hour.

"If you are only happy — I won't mind. I shall wait. Oh, Di, think! I shan't hamper you — you shall work all you wish, where you wish! Every chance your art needs, I'll see it has. I promise!"

He was definitely conscious that he did not intend to keep this promise in a single particular. But life would take the responsibility for that, not he. Once his wife, a hundred things would chain her, and it would be always possible to delay his performance. He meant to have children, an heir to name and fortune, and if he could only put her off with excuses until that bond tied her to him, then he need fear no more these exotic ambitions. Besides, she was in his blood. The ten days had been a period of fretting excitement, having her near within sight and touch. He could, he would, bear it no longer. His face, as he waited, quivering, frightened her vaguely. She tried to beat off decision.

"But I'm not in love with you."

"I know. But I'll hope and wait. If all you wish in life comes to you through me, then perhaps —"

"I am often cross. I don't like stupid people. And Grand says I'm spoiled."

"I don't care. When you become a famous sculptor, I shall be the first to applaud."

It was clever of him to harp upon this string; but the past ten days had taught him for the first time the

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depth and hold of his rival. He had fought it in the open for three years with conspicuous ill-success. Now to get the upper hand by stratagem, and so stifle it in the dark!

"If you think I can honorably marry you and do my own work —"

"I do. Believe me, I do!"

"Why, then I will."

The leap into his face of all his passions made her shrink back. He bitted himself with an effort, but he was full of triumph. She made him promise not to speak to Dr. Wynchell until she was ready, and then she hurried nervously away. She felt that to have him touch her at that moment would be more than she could stand.

CHAPTER XXI

OF all passions, as I have already proved, Love is most violent, and of those bitter potions which this Love Melancholy affords, this bastard Jealousy is the greatest, as appears by those prodigious symptoms which it hath, and that it produceth. For, besides Fear and Sorrow, which is common to all Melancholy, anxiety of mind, suspicion, aggravation, restless thoughts, paleness, meagreness, neglect of business, and the like, these men are further yet misaffected, and in a higher strain.

BURTON, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

AT the breakfast hour on a Saturday, some four days later, Mr. Chidley Coote was the first member of the Sherington party to appear in the dining-room. Cool and cheerful in white linen, well prepared to encounter the great heat which already brooded in a still, copper haze over the plain, Mr. Coote stood in the bow-window gazing out over the June world. A warm, persistent breeze came in from the lake, blew the muslin curtains out, like banners, into the room, and rustled the palms in the conservatory with a dry, steady rattle. On the breakfast-table the coffee urn smoked with an appetizing fragrance. Mr. Coote felt that his lines were indeed cast in pleasant places. To be here, in this mellow shade and topmost breeze, instead of in yonder valley to which the fierce sunlight gave the appearance of molten metal, with no exertion in prospect save to get into a Manila chair on the veranda with a book, a tall glass, and a cigar, — Mr. Coote at the anticipation broke into a little song of joy.

The morning's mail lay on his plate, — a note or two and a New York newspaper, the same, by the way, which

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was to be seen at his host's place, and also at Miss Jessop's. After he had read the notes and found their contents agreeable, Mr. Coote opened his newspaper and ran his eye over it.

On a sudden his gaze wore an expression so unusual as to make it almost unrecognizable. Chidley Coote, vexed, anxious, and alarmed, was a spectacle so extraordinary that it was to be noted, like some unnatural phenomenon. He dropped his eyeglasses to the end of their cord with a jerk; he put his lips together in a noiseless whistle; tapped his mouth with a forefinger and gazed down into the garden, with looks of mingled annoyance and perplexity. Miss Jessop stood among the late rosebushes in her white dress, and Mr. Sherrington stood beside her. Chidley Coote did not need his glasses to see the concentrated attention which his host gave the rose-gatherer. While he stood in the window, still frowning and undecided, Mr. Coote saw Sherrington snatch the hand which broke the rose-stem, and put it to his lips.

The observer of this incident did not stay to see the girl's startled withdrawal, nor her turn toward the house. The dining-room was quite empty. Mr. Coote with steps of determination went to the table, and took from it the two newspapers in wrappers like his own. Then the cloud left his face; he beamed upon the entering young people, with all his cordial serenity. Breakfast that morning was a little hurried. Dr. Wynchell, much to Miss Susan's regret, was obliged to return to town. Besides his Sunday duties there were various engagements alleged, and some which were not mentioned, such as a visit to his broker on Monday. He was in extremely good spirits, for his host had been attentive, his granddaughter affectionate, and there was promise of

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a boom in C. and C. L. R. R. Dr. Wynchell felt that if he could only have a little luck and get hold of a lump sum of decent size, he would be able to dispense with the "borrowings" from his granddaughter which had lately harassed his spirit. "The Church," as he had remarked more than once, "is a profession in which nowadays a gentleman finds it difficult to live."

Miss Susan Wynchell plaintively objected to being left alone at the Manor,—where in truth she was something of a nonentity,—in charge of these young people, who did not even pretend that they were in need of her chaperonage; but as her father required it, she would stay, of course. She supposed that Diana would do exactly as she pleased, for Diana always did. Miss Susan spent all breakfast time in anxious warnings and reminders; she overwhelmed her father with adjurations not to take cold, nor be overcome with heat, not to forget his throat, nor to sit in draughts.

"My dear Susan," he was finally roused to whimsical protest, "you forget that I existed on this planet in comparative security for twenty-six years before you appeared to take charge of my physical welfare. Having delayed so long, don't you think me deserving of some trust?"

"Aunty thinks both of us suicidally careless, Grand," observed Diana, from across the table; "and yet she is the ailing one in the family."

"Most of you dear ladies," said Mr. Coote, chuckling, "in your hearts of hearts, think of us as totally unfit to manage our affairs. We are like sticks of dynamite; you wrap us in cotton-batting lest we should go off!"

"Father is rarely ill," said Miss Susan proudly, "but he is not strong. I wish he would let me come; the

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maids need supervision, they are apt to be so careless."

"Maids indeed! Suppose I am chosen for a missionary bishop, my dear?" asked her father mischievously; and this, which was Miss Susan's one great dread, silenced her at last.

The station wagon came and took Dr. Wynchell away. As he vanished down the avenue, Chidley Coote, looking grave again, sought his host in the study. Mr. Sherrington, who was dictating letters to Decker, seemed glad of any pretext to postpone them, and dismissed his secretary. In his white clothes he looked handsome enough, but his face was dragged. In truth, the composure which Diana imposed on him was telling on his nerves. At the slightest hint or demonstration of passion she looked repugnance, terror. So far as women were concerned, Sherrington had never been facile, and he was madly in love with this one. Diana was playing with forces she knew not of, juggling in her young ignorance with natural law. And the Anglo-Saxon man was tormented to the top-notch of endurance.

"I have to confess a great liberty, my dear Sherrington, a very great liberty," began Chidley Coote, his hands joined together under his little coat-tails. "I did something this morning which was not at all proper, and yet I was impelled by friendship. You must forgive and agree with me."

"Well, well," said his host, tilting back his chair. "It's all right, I'm sure; what is it?"

"You remarked the absence of your New York paper at breakfast. Well, 't was not the fault of the mails. Here it is." He held it out to the senator. "I put it in my pocket, because I saw in my own copy something which

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I thought you had best read in private, before Miss Jessop read it."

"An announcement of — anything — you mean?" asked Sherrington, taking it, and secretly not displeased.

"No," said Mr. Coote quietly, and folded his hands.

Sherrington read the indicated headline, and the blood rushed to his face. For an instant he could do nothing but swear emphatically; then he read the article carefully to its end. He had hardly finished when the telephone-bell rang; and leaning back in his chair, he picked up the instrument which stood upon his desk, and listened, frowning darkly.

"Chillingworth 'Daily Note-Book'? Yes, yes. — Special reporter by the 10.15, you say? — No use, she won't be interviewed. — I am very sure of that, but I'll see what I can do. — If he is there, please. — Oh, that you, Boyle? Yes. It's the senator. Nasty mess of lies. — Do nothing at all till I call you up. — I understand all that, but I'll call you up. Good-by."

He hung up with a jerk, and again swore loudly.

"I feared you would be annoyed, I greatly feared it," — Mr. Coote rubbed his chin uncomfortably, — "and I do hope you feel I was right in suppressing Miss Di's copy, I do indeed!"

"You were perfectly right, and I'm much obliged to you," said Sherrington curtly. "This stuff must be stopped, and I must see her. Do you mind, Coote, asking her to come here? If I go out, they'll see something's up."

Mr. Coote went with alacrity to fulfill his bidding; and Sherrington began to walk up and down uttering ejaculations of annoyance. He had not long to wait for Diana, and the sight of her in the doorway quieted him somewhat.

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"There's a beastly story in this paper about you," he said at once, waving her to a chair. "Coote very properly kept it from you, until he had seen me."

"A story about me?" she asked, astounded, and took the sheet from him. The article was headed "A Young Reformer's Idyl," and was founded upon the pledge of Miss Jessop's pearl necklace. It was as vulgar, sentimental, and obnoxious as the present high quality of our public taste requires. It gave a flowery account of Anthony Brayne, and an unrecognizable portrait of Diana herself. It dwelt on the "romantic" circumstances of Brayne's birth, and treated the Jessop-Wynchell family with a leer. Denuded of personalities, the account contained only one fact, that Mr. Brayne had pledged Miss Jessop's necklace; and the paper drew its own inferences. Diana finished this article in silence and calmly, while her fiancé stormed about the room.

"I'll get my lawyer — something must be actionable. The thing's cut out of the whole cloth. Why, you've never even spoken to this bounder —"

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Jessop clearly, and he stopped in mid-career.

"Then you *did* see him — perhaps while he was in my employ?"

"Since that time. I know Mr. Brayne very well." She was folding up the newspaper as she spoke, reassured to find that she had perfect command of her voice. "We have been friends ever since the winter. On his account I'm sorry that this has come out, because it's perfectly true."

He looked at her; he literally could not speak.

"Of course not all this disgusting and absurd stuff," Di hastened to add, looking carefully out of the window,

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“but just the central fact. Mr. Brayne did pledge my pearls for me.”

Sherrington felt as if a stick of dynamite had suddenly exploded, such was the detonation made by this avowal. If she had looked at him, the girl might well have been frightened, for his face, first stupefied, became terrifying. But Diana did not wish to look at Bennet Sherrington. Her eyes, resting dreamily upon the distant hills, saw another face in other surroundings, and, true to her own courage, she went on without faltering:—

“A friend in Paris wrote me for a loan. I felt I could hardly refuse her. I asked Grand for the money, but he did n’t seem to think I could do it. There were all sorts of reasons he gave, I confess I did n’t understand them — and I felt I must help Grace. I asked Mr. Brayne, and he approved. I gave him the pearls (they *did* come from Tiffany’s — how do you suppose the paper knew that?) and he brought me the money. I sent it over to Grace, and she *was* delighted. I’ll get them back when I’ve saved enough. That’s all.”

There was a silence. Miss Jessop still looked out of the window. Had he been less nervously strained, this perfectly innocent and convincing explanation must have satisfied her fiancé. But under the circumstances, every reference to his ex-secretary, — “Mr. Brayne,” and “he approved,” all the implied intimacy and confidence of the story, stabbed him afresh with jealous anger. His voice had a rancorous quality as he demanded, —

“How long has this fellow been dangling after you?”

“I don’t know what you mean. We have been friends since the winter.”

“Friends! Do you know who he is? Do you know anything about him — this adventurer?”

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He raised his voice at these questions, and Diana felt strong resentment. She looked at him for the first time with a touch of haughtiness.

"Mr. Brayne told me about himself and his circumstances quite early in our acquaintance," she replied coldly. "He told me also that you and he had quarreled. Therefore I saw no reason to mention knowing him."

"And you went to him in a money difficulty, instead of to me," he began, but she cut him short.

"I could not have gone to you. You wished to marry me."

"And you're trying to tell me that this fellow did n't?"

Diana had never voiced it in plain words before, and it was hard. But her reply was firm.

"Mr. Brayne certainly did not. Your manner is very rude, Bennet, and I do not like it. I have told you what happened."

His emotion vented itself in grating laughter.

"And you think the public is going to believe this charitable story of yours, in place of such a *charming* idyl?"

"I don't see why you should care what it believes. You know the truth. If the article hurts any one it is Mr. Brayne, and of course I'll do what I can to avoid that."

Sherrington's anger began to be embittered. She made no reference to their engagement, and no apology. She was perfectly indifferent to his feelings, and to the unpleasantness of the story from his point of view. She expressed no regret whatever except as regarded Brayne. He turned abruptly to his desk.

"Well, I shall sit down now and deny the whole story absolutely. Confound the delay! I shall have to write

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this man; meanwhile, who knows what new tale he's getting up to follow this one?"

Diana's eyes flashed.

"Do you mean to say he inserted this vile story?"

Sherrington preserved a significant silence.

"You need not write Mr. Brayne," she went on, moving toward the door. "You can send for him. He is in Chilling Lake — at Merton's farm."

"How do you know?"

"I talked with him last week."

Her boldness met his helpless rage face to face without a wince. His eyes were injected with blood; he could hardly see. After a moment he turned again toward his desk.

"I'll send for him. I don't suppose you've any reliable person to bear out this pretty story?"

"Bennet! Do you dare say I have not told you the truth?"

For the first time he showed her his wound.

"How do I know? You've been intriguing with this low adventurer for months."

"Do not say another word!" she cried, and fled from the room.

CHAPTER XXII

“C’EST bien facile aux gens heureux de dire, ‘Soyez raisonnable!’” — “Je le sais; le malheur est mauvais conseiller.”

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE: *Arsène Guillot.*

THE footman who came out of the house some forty minutes later, found Miss Jessop sitting under the tulip-poplar tree, stiffly regarding the view. He brought the message that Mr. Brayne was in the library, whereat she rose immediately and followed him to the house. She entered the room through the French window. Sherrington sat at the desk where she had left him. Anthony Brayne, hat in hand, rose as Diana entered, and would merely have bowed a greeting, but she went straight towards him, holding her head high.

“How are you, Mr. Brayne?” she said formally, and shook hands. Her manner was rapid and intense. Then she turned toward the other.

“Have you spoken to Mr. Brayne about this *canard*?” she demanded, in a voice whose nervous and highstrung vibration cried a warning. Unfortunately, Sherrington’s own nerves were quivering, and Di knew less of the masculine nervous system than of anything on earth. That he should have one was unexpected. The forces which pull opposite ways — nature and ambition and their differing pressures — were all hidden from her eye. As a matter of fact, Sherrington had several good excuses for losing his temper; her attitude of indifference toward him was not the least of them.

“He’s read this thing, of course,” was Sherrington’s

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reply. "And of course he backs you up and won't admit he furnished it to the newspaper."

"Bennet!" the girl cried hotly, but Anthony's voice interrupted.

"Please, Miss Jessop. When Mr. Sherrington is less annoyed, he will see that I have no reason for doing the vile thing he suggests."

"I don't want to discuss this sickening business!" The senator struck the table with his fist as if he was glad to hit something. "What I want to do is to stop this story before it gets to be a scandal."

"We can do that by simply telling the truth." Brayne drew some papers from his pocket, and went on in a matter-of-fact voice: "Here's the pawnbroker's receipt, a note from Miss Jessop, and so on. We have plenty of *pièces justificatives*, as the French say. Your influence with the newspapers, Mr. Sherrington, ought to get a wide circulation to our statement, — I mean Miss Jessop's and mine."

Diana nodded approval. Her confidence returned, and she showed it plainly. Sherrington noted it in her glance, in her whole unquestioning response to the suggestion; and his jealousy at the sight went far to nullify his approval of Brayne's common-sense proposition. He pushed his chair from the desk and arose.

"Psha! I'll deny it all — even your acquaintance with the lady —"

"Wait, please!" Diana interrupted him imperiously. "That is for me to say. I have no reason to deny knowing Mr. Brayne."

"There are very good reasons."

"I am not ashamed of the acquaintance!" she flashed at him.

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"Well, you ought to be if you are n't," said Sherrington insufferably, hardly knowing what he did. It was Anthony who intervened, reading aright between the lines that the senator had been shaken out of his self-control by some vital anger, and that he was injuring himself past recall. As the girl quivered with glittering eye, about to launch some bitter retort, Anthony stepped to her side for the first time.

"Please don't notice Mr. Sherrington's anger with me, Miss Jessop. After all, he has cause. I have a better answer. We can't deny our acquaintance, because too many people know of it. The truth explains, because it is the truth. Any one who knows us will understand and be convinced. And at least," he ended with a smile, "what those may think who do not know us, does not after all so greatly matter."

"I think you are quite right," she replied earnestly. "I have Grace's letters to show, if necessary. Without her name, of course. But still I don't understand how the paper found out."

"I am afraid I am stupidly to blame for that," he acknowledged shaking his head. "Your necklace, of course, must have had some mark of identification."

"It came from Tiffany's."

"Then that explains everything. The money-lender made inquiries, and Tiffany's identified the necklace. I ought to have known. What an idiot I was!"

"If Miss Jessop believes in this tale of idiocy," — here Sherrington's voice, gathering fury, rushed in, — "why, let me tell you that I do not. And I answer for Dr. Wynchell, that he will not sanction any arrangements made between his granddaughter and a nameless —"

"Take care!" cried the other, in accents as keen with

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anger as ever Sherrington's had been. "You have seen fit to insult me in every possible way since I entered your house. *I ask you to be careful!* You have not all the cards."

For a flash it seemed as if Sherrington would have struck. Diana gave a cry of fear. At the sound he was recalled, the rage flowed out of him; the air, surcharged with emotion, quieted; and the three stood still, sullenly avoiding each other's look, as Anglo-Saxons do who have been betrayed into a scene.

"There is no need for us to stay here," said Diana with an icy emphasis. She moved toward the window. Anthony, after hesitating for an instant, followed. They moved together across the veranda, across the terrace, down the steps, and across the lawn beyond, before either spoke a word.

"And now," Diana said, firm and quiet, "I see there is something under all this. That quarrel of yours in the past I must know!"

"Answer me one question, Miss Jessop. Are you engaged to Mr. Sherrington?"

There was no possible excuse for Diana, except in so far as she felt she had already repudiated that bond. She answered "No" straight from the shoulder, and her firmness of accent greatly reassured the man beside her. After all, how could he doubt her after the interview just past?

"I take great responsibility," — he spoke slowly, — "and yet I have confidence in you. You have courage and strength. Ultimately, I am sure it will be all right." He broke off, moved by the anguish of suspense in her look, and he bent his gaze on hers.

"Have you never suspected that you have no right at

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all to the money left you under your grandfather Mr. Jessop's will?"

"Oh, is it only the money?" she cried, with a shock of relief. He could not but smile.

"If any one had heard you!—Of course what I am telling you comes from knowledge acquired during my time of secretaryship. The matter caused my quarrel with Mr. Sherrington. You remember the terms of the will?"

"Very well."

"Yet I must go over them to make it clear. The money was left to the survivor of two persons. You inherited because your mother appeared to survive your aunt. That appearance was the result of carefully planned fraud. The real fact is that your mother's death preceded your aunt's by several days."

"She did not go down on the steamer, then?"

He shook his head.

"Then how — where?" the girl cried, locking her hands together; and Anthony told her *where* if not *how*. He gave her a clear and simple account of the facts connected with her mother's death, omitting anything which might besmirch that mother's memory. The narrative was fully convincing. Diana knew that her mother and Dr. Wynchell had not always been on good terms. Her own recollections gave her plenty of warrant why her mother should have died in a hotel. The critical state of Stukeley Jessop's health formed a starting-point of concealment, which, at least in Sherrington's case, was probably the true one. In other words, if the senator had not had good reasons for suspecting what the will was going to provide, the mere scandal affecting Dr. Wynchell and his family would hardly have concerned him so deeply.

"But how, how did you know all this?" Diana asked

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him, amazed; and he told his own share in the drama. When he had ended, he drew from his pocket a wallet and opened it.

"These are snapshot prints," he explained. "I was not satisfied with what was done, and I doubted its expediency. I went back quietly and took these pictures, so that if harm came to any innocent person through the conspiracy, I might hold definite proof of identity. Do not be shocked by them."

She looked, and covered her eyes.

"You do recognize — then?" She nodded speechlessly, and her emotion shook out its way in a sob.

"I feel — as if she had just died!" said Di, struggling for calm; and there fell a long pause between them. By and by he heard her say, —

"And Grand knew — oh, Grand!" and the note of deep disillusion and reproach caused him to speak again.

"Don't be too hard on Dr. Wynchell. There were pressures on him of a power you can hardly understand. In the first place, he had to *do* nothing. Nothing was asked of him except silence. Then he loved you — and he saw you cruelly defrauded of money by the merest trick of fate. It did seem hard. Accident had done the thing, not he. And to cap the climax, if you did not get it, this money would go to a cause he detested, fought against, and considered evil. Indeed, I think circumstances were terribly hard on Dr. Wynchell. It would take a man of quite a different calibre to resist them."

"Some one like your friend Dr. Geraint, for instance."

Anthony almost smiled. "I had not thought of him. Rather I meant some one to whom money was not all-important. There are few such men in the world; and

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perhaps it is not Dr. Wynchell's fault, either, that he is not among them."

"You do not blame Grand, then?"

"Blame him — no: but it does affect one's attitude. Personally I do not care about the doctrine of expediency. And yet, who am I that I should understand Dr. Wynchell — he had so much at stake!"

"Yet you follow the high, white star?"

"I try. I do believe in the truth. And so I have told you."

"And now," said Diana curiously, "what am I to do?"

Her tone was not despondent; it was deeply, strongly serious. He made a gesture.

"Who shall say? Your instincts must guide you."

"I understand. I know I cannot go on being so rich." She spoke very simply, and he was glad, knowing he had not misjudged her. "But am I still entitled to the annuity?"

"Yes, indeed. Perhaps if I had thought this would leave you penniless, I might" — he drew breath — "I might not have told you!"

She shook her head at him, and then fell again into thought.

"I must see — I must talk with Grand. I wonder what he will say. And oh! I shall never, never hurt *him* — never in the world."

"I believe, myself," said Anthony, "that when Dr. Wynchell sees you are in earnest, he will be glad to do anything you wish about restoring the money. He cannot be happy as it is."

Diana was silent. She was invaded by a dread which was indefinite, and which she was too loyal to hint at, even to Brayne.

"And now," he rose, speaking with an effort, "I've

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done the task I set myself ever since I saw that you were worthy of the truth. Now I suppose I must go. I will send you my address. And at any time — in any way — that I can help, I will.”

The words recalled her. But there was something in the confidence which had passed between them that took the bitterness from the parting, from her particular hurt. She was quieter; she could look at him. It was the man who, at this second leave-taking, was shaken and unsure.

“How I thank you — how I believe in you!” He could not keep in the words. “When I see you, my faith is renewed in the new order — it is, after all, vivifying — ennobling. I do believe that strength and truth are all.” He took her hand and wrung it. “I must go. But let us write — let us not forget. And if you are ever tired, disheartened, or troubled — remember how you have helped me — how I believe in you — how I shall always see you strong! and conquering!”

“And *alone*.”

She had not meant to utter the thought; it sprang from her lips involuntarily, even while his praise ran through her like fire. She did not look at him to see if he heard. She felt him hesitate above her hand as if he would have touched it with his lips. But he only pressed it once more, and then walked rapidly away. Diana, standing by the bench, watched him go down the avenue through flickering sunshine and shadow until he vanished; yet not this time with a sense of abandonment and loss. He had left her charged, as magnet charges magnet, with hope, courage, and high purposes, with ideals and serenity. The sacred influence which we exert on each other when we will for good, lent her force and judgment for the work before her.

CHAPTER XXIII

L'HOMME est né si médiocre, qu'il n'est bon que quand il rêve. Il lui faut des illusions pour qu'il fasse ce qu'il devait faire par amour du bien. Cet esclave a besoin de crainte et de mensonges pour accomplir son devoir.

E. RENAN, *Marc-Aurèle*.

DR. WYNCHELL found his own study in its summer trim, cool, comfortable, and refreshingly solitary. He was not sorry to possess himself once more, to give up being a guest, to relax the strain of perpetual urbanity. He did not go out of doors on Saturday evening, in the great heat. Parish concerns, letters, and accounts busied him at his desk. He had an appetizing little cold supper brought in on a tray, so as not to sit alone in the gloomy dining-room. The unwonted silence of the house, no sound of his daughter's step, of Diana's laugh, or of the voice of some parishioner in the drawing-room beyond, — this fitted his mood. For Dr. Wynchell had had pleasant news. The sum of money which he had "borrowed" from his granddaughter had enabled him to hold on to a certain stock from which he hoped great things. It had begun to rise again after a very ticklish and nervous decline, and was now above where he had bought it, — a point which to the speculator is always the forerunner of immense profit. He had felt able to settle some outstanding debts, which was a relief. When he wrote Diana's personal check for the quarter, he made it a little larger than usual; and he did so not without a glow of generosity. The figment that Diana was the undisputed

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mistress of her large income was not for publicity alone, but it really existed in his own mind. Guardians are apt to be the prey to these trifling hallucinations, and that Diana had reached the climacteric of twenty-one would make no difference unless she wished it to.

Besides the question of investment, the question of preferment was also taking favorable shape. The present bishop of Chillingworth had never rallied, poor old gentleman, from the illness of a month ago, and his life was only a question of weeks. There were special reasons why his successor would probably be selected from this section of the state, and if so, the claims of Ambrose Wynchell stood very high. There was no congregation larger than his in Chillingworth. Men there were who did more slum work, more mission work, but they were so apt to be zealots, not men of the world. It was proper, it was the correct thing, that he, well-born, well-bred, cultured, a man of social gifts, a tolerant man and no bigot, should eventually become a bishop. Only his financial difficulties had stood in his way hitherto; and this year, he hoped, saw the end of them.

Diana would probably marry Sherrington: a match from which Dr. Wynchell saw nothing, rather strangely, but personal benefit. The sunset in his western window tinged the room with rose and gold, the color of his dreams; and Dr. Wynchell smiled contentedly as he closed his account-book. He arose, wandered to his shelf of poetry, and chose a beloved volume of Milton. It fell open to the hand, — for a loved book offers its pages as a loved friend his heart, — and he sighed with pleasure as he settled down under the green student-lamp.

Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorrèd shears
And slits the thin-spun life.

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Was there not somewhere in Pindar a similar and equally noble image? He rose to go to the bookcase.

So absorbed was he that he failed to catch the sound of a latch-key in the front door, or the light, familiar tread down the hall to his room. He looked up, astounded, to see his granddaughter standing on the threshold.

"Why, child!" he cried out in anxiety. "You! Why, what has happened?"

"Nothing — nothing!" she assured him quietly, as she took off her black hat and threw it upon a chair. "I was lonely at the manor after you went; and moreover I had something to talk over with you. So I took a bag, made my excuses, and caught the five o'clock train. Auntie will follow on Monday with the trunks."

"But Sherrington — he must be greatly distressed! This is a cavalier proceeding of yours, Di, not at all a courteous one." His tone was worried. "I am amazed! I will telephone at once."

"Never mind Bennet," said the girl in a cold little way. "Grand," she went on, taking the nearest chair, "I've something to tell you, and something to ask you. What I have to tell you is just this. Five days ago I became engaged to Bennet Sherrington, and to-day I broke it off."

He looked at her helplessly. So like Diana, this hasty, ill-timed journey to consult him, when she should have consulted him at once. The present generation would go to any length to assert its independence.

"Well, my dear," he said gently, "you leave nothing for me to say, it seems. You seem wholly decided about your own conduct. But I am sorry to hear that our friend has displeased you. I know the depth of his attachment. What has he done?"

"He has been — himself," said Diana cruelly. "I

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knew you liked him and wanted it when I consented. He knew I was n't in love with him. I told him so."

"Not in such unqualified terms, I hope, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, Grand! But I did consent because — oh, well, I did consent. And then to-day — you've seen the New York paper?"

"I have seen no paper to-day save the 'Note-Book.' What —"

"I'll tell you, Grand. They issued a silly story last night — only one of those idiotic things they get hold of when they've nothing else to print." Diana's scorn was intense. "It chanced to be founded on fact, and that made Bennet angry. He should have shrugged his shoulders and laughed, but instead he was rude and jealous."

"You cannot mean — jealous, Diana?"

"Jealous as a Turk," maintained Di candidly. "Jealous, and rude, and dictatorial, and everything nasty. I should think my promise to marry him would have been *proof* there was no other man! He talked at me like my grandfather — indeed, dear, you never spoke so. He behaved abominably, so I broke it off and left."

Dr. Wynchell sighed, and said "Ts—ts," half sorrowfully, half amused.

"But is it always well to be in such a hurry?" he protested mildly. "And this journey, so hasty, so conspicuous! To leave his house in such a sudden way! Could you not have waited a day for the sake of appearances — made at least a pretense of —"

"Oh, pretense! I am sick of pretense!" cried the girl excitedly. "There seems no escaping it!"

"You are a silly child," he said with a note of sternness which recalled her. She must not let him think her a silly child, and so she must control her jangled nerves. She

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sat still an instant, and when she spoke again, it was in her ordinary voice.

"Anyhow, that's what I had to tell you. And now I want to ask you —"

"Yes, my dear?"

"What was the date of my mother's death?"

The question was so far from what he anticipated that it could not have startled Dr. Wynchell more had it sounded from a silver trumpet in the hand of an archangel. He huddled instinctively into the depths of his chair, and his lower lip turned out. Then he repeated faintly, —

"The date — the date of your mother's death?"

"Yes. The day of the month, Grand."

He pulled himself erect. He answered fairly naturally, save that there was an odd inflection in his voice which seemed independent of his will.

"I do not understand. You know, child, all about your poor mother's dreadful end. You heard how the steamer went down — going from Jamaica to Fort-de-France."

"I knew that story, Grand, but what was the truth?"

"What do you mean?"

His voice gave out so that she barely caught the words.

"I have been told that mother really died in the burning of the Hotel Romaine here, on the ninth of October of that year."

"Who told you this? Sherrington?"

She remained silent.

"And what more," demanded Dr. Wynchell, "were you told upon this subject?"

She repeated all she knew. It was enough to assure her grandfather that where he most dreaded, she was at least still ignorant. This relief gave him back himself.

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He could not understand why Sherrington had told her, but that there might be a reason he was yet to hear, he supposed, and Diana, in her impulsive way, had presented it wrong end foremost.

"Personally, I fail to understand why you should have been told this, my dear child. I had thought it best kept from you, and I am sorry. Your poor mother's death was so shocking, so terrible, that we saw no reason for dwelling on the circumstances. I am very sorry you have heard."

She sat, wondering.

"But then — the money is not mine, Grand."

He smiled at her with sympathetic tenderness. This young conscientiousness, then, was at the bottom of all. Sherrington had not understood, and had probably jarred it. He must quiet her fears at once.

"Oh, yes, dear child. The money is yours," he reassured her caressingly. "Do not be troubled for a second. You need not be afraid about the money."

She found herself speaking louder, as one would address the deaf.

"But I can't keep the money if it is n't mine, Grand!"

"Dear Di," he replied with gentle finality, "are you not content to leave all business in the hands of your elders? Your interests are well looked after; they are my only thought. This affair was well considered at the time, and the best legal advice obtained as to your rights."

"What legal advice? What lawyer? You mean our Mr. Carstairs?"

"N-n-o — not Carstairs. A firm of high standing in New York was consulted."

"By you, Grand, or by Mr. Sherrington?"

This direct catechism annoyed him.

"By — by Sherrington," he replied stiffly, as he rose

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from his chair. Standing on the hearthrug, he addressed her in a magisterial tone.

"I would not take up this matter if I were you, Diana. Thank Heaven that you've had able friends to do it for you! It was thought, and very properly, that any discussion about the date of death with the executors would simply lead to prolonged delays, legal formalities vexatious in themselves, and not altering the issue. Because of course the testator's intention was for you to receive this bequest."

"But why should any one think that?" Diana asked boldly. "How could they find that in Grandfather Jessop's will? Why did n't they ask me? I could have told them his intentions. He never believed in girls having money. He told me over and over again that he did n't believe in it. I never was more surprised than when you told me he had left me so large a sum. I expected the annuity. But he did n't mean me to have any more — he told me so."

"You must have been mistaken."

"How could I be mistaken? I remember. Could I be mistaken in thinking that you were fond of Milton?"

"You must have misunderstood Mr. Jessop. It stands to reason," said Dr. Wynchell, with growing impatience, "that his flesh and blood would inherit rather than some miserable, freethinking society!"

"But he was a freethinker — so why not?"

"I never heard such a reproach of Mr. Jessop, Diana."

She opened her eyes. "Why, Grand — you know you did n't like father — nor approve of mother's marriage, on that account!"

"Your expressions are far too definite," said Dr. Wynchell coldly, "and these apparent recollections of yours

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do not alter the case. It was agreed that the legal technicality which arose on account of the close proximity of these deaths did not affect your position, nor your rights."

"Did any one beside yourself and Bennet think so? — And you both wanted me to have the money! I think I might have been consulted before I was put into the position of taking what is not mine!"

"Your language, Diana!"

"I can't find any other words!" Her voice thickened, but she steadied it. "I am sorry, but I don't see all these technicalities you mention. I see only that my mother died first, and that you and Mr. Sherrington concocted a story that was n't true, so that I should get this fortune — by fraud."

"Do you use such a term to me?" her grandfather thundered.

"I don't know! I don't know!" She was shaken by a sudden agony of tears. "What are we — what am I to do?"

Dr. Wynchell encountered this emotion somewhat stonily, and with visible impatience. It all formed a part of his grievance against her generation, which took nothing on authority, which questioned the acts of its elders, which had no respect for tradition. What right had this child to raise up moral points, to object to things done in her interest, to refuse to accept as right the decision of her grandfather? Why, the mere fact that *he* had been responsible should have been enough for her! He tried to reason with her.

"You are very much excited, I see. Let us look at the matter in another light. It is settled, finally settled, by wiser heads than your own. You gain nothing by this ex-

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traordinary attitude. Your lack of trust in *me*, my dear, hurts me."

"I know!" Diana wiped away her tears as she spoke. "But I cannot drop it as you say. And I don't feel it is closed — for me. This money — I know you have handled it hitherto, but it is absolutely *mine*, is it not? unquestionably mine? There is no doubt as to that, is there?"

He moved where he stood, uneasily.

"Of course it is yours — but —"

"Then the responsibility is mine, too. You cannot take it for me. I have decided what I shall do. I shall take the early train to New York on Monday, and see the executors. I shall explain everything to them, and arrange to restore what securities are here to the estate." She rose, and her even tones broke pleadingly. "I shall have to do this even though you disapprove. Strangely enough we seem to differ — I don't understand it, and I'm sorry — I'll say good-night, now."

He did not answer, and she got as far as the door in silence. If she had turned and seen his face she would have paused. Involuntarily almost, he spoke her name.

"Di, Di!"

"Yes?" She lingered.

"Nothing," said Dr. Wynchell faintly. "Good-night!"

Diana went out quietly. Her grandfather stood where she had left him, upon the hearthrug, with his eyes fixed. It had come upon him like a blow that he looked into the face of absolute ruin.

CHAPTER XXIV

AND when she was ware of him she cried overloud, Help me Knight. . . . And he would not tarry, he was so eager in his quest, and even she cried an hundred times after help. When she saw he would not abide, she prayed unto God to send him as much need of help as she had, and that he might feel it ere he died.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

THE Sunday morning dawned sultry and hot. When Diana came down to breakfast she found her grandfather already gone before her to St. Anne's, where a sense of regretful affection led her at once to follow him. She was in her pew when he entered from the vestry, and his face gave her a pang. It was dragged and white, the face of one who had not slept, and to whom the fierce midsummer weather was a scourge. The congregation was hardly surprised when the assistant mounted the pulpit instead of the rector, and finished the service in his place. Once released, Di hurried home and went straight to the study. The night, if it brought her no change of thought, had revived all her sense of what they had been to each other. She longed to bring him to an appreciation of her feeling, and, if it were possible, to cast the discussion between them in the note of love. It was in this mood of warm, tremulous sensibility and affection that she opened the study door.

Dr. Wynchell had thrown himself upon the leather sofa, and his eyes were closed. She hurried across the room and dropped on her knees by his side. She slipped her cool palm into his, and held it closely; and they were silent

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for a long while. But the overmastering fear which possessed him would tear its way out, and by and by he murmured, "Di, child!"

"Yes, dear — what is it?" the girl answered, and there was a soothing caress in her voice.

"You won't do it?" He turned suddenly and opened his eyes wide on her. "You won't do it? You did n't mean it?"

She remained silent, hardly knowing how to reply. He questioned again with a growing intensity of eagerness and suspense:—

"You did n't mean it seriously, did you? You won't do it, will you? You would n't, Di?"

"Do what?" she evaded, for this was very hard to bear.

"Go to the executors — tell them you will restore the money? You won't do that?"

She was of a fine elasticity, and it responded. She did not loose his hand as she answered, —

"How can I do anything else? I must do it. I must give back what is not mine."

He moaned involuntarily as if in physical pain. A night of terrified anticipation had shaken all the majesty, the dominance out of him. He was in a state of panic fear.

"Di, you can't do it, you can't, you can't!" It was horrible, she thought, to hear the syllables stumble on his lips. "You don't wish to hurt me — to ruin me, Di. You can't, you can't!"

She drew away. "I don't understand," she faltered.

"You must understand — I shall have to tell you. You lent me a large sum, Di, larger than I can repay all at once. You can't return all the securities, because — they are n't all there."

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Diana still looked at him as she grew slowly pale. It was not the pallor of surprise, because the horrible part of it was that she was not surprised — not surprised at all. The explanation rushed on in a torrent as he still feverishly clutched her wrist.

“People would n’t understand that; between you and me, dear, it is different. Between *us* there are not the same formalities. And I had made most unfortunate investments — I have been horribly cramped for years. Of course I am no business man — and then, this inadequate salary to one of my tastes — Ah! you don’t dream, my dear, what a hideous position I have been in. At first I borrowed only a little from you, — just when it was absolutely necessary, — but later I have been obliged to extend the obligation, — and it amounts to — it amounts — it involves a good deal. It shall be paid back — oh, my dear, of course it shall be all repaid; but that will take time. All money matters, dear child, take time. You understand, of course?”

The futile effort to recover his dignity was almost worse to her than all; she hid her face.

“If you are precipitate,” he went on, “if you are hasty, if you tell these people, the harm you may do me — I can’t dwell on it! My motives may be doubted; and if we can’t produce the securities which form your principal, why, I may be seriously embarrassed. It might be a dreadfully awkward situation! I cannot believe you will do this mad thing — dear — you cannot be so thoughtless!”

All through the pathetic frailty of this she felt her wonder deepen. Was this her grandfather? And yet did this revelation not make a great deal clear? He too was tainted with this looseness on the subject of mine and

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thine which is an ingrained disease of the American, — a vice that walks hand in hand with rare and delicate virtues, a dull spot in the opal, a flaw we may justly look to find in the most trusted, in the best beloved. And Dr. Wynchell was tainted the more deeply because he lacked the power to see things as they are. It crossed her mind during that pause, that he had called himself unfortunate, and his salary inadequate; he had said he was not a business man, that fate was hard, that the situation might become awkward; *but he had not said, "I did wrong."*

"I must think." She rose. "I must think."

"If you will only not be hasty — perhaps you may come to see the matter in another light. If you will wait awhile, say a few years, when this loan is repaid, then we can discuss it again, if you insist."

Diana went across the room and sat down facing him, erect, her arms laid quietly upon the arms of the chair. When she spoke, her grandfather felt with mortification that it was as one having authority; the tremulousness, the deference was gone; there was no accent either of protest or affection.

"So it seems I can do nothing. I cannot do what I know to be right without injuring you; and that, of course, is impossible."

"I knew you would feel that, dearest child!" He sat up in his immense relief. "Ah, I've underrated you, Di! I fancied you a child — whereas you are a woman. You must have more liberty in the future as to your pursuits — I understand that now."

"Please wait!" She lifted her hand. "I cannot hurt you, — shame you, — that is true. But neither can I live on this money obtained by fraud."

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He winced, but he did not speak. She talked slowly, almost as if thinking it all out loud.

"It is just another one of those differences, the culminating one. No, Grand; I cannot live here any longer. I thought it all over last night, and I am not hasty. I'm going back to the *atelier* on the first steamer. I shall have the annuity, it's the same allowance that I had before. And you will receive the other money, and keep it till you have made up what you — borrowed."

"My dear Di!"

"How long do you think it will take you, Grand, to repay the estate?"

"If you would only talk to Bennet," he hazarded.

"How can I talk to a stranger? This is between you and me. I want your answer."

"I could repay most of it in eighteen months or so, if I have good luck, — and if you still think it necessary. I do not agree, you know, with this absurd idea, and I do not approve of your leaving home in this fashion."

She looked at him quietly.

"I shall go to work, Grand. I can't live idle now. I must go back and work."

He had nearly recovered his old dignity by this time, and he argued with her at length, using the protest that her decision reflected upon himself. But although she heard him patiently, he could not change her, by playing on the chords either of her affection or of her altruism. When he put forth the plea that her departure would make talk, and that people would think he was to blame, she answered firmly: —

"It's easy to explain by saying the truth, that I wish to continue studying art, and that I'm headstrong. People cannot blame you for that. And when I return,

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and you've repaid the money, we'll give it all back to the estate, and start clear." She turned out her hands with the fastidious gesture of one who has touched something unclean. "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, Grand. But I can't stay and live on this money any longer."

"And what am I to say to your man of business, what explanation am I to give?" he cried; and she only answered with unconscious irony, —

"Oh, you can get them to believe what you like. I don't care. But I am going; my mind is made up."

And nothing he could say during that day nor the next might serve to alter her decision. For Di, those were hard, hard days which followed. The arrival of Aunt Susan next day from Chilling Lake, protesting and indignant at her niece's flight; the announcement to her of Diana's extraordinary decision; her disapproval, argument, and irritation generally; these were like the component parts of some bad dream. Then there was Diana's packing, her passage, the needful economies at which Aunt Sue fretfully objected, going about with the ever-repeated comment that her niece was crazy, and why didn't father put his foot down? And through it all the disquieting sense of disapproval, of coldness between Di and her grandfather. The girl wondered at times with a bitter smile if indeed she were going back to the freedom and to the work she longed for. Three months ago the prospect would have made her wild with joy; and yet now it was utterly dull and savorless.

The last day came. She was to sail from New York the next morning. Her grandfather's manner was coldly embarrassed; her aunt sniffed disapproval; the house was unendurable. Di put on her hat and went out into a warm, gray, July afternoon, threatening showers. She

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walked about the streets, dry-eyed, with a lump at her throat. If there were only somebody to say good-by—to care! The Paradises were away; and she knew dully that Anthony Brayne had gone too, had disappeared somewhere into the north. Suddenly a whim struck Diana. She boarded a car, and soon found herself rapidly nearing that little suburb where she knew Anthony had lodged. She did not pause to analyze why she wished to go there, and perhaps it was not a strange impulse, poor child, this desire to have some picture in her mind to take away, of where he had walked and thought and lived. After some little trouble, she found the house, and boldly rang the bell. Mrs. Kendall herself opened the door, and saw nothing suspicious or extraordinary in this tall, plainly dressed young woman, who said she was an artist and understood that Mrs. Kendall had rooms to rent. Mr. Brayne had recommended the house, she added. Mrs. Kendall was pleased and officious. Yes, Mr. Brayne had gone away two days ago; she was just cleaning his room, having been too busy yesterday; would the young lady like to see it, if she did not mind the dust? No, Diana did n't mind. She mounted the stairs after Mrs. Kendall and entered the small, bare, low room. She stood looking eagerly on every side. Mrs. Kendall had been sweeping; there was a pile of paper on the floor, and among them Diana noticed a scrap of envelope bearing her own handwriting. She looked about and about, trying to reconstruct some vision of the vanished occupant. The woman talked and talked and talked.

A voice called a shrill summons from below, and the landlady, apologizing, disappeared. Di, left alone, wandered over to the window and looked out. The shower broke in a little patter of drops against the pane. She felt

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her throat tighten till it hurt her. The place somehow weakened her sinews of self-control, and her wings of high resolve faltered and failed. She stood in the centre of the room and cried desperately, hopelessly, overwhelmed by the consciousness of her own great loneliness.

BOOK III

ANTHONY BRAYNE

CHAPTER XXV

Dost thou too shrink within, withdraw into thyself, into thy memories, and there, deep down, in the very depths of the soul turned inward on itself, thy old life, to which thou alone hast the key, will be bright again for thee, in all the fragrance, all the fresh green, and the grace and power of its spring!

IVAN TURGENEV.

DRUMHEAD LIGHT guards the entrance to Chinkery Harbor, and keeps its steady eye all night upon Chinkery village and the Atlantic Ocean. Chinkery Island measures seven miles by nine, and contains five hundred souls. Drumhead Islet measures one mile by two and a half, and contains three souls. It stands at the entrance to the harbor between two long rocky points, like a star between the horns of a crescent. On one side, during the low tides, you may walk across to the nearer point over Chinkery Bar; on the other side stretches a jagged reef broken by a deep and narrow channel. This channel is the *raison d'être* for the light, for it is the only entrance to the harbor, and at high water the reef is an ugly ambushcade. It is true that the fishing-boats in the early morning spin out one after the other, or flap home again in the five o'clock calm, tacking easily as if they had the width of Frenchman's Bay for their manœuvres, — but that is because they know the channel as if it were the entry in their own cottages.

But the craft of the coast, — yachts, stone-sloops dreading a blow, coasting schooners seeking shelter overnight, piratical-looking gasoline launches, or convenient lobster tugs, — these are apt to ground on Chinkery

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Reef or else go their ways blessing the Light. It is an ugly place to be caught in when a certain wind blows, and has given Chinkery village a very inaccessible reputation.

One morning in July at about eight o'clock, a man came down the rocks to the wharf below the lighthouse, and clambered into the small dory which had hung all night beside the barnacle-encrusted piles. He wore a pair of salt-stained brown trousers and a blue fisherman's jersey, and he rowed with the short, easy, save-your-strength-till-you-need-it stroke of the professional waterman. The cove and the bay beyond were absolutely calm. A fishing-boat still flapped her mainsail idly in the channel, while her skipper could hear, curiously enough, the chug-chug-chug of a motor dory, humming from lobster-pot to lobster-pot like a bee in a bed of clover. Otherwise, the cove was empty; its fishing fleet had departed; this dory, with its single occupant, moved steadily over the face of the water until all the little settlement was spread before the view.

Chinkery was a decayed fishing-village, and its clean white bones were spread decently along the edge of the cove. The island rose to an abrupt hill, politely called "the mountain" by its inhabitants, which descended in rough, shaly cliffs upon the oceanside, and in a gentle declivity upon the side of the bay and the settlement. The tender green of new growth covered these slopes; but here and there still rose the jagged limbs of forest-trees, a reminder of conflagration. The gray granite of the hill terminated in a little edging, as it were, of pinkish rock, and a little frill of bushy fir trees, which gave it all a neat, workmanlike appearance. Some ten or a dozen white and green cottages sidled away from the roadside,

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each with here and there a patch of garden. A larger building on higher ground was the post-office and store, and adjoining it was a long shed surmounted by the sign "Island Cafe," written and pronounced without an accent on the final *e*. Just below the post-office on the rocks stood the fish-house, that odoriferous focus for native activity, and below the fish-house a rotting wharf. It was toward this landing that the dory made its way, the rower bringing it up in a professional manner alongside the mail boat, whose shrill whistle saluting the Light was the daily signal for this expedition. Standing in the dory's bow the owner made her fast, climbed the side of the wharf, and made his way briskly in the direction of the post-office.

The morning was warm and pleasant. A slow rack of cloud moved away southerly, carrying with it a week's bad weather. A chance traveler might have thought the village inhabited by Amazons, for the sights and sounds of activity on every side were those of the strenuous feminine life. The noise of a saw in the carpenter's shop, and the moving outline of man and horse plowing one of the high pastures, were the only masculine suggestions in the picture. The men were all off on the water, lobstering, although this industry deteriorated yearly. But on every hand as one walked up the road, women scrubbed, washed, ironed, cooked, baked, cleaned fish, drew water from the well, passed each other grimly and hastily on the highway, women made of steel and iron, the sum of whose energies, the standard of whose ambitions, is equaled nowhere in the world. A few children trotted about, but very few. Nature taxes man too heavily in these latitudes, and leaves little margin for reproduction. Anthony Brayne walked rapidly to the post-office, and

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entering that pleasant sanctum, was cordially greeted by the presiding genius, Captain Tobias Willow.

"Mornin', Tony. Nice weather. When it canted 'long about one o'clock, I guessed 't would be westerly at sunrise. How's Pete?"

"Uncle is still bothered by his rheumatism," Tony replied, "but this change ought to help."

"Did he ever try 'Dr. Jenkins' Nostrum'?" asked Toby Willow, while hunting for the key of the mail-drawer, which he invariably mislaid. "It don't say much 'bout rumatics on the label — but it does help. I keep a bottle here on the counter myself, and take a dose when I git feelin' slack. Kind o' warms ye up."

Captain Toby was a strict abstainer, and would tell you he had never tasted a spoonful of spirits in all his blameless life. His consumption of patent medicines left him, however, fairly well stimulated. By this time he had found the key, opened the drawer, and with a chuckle handed over to Tony a mass of mail-matter. Newspapers, magazines, proofs, a package or two, press clippings, and six or eight letters, — it was a big mail for Chinkery, even since Tony had arrived there.

"It does beat all!" Captain Toby chuckled again. "I'll git my grade rized ef you answer all that. You got to wait for stamps, I ain't got 'em yit. Who's it all from, anyhow?"

"Oh, lots of people," replied the young man abstractedly, and dropped upon a cracker barrel while he tore open the letter from his publisher. It contained a check, and told him that the third edition of "Man To-day" was about to be put upon the press. If Mr. Brayne wished any corrections, would he forward them at once?

There was a letter from a quarterly periodical of repu-

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tation, accepting an essay entitled "The Scientific Outlook." There was a letter from the office of the Society for the Inculcation of Systematic Morality, asking him to consider a series of lectures under their auspices the coming winter. It was signed by the distinguished head of the society, Mr. James Pace.

"For although you are not personally enrolled among us," said the letter, "yet the Society finds in 'Man To-day' so much of its own doctrine, and so much sympathy with its point of view — the insisted reliance on truth, for instance, that we feel such a course of lectures would be a privilege."

There was a note from a critical paper telling Mr. Brayne that a prominent member of their editorial staff, no less a person indeed than Mr. Frederick Crispe, was on his way to Chinkery for an interview, information which caused Tony to laugh aloud as he read. There were several laudatory reviews, and some not so laudatory. Among his cuttings he found and read with interest a denunciation of himself and his book launched by the Rev. Ambrose Wynchell, of Chillingworth. Dr. Wynchell warned the thoughtful of both sexes that the essay "Man To-day," which was making a deep impression, and had already been acclaimed as a piece of profound criticism, was merely one of those insidious attempts to divorce conduct from the tenets of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He reminded all earnest persons that goodness was inseparable from revealed religion, that they could not expect to be saved by any character, however elevated, by any actions, however ethical; their only salvation was in and through Christ Jesus. Dr. Wynchell saw with deep regret the success of such a work as "Man To-day," the more dangerous and subtle because of its distinguished

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style and the purity of its thought. If men did not believe in revelation, what availed their goodness? God said nothing, directly, about ethics: he said, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It was a terrible thing, this idea which seemed about to become so prevalent, that man could live by bread alone! Dr. Wynchell told the reporter that he was personally acquainted with several unbelievers who were men of pure morality and unselfish life. Did this excuse their unbelief? Certainly not! Dr. Wynchell supposed the whole plague of this infidelity to emanate from that godless body, the Society for the Inculcation of Systematic Morality, against whose corrupt doctrine he would protest all his life.

The last letter, which Anthony still sat upon the cracker barrel to read, bore a French stamp and was in the handwriting of his friend Jimmy Paradise. His eyes ran eagerly down the lines:—

"Echoes of your book's success, my dear Tony, have reached me," Jimmy wrote, "and I am anxiously awaiting the copy you say you have sent me. I hope you attended to my suggestions in the MS? Although they seemed slight, I feel sure your style will suffer if they were not included. I will write you my impressions after it arrives. There's no denying it seems to have made an effect. A French professor the other day asked me if you had not Gallic blood. It had been sent him by an American confrère, because of course it is not generally known of here. I may find much to criticise. Your thought is not likely to touch the great heart of the people. You are too cold for that.

"Oddly enough, the figure who is temporarily in the eye of artistic Paris, is our friend Miss Jessop. I wrote you, I think, some time ago, about her extraordinary beha-

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vior, and all the talk it caused. Every one expected her to marry Sherrington, — even I myself think he might have had a chance, if I had not happened along at that time. I certainly interested her, as you doubtless remember, very deeply; but there is no accounting for women nowadays. She rushed off suddenly to Europe, however, in the most hasty and inconsiderate manner; and has had a studio in Paris ever since, and for these last two months has worked very hard. She looks and lives as if she did not spend a tenth of her income. She exhibited this spring four statues, which have been greatly praised here by those whose praise means much. I have seen them and was impressed by their sureness and power. I saw her last week and thought her much changed in appearance, — thinner and older-looking. She seemed pleased to hear of your success. As her statues were planned for the entrance of some institute or scientific school, she hopes to sell them in the States; and will return home this summer for that purpose. . . . I am glad that your influence and my own better judgment saved me from an entanglement with her. She is one of those restlessly energetic and stimulating personalities who would have driven and exhausted me beyond my strength. I am slowly recuperating from various fatigues. How are you in your solitude? Lucky dog!”

“Wa'al, you better be gettin' home or you'll have the tide ag'in you,” remarked Tobias Willow as Anthony folded this letter, but the young man seemed scarcely to hear him. He sat awhile dreaming over the visions Jimmy's letter had conjured up, — the hot, hot lawn at Sherrington Manor, the copper haze over the hills, Diana's bright, brave eyes, and the break in her voice. He could not forget the effort it had taken him to turn his

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back, and walk steadily away from that young figure. So she had not been weakly borne down by circumstance, and he was proud of that. Should he ever see her again, he wondered. He had written to her twice; the last letter was only six weeks old, but she had never answered. He thought it was a little cruel of her. Anthony shook off his thoughts and roused himself. He made some purchases, and laden with packages, he started once more for his boat. All the way across the cove to Drumhead his imagination pursued the scenes at Chilling Lake over two years ago.

CHAPTER XXVI

BUT when evening falls I go home and enter my writing-room. On the threshold I put off my country habits, filthy with mud and mire, and array myself in royal, courtly garments. Thus worthily attired, I make my entrance into the ancient courts of the men of old, where they receive me with love, and where I feed upon that food which only is my own, and for which I was born. I feel no shame in conversing with them, and asking them the reason of their actions. They, moved by their humanity, make answer. For four hours' space I feel no annoyance, forget all care; poverty cannot frighten me nor death appall me. I am carried away to their society.

NICCOLÒ MACCHIAVELLI, *in a letter.*

ON the top of the round, rocky Drumhead stood the house, an oblong box, made neat with brown paint and black trimmings. Everything else erected there—the light, the sheds, the fences, the triangle which contained the warning bell, and even the rope which connected it with the house—was dazzling white. This was not from cleanliness alone. More than once on nights of fog and storm, Anthony, on his way to look at the bell, blessed the white streaks which guided him safely over the cliffs. And a fall from those rocks would have been no trifle, even when the sea was quiet.

Behind the house was a patch of garden, protected from the winds by a bristling hedge of cedar. A dozen chickens flapped around the door-yard, a cow, melancholy prisoner, gazed longingly across the water at the succulent pastures of Chinkery, and the toggle of a lobster-pot bobbed on the fringe of the bar. For three

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months of scanty summer Nature helped them to make ready to resist her efforts during the other nine.

After Tony made fast his dory, he mounted the steep path, and went directly to the kitchen. He found his uncle seated in the doorway in the sunshine, with a red shawl tied around his neck. Peter Brayne, in his day of activity, had commanded a trading-schooner which had plied in that archipelago. Its arrival in the remote fishing village was the event of the year. In reminiscent moods Captain Peter would describe that sensation.

"Why, the *Mary J.* had not so much as tied up to the wharf," he would declare, "before the wimmen folk would be squawkin' to git aboard. Wimmen's bound to go shoppin' — whether on land or sea."

The trade had been profitable. Like many another retired seafarer, Captain Peter might have lived in comparative comfort and society "to Bangor" or "to Portland." But he preferred Drumhead Light, the occupation, the solitude, and the sea. Towns confused him; he needed a horizon; even in his young days and on brief visits to the city he always went up on the roof every morning to settle the direction of the wind. "How folks live where they can't see a mile, beats me!" he would say. He always returned gladly to the Light, and generally spent most of the first day or so contentedly on the balcony outside the lamp, looking far, far out on every side. Now and then he would come down and report: "I kin see Mt. Desert to-day," or "That flag flying to the Bass is just as plain!" or "The surf's beating white over the Scrags: it rises in puffs like smoke." It seemed that he could not look far enough after the restricted view of cities.

Captain Peter was lean, red, and taciturn. He limped

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from rheumatism, and on account of his infirmity he had taken a niece to live with him, — an angular, active woman of forty-five or so. Her name was Yseult, and she spelt it with a Y. She was the most silent person in the world; she spent whole days without uttering ten words, although she sang a great deal in a thin, quavering voice, about the house and grounds. To neither of these persons had the coming of Anthony afforded any gratification. Captain Peter, who saw his disease gain on him, was willing to have the assistance of a younger man. Yseult might tend the lamp in a crisis; but Chinkery Reef in a storm required energies which were not woman's work.

But Anthony's birth was a subject of such deep and undying mortification to both of these, his mother's people, that it forcibly reacted upon himself. Both his uncle and Yseult treated him civilly, found no fault with him, and yet made him feel he was not of themselves. If by chance on winter evenings Tony came down from his room to join the perpetual tête-à-tête, in which Uncle Peter's monologue was punctuated only by Yseult's monosyllables or nods, he found always that his presence broke in some way the thread of their ease and comfort. Uncle Peter did not deny that certain suggestions of his nephew's as to diet and mineral waters had lessened his rheumatic pains, but his manner gained no warmth. Cousin Yseult found Tony polite, handy in the kitchen, and a hearty eater, and all of these were virtues in her eyes, yet she was never really cordial to him. Although these three had passed two years together without friction or irritation, there was never any sense of kinship. Tony must always feel that no matter what he might accomplish, those two could never forget what

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he was. Distinguished he might be to the world, he would always be pariah to them.

After giving Cousin Yseult her groceries, and asking after his uncle's shoulder, the young man carried his mail-matter up to his own room. Somehow, to-day, these mere tokens of unquestionable success made him the more keenly conscious of his isolation. Since his mother died, no one had ever personally cared for him except perhaps Arthur Geraint; and that was more the sentiment of master for pupil, of teacher for disciple. He himself had cared for Bennet Sherrington, and in a way, too, for Jimmy Paradise, and there was no doubt that he had come very near indeed to caring for Diana Jessop. Pride and hypersensitiveness, together with the self-defending wish that nothing must interfere with intellectual work, — these he had summoned to stamp out that incipient flame. Yet he could not forget that the first six months of his stay on Drumhead had been months of struggle with what was very like emotion. He did not like to look back on that time; it shook his self-confidence.

And now to-day he wondered if he had not been a fool. He wondered if the only salvation for the unloved is not to love, to strike that divine spark somehow out of the flint and steel of life. Everything went as he wished, and yet the day was heavy. He threw down his burden upon the desk.

His room was the whitewashed, steep-roofed attic of the cottage. It held his own battered furniture, his bed and desk, his chair and lamp, his books on shelves he had made and put up himself. On the walls hung some pictures, — his mother as a girl, Arthur Geraint's vigorous head, and Jimmy Paradise's pleasant and delicate profile. Then there were a photograph or two of the Elgin

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marbles and one or two Braun prints of the Primitive Italians. Here for a year past he could echo Macchiavelli's phrase; here he had been carried away to the society he loved.

On his arrival at the Drumhead, in July two years ago, Anthony had found himself suddenly overwhelmed with the profound lassitude which follows upon overstrain. He could not put pen to paper, and for some months he feared that the move had been made too late and was fruitless. This abrupt relaxation of all the sinews of alertness, this change of atmosphere, the phases of nature instead of man, the tides of the ocean instead of the tides of opinion, the silence, the emptiness, the bright, clear solitude, — this change affected him to the marrow. The simple procession of the hours and weeks, the underpinning of hurry dropped from one's day, the sheerly primitive tasks, the absence of contacts, of friction; to these he had to undergo a deep readjustment. Obeying wisely the voice of instinct, he gave himself up for a time wholly to the outdoor life of which he stood much in need, devoted himself to mastering the work of the place, and had by turns been light-tender and carpenter, fisherman and gardener. His books stood in their boxes; and he had long resisted the temptation even to look at them. To the most active intelligences come these fruitful periods of lying fallow, when mere existence with its diversities, experiences, and humors seems to suffice one; when to lend one's self easily to the current of common life, uncritical and sympathetic, seems to repay by a clearer penetration when the intellectual machine is again roused to action. Anthony learned by living, by letting strong, natural, physical energies flow into him unimpeded, to link him with the great, general stream.

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As for his book, he allowed that to simmer slowly in the back of his brain, without once taking off the lid to see what was brewing. So the first summer and autumn passed by.

Then returning vitality brought with it an irresistible swelling up of intellectual activity, which must have outlet. He took outdoors his note-book, and hours sped like moments in the contemplation of rising floods of thought. Geraint was right: things were clarified under the touch of essential conditions. He found himself not deciding, but decided; not merely walking, but running, treading light, and seeing all his way. Removal from the chafing of distorted views and artificial growths, and rank, hasty outcroppings, and narrow doctrines of expediency, only threw out more clearly the great requisites: freedom and courage and joy. The day came when he mounted to his attic in a fury of energy, keen and balanced and exalted. The work he had done hitherto seemed trivial, hesitating, and weak: he had lived too much with the world, forgetting that those who have helped their fellow-men have always stooped down to them from a higher plane. He must not say, "Poor soul, he needs his superstition, his lie, his fetich," but "Great soul, stand up, we share together that one good — the truth!"

So in this spirit Anthony read, studied, thought, and wrote, until the completed fabric lay before him. A note of much encouragement from Geraint had preceded his sending "Man To-Day" to the publisher. It made its appearance modestly enough shortly after the first of the year, and the spring months had been marked by a steady widening of its audience and deepening of its effect. Now, each succeeding week carried a little higher the tide of its success.

CHAPTER XXVII

JE songe, mon cher, que lorsque vous étiez mousquetaire, vous tourniez sans cesse à l'abbé, et qu'aujourd'hui que vous êtes abbé, vous me paraissez tourner fort au mousquetaire.

A. DUMAS, *Vingt Ans Après.*

As the sun moved up from behind the fir-wood and beat upon the white sides of the lighthouse, Uncle Peter left the doorway and hitched his rocking-chair out into the heat. His shoulder felt better; he lit his pipe and unfolded the "Bangor News," which his nephew had brought. Here, after a half-hour or so, Tony found him.

"A chap is coming here to-morrow to see me," Tony began, sitting beside the old man. "He'll stay a day or two. You don't mind if we put him up here, do you, uncle?"

"Sally Dusey to the Harbor takes rusticators," observed Captain Peter, "or Mis' Willow would be glad to hev him. He'd better stay to th' Island."

"Sally Dusey's house is too far away," Tony objected. "You see, he comes to talk to me. He's a New Yorker, and the paper sent him."

"Will he be the kind that brings a kodak?" asked Uncle Peter in alarm, and his nephew could not deny it.

"I don't want him to bother you," Tony reassured his uncle, "but he'd rather stay here on Drumhead, if you don't mind."

"Wa'al," assented the old man, jerking his hand in the direction of the kitchen window, "you fix it with her. I dunno about rusticators myself."

Tony had already approached Cousin Yseult and

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obtained from her a provisional nod and grunt of consent, so his uncle's answer left him satisfied. He sat in silence, watching a gull dancing high in the transparent air, and wondering in what terms he could best account for the probable personality of Mr. Frederick Crispe. The idea of the newspaper man's arrival on Drumhead amused him, but he was not sure of its amusing Uncle Peter.

"Is he one of them information sharps," asked his elder presently, "wantin' to put us in the papers?"

Tony laughed. "That's it — only the nicer sort," he admitted. "It's my book that has made him come, it seems. They want to know about me."

"Wa'al, I read your book," said Uncle Peter between puffs.

"I know," said Tony, "but you never told me what you thought."

"I thought now," — the old man gazed gravely seaward, — "'t was the kind of a book city folks are always writing. There's lots of things you stiddy to find out if you live in the city, that comes nat'ral to know if you live by th' ocean. F'r instance, the bigness of nature we know all 'bout here to Chinkery — just look 'round and see it. Then you talked some about currents; they're ticklish things on this coast anyway, and it did n't seem to me's 'f you'd mastered 'em. And, for a religious work, seems to me you acted too much 's if people was done up in packages like groceries — all weighed and labeled."

"I see," said Tony, hoping he would continue.

"'T was a meaty vollum," summed up Uncle Peter with emphasis; "but I did n't find nowhere in it the idee that unless you're a hard-shell Baptist, ain't no salvation; you're bound to go to hell."

"No, that is n't there," said the author involuntarily.

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"In my day religious works ain't so smilin' and cheerful," declared his uncle contemptuously; "all this move-up-there's-room-for-one-more is new. Folks is gittin' easy-going. As you're takin' to preachin', Tony, preach Hell and Judgment! That's my advice."

"I'll think about it," said Tony seriously, and rose to carry Yseult some wood for the stove.

"Freddy" Crispe, — no one called him anything but "Freddy," — when he alighted from the mail-boat the next morning, proved to be short, fat, and jerky. He wore a professionally battered aspect, and carried a valise of a military pattern, and he had a generally alert, shipshape, "start-for-Yokahama-in-fifteen-minutes" sort of air, which was not without its dramatic effect. This present visit he had undertaken for a reason which sprang from that phenomenal selective memory which was his especial gift. Freddy Crispe could detail to you in an instant any incident or circumstance in the life of any prominent American during the last fifty years. He never forgot the date of anything which had happened to any person who figured habitually in the public prints; and as destiny is apt to be the sum of character and environment, this made him an accurate prophet along certain lines. His article on Drumhead and Anthony Brayne was full of literary flourishes which were instigated by the subject in a spirit of schoolboy mischief.

"The spot Mr. Brayne has chosen for studious retirement," wrote Mr. Crispe patronizingly, "is one which would appeal to any philosopher. He awaited me on the wharf. I had chanced to hear him speak some years back, and his vigorous, youthful figure was therefore familiar to me. His head is large, his forehead broad, his thick, light-brown hair retreats upon the temples. His

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features are striking, the nose broad and square, the mouth square and grave. His eyes are deep set under level brows, gray in color and charged with fire. I have seen such eyes in the face of a great actor; when he is excited in talk, they seem to burn in his head.

“His manner is sincere and direct. As we rowed across the bay to the islet where he lives, he quietly recalled to me the circumstances of his birth. Had I begun to feel any embarrassment his manner dispelled it, and I expressed my admiration at the healthfulness of his attitude.

“‘Work has tended to overcome any morbidity on the subject,’ he replied to this, ‘but it is impossible to understand me or my ideas without referring fairly often to the fact of my illegitimacy. It was a starting-point — it gave a bias. Such tendencies as it encouraged, such as it repressed, cannot be ignored.’

“On Drumhead Islet I was given a hearty welcome by Captain Peter Brayne, whose manner toward his nephew partook of the undemonstrative traditions of his generation. No doubt it covered a quantity of pride and rugged affection. After the noon meal, Mr. Brayne took me up to the room where he had written the greater part of ‘Man To-Day.’ The windows of this room look upon the sea, and its air is not unlike that of a monkish cell, — bare, cold, and studious. Above his desk I noticed a placard upon which he had written that pungent quatrain of Scarron, which is surely an apt motto for a *littérateur*:

“On peut écrire en vers, en prose,
Avec art, avec jugement,
Mais écrire avec agrément,
Mes chers maîtres, c’est autre chose!”

Crispe carefully concealed the real impressions and surprises of his visit. He found he liked his host very well,

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although personally antipathetic to the analytic habit, because of its ugly way of putting him in the wrong. On the other hand Anthony returned his liking, amused perhaps at the naïve seriousness of the correspondent's point of view, and by that histrionic habit of his never disappointing the public, which led to so much exaggeration. They spent a very pleasant four days. Mr. Crispe objected only to his companion's physical energies, for which he was not prepared. He had been told, he complained, that he was to visit a student who rarely left his desk, and he had found a man whose day was filled with athletics.

"If you came to Maine to *rest*," he plaintively remonstrated, "what life you must have led in the gay metropolis of Chillingworth!"

Anthony laughed, and consented to take a quiet smoke on the rocks with his exhausted guest.

"Let me see — had you left Sherrington when that story about you and Miss Jessop's necklace came out in the paper?" Crispe asked suddenly, and Tony almost jumped.

"Oh, yes, a long time," he replied indifferently.

"Was your explanation of that at the time straight, Brayne — between friends?"

"Absolutely so. I knew Miss Jessop, and she wanted to raise some money to loan a friend. It was a silly way to do it, but it was the best she knew," replied Anthony with indifference. Crispe knocked the ashes from his pipe into the water below.

"That whole Jessop family was as queer as Dick's hatband. Her mother, now! What on earth was she doing in the Antilles, — in October? And this girl runs off without a by-your-leave. Art does n't excuse it — why, she could sculp all she wanted to in N'York!"

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"Crispe, you're talking sheer Manhattanese. There's nothing in her conduct to make copy of. I knew her, I tell you. I never heard anything about the Sherrington engagement. We talked about books, poetry, pictures. I think the girl, being an artist, just came to the point where she could n't stand it."

"Could n't stand what?"

"Oh, the place, and her family, and Sherrington, and so forth. So she just cut and run."

Crispe made a click in his throat which was the equivalent to a shrug.

"Did they ever find her mother's body?" was his next question.

"How should I know?" Tony answered, secretly uneasy.

"Oh, because—look here, did it ever strike you by what a close shave that girl got all her money?—Just a day or two—and Sherrington trotting down to New Orleans for affidavits! I tell you when I see that airhole in the sand I know there's apt to be a clam if I dig. Is this just a lane off Queer Street, or is n't it? You must have heard Sherrington talk."

"No. The senator is no talker. I knew he was interested in Miss Jessop."

"What did you and he split on?" inquired Crispe, and Tony laughed.

"Pull in if you like," he remarked, "but there's no fish on that hook. We differed on principles. He believed in expediency, and some of his little expedients kind of stuck in my throat. That was all—except that we parted eighteen months before I ever met Miss Jessop."

Freddy Crispe laughed too, and flung a pebble into the nearest pool.

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"Sherrington's gone off, lately. They say he'll lose the election and that he does n't care. Looks puffy, and his temper is bad. Pretty president of Chillingworth University he'll make!"

"Nonsense, you don't mean it!"

"Why, certainly," replied Crispe, surprised. "You had n't heard?"

"Not a word. Geraint's letters rarely mention such things, and besides, he's so absorbed — Sherrington! Why, he's no more fit to succeed Maudsley than I am! He'll never get it."

"Don't be too sure. They say his chance is excellent. He's been steadily packing the Board of Trustees; and it looks as if he were going to get in," rejoined Freddy coolly. "His cousin went on the Board last spring; and they say Dr. Wynchell, Miss Jessop's grandpapa, goes next. You see? Now there it is again — why Wynchell? They tell me he's a dinky High Churchman, and a man of books. Why should he vote for Sherrington?"

"Rather, why does Sherrington want the place?"

"Tired of politics, they say. He believes in lots of athletics, wants to cut the course to three years, and fire the Triad."

"Stuff — you don't fire a professor! — And anyhow, you're joking."

"By Jove, I'm not. He talks like that. He's in for popularity, he believes in young men. Of course, I don't mean fire, but if he does the rest of the things he means to do, I don't believe Chisholm, Paramore, and Geraint would stay."

Tony kept the silence of consternation.

"You see," Crispe went on, "Chillingworth has never

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had a foot-ball team, and it's never been a sporty place. Sherrington has got a lot of ideas from other people that he has not the wit to modify. Boys don't want learning, that's the new cry; they don't want classics and mathematics, but manliness and knowledge of the world. He sees Chillingworth turning out a batch of little Sherringtons."

"The heavens forefend! But do you want to see him there?"

"I confess I don't think him the man for the place. But Chillingworth is used to Sherrington."

"Oh, I know," Tony followed. "People like what they're used to. He's a gentleman, that counts with one class; and a good fellow, which counts with another. And men who think their sons will get through if he goes in, will want him; and men who believe in four years' yelling through a megaphone, and taking a course in minor modern poetry. He'll have all the failures with him, and all the mediocrities, and all the folks who want something for nothing, and all the men who think what they don't know is n't worth knowing, and all the men who believe in putting two fools to do the work of one competent man, and all the manly-mads, and all the eagle-screamers. It's a holy war. Well,"—he paused with kindling eye,— "I tell you, Crispe, I'll be down in Chillingworth this autumn, if it's only to spout to the crowds in the street!"

"You feel it, don't you?" said the other curiously, and Anthony nodded.

"Is n't there any story you know about Sherrington, when you were with him, that we might circulate to his disadvantage?" Crispe went on smoothly, watching him, "I think, if you did, I might get the paper to take it up."

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Anthony made a movement of impatience. "There is n't," he answered with curtness. "I don't like the man, as you know, but my dislike is founded on his whole philosophy and not any special act." He made it definite, for he was not a little afraid of Crispe. Yet the news left a deep mark. Here Anthony's reverence was strong. Not only his sense of the ideal values and traditions involved was keen, but also there was a personal bond of affection. At Chillingworth he had made his first equal step with men, he had received his first encouragements, and those ideals had been first raised before his imagination which had cast an utterly different hue upon his life. There he had first tasted "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy." There broad fields of ambition had been spread before his feet, and men had asked of him only what he did, and how well. Almost he felt that she had been "dear mother" in more ways than one. To deliver over this uplifting and ennobling influence to be cheapened by the fool, the oaf, the trivial, — this raised all the zealot in him. He spoke no more to Crispe, but he spent that night in walking his room, calling up and rehearsing all possibilities of persuasiveness and conviction, in blowing upon sleeping fires of eloquence, in listening to the guiding voice.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IT is not easy for any one, who has not been in the like condition, to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing where we were, or upon what land it was we were driven, whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited.

DEFOE, *Robinson Crusoe*.

CRISPE left Drumhead the next morning, promising, even as he leaned upon the side of the departing tug, to keep Tony informed as to the progress of Sherrington's plans.

"Nothing can happen until fall," he assured the other, "but at least I will let you know. And if his election seems really likely, you can come down."

"Don't leave it too late!" was Anthony's last word as the boat bore Crispe away.

Rowing slowly back to the lighthouse, Tony reflected that incidents in his present life were mere bubbles which floated a while upon its calm surface, and then vanished. He returned to the daily task and to the silent companionship of his uncle and cousin, yet it was with a difference. The prospect of battle lent life an undercurrent of excitement. He turned to his reading and writing, glad they should have a concrete rather than a general object.

Meanwhile he had begun to review his situation, and the change which two years had wrought. Every week brought him fresh tokens of the slow, steadily increasing hold of "Man To-Day." Its first appeal to the intelligent few was now slowly filtering down, as it were, in ever-widening circles to that majority which follows where the

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minority leads. Not that his book would ever in itself bring him a large money return, but it was a key to open to him the doors of certain lucrative employments. Short articles and papers would get a hearing, and not be ill paid. The lecture field, if he chose to return to it, would be wider. He had had more than one tentative offer of special editorial work, which had an influential as well as pecuniary reward. Altogether, if he did decide to go back for a time, conditions would be healthier and pleasanter, the hand-to-mouth period at least seemed at an end. This was a thought full of relief and challenge.

July was warm, monotonous, and placid, with a serene sea and sky. Day after day, the surface of the bay was as smooth as oil, the coastline shimmered in a silver veil. Fog lingered among the outer islands, but rarely came to Drumhead. The usual early summer gale did not arrive. The thermometer often touched the eighties; Tony turned himself gardener to make use of it, and Uncle Peter's truck-patch flourished.

Innumerable yachts passed the Light on their way to the happy isles. One of them dropped anchor in Chinkery Cove to make some slight repair, and thus floated another bubble on the stream of Tony's existence. The yachting-party came to Drumhead to visit the Light; and as Uncle Peter always growled and fled at the mere sight of a visitor, Tony took them about himself, and gravely explained it to them.

The men of the party saw nothing out of the way in the nonchalant young man in the blue jersey with the exotic voice and accent; but the ladies were puzzled. Tony studied them in their fresh, crisp, white clothes and bright assured glances, their look of having been cut with some sharp instrument out of not very dissimilar material. He

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found himself dreamily wondering at the limited vocabulary and the similar points of view and the agreements, all the homogeneity of their class. And although he said very, very little, speaking only when spoken to, he was conscious that when he did speak they exchanged glances. The flux of life — of the real life which moves and achieves — is always amazing to the pretty iridescence floating on the surface, unaware that it floats upborne by that heaving tide. The worker is never surprised at individual development, the idler always. One of these challenging maidens asked Tony if he were not lonely in the winter.

“No,” was his reply; “it is then really I am able to enjoy my friends.”

Her eye interrogated him, and he patiently unraveled this cryptic saying: —

“I spend the winter months in study.”

“Why!” she cried in surprise, “you are quite a philosopher!”

“The keeper of any light would be that, I think.”

This particular lady had dropped behind the others in order to pursue the talk with her singular guide. She had a wide blue eye, an admirable bust, and a fluty voice; she evidently approved of herself in the rôle of a student of men and manners.

“Ah, but surely,” she said kindly, “you are very young. As you evidently have ambitions, would it not be wise to get some experience of — the world?”

“You think so?” he rejoined gravely, “but how — where?”

“Why, in cities,” she hazarded vaguely. “This must be, even with your books, a very solitary life for a young man.”

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"Youth, you think, is a dish that should be eaten in season?"

"I think it's apt to disagree, — taken cold," she ventured, but the talk was so novel that she paused doubtfully.

"Ah, then, I am all right," said Tony contentedly; "though I don't look it, I've eaten my share."

She glanced at him out of the tail of her eye, not at all understanding him, and wondering. But he moved quietly beside her, completely at ease, so she was reassured.

"You have not lived here always, then?" she pursued.

"I came two years ago, for a special purpose."

"Whatever you will do," she said mellifluously, "let me for one wish you success. It is wonderful to find such ambitions far off in this lonely little island."

"Under the circumstances," replied Anthony seriously, "I think it would be wonderful not to find them. — Is not your friend waving, madam? They seem about to return."

He helped them to embark, conscious of an atmosphere of curiosity, and walked back to the house, laughing.

August brought no change in the mild clearness of the weather. Uncle Peter grumbled that "a breeze o' wind" was due, but it did not come. The fog rolled nearer, though every afternoon it was driven by the westerly airs to the outer islands to sulk until the next day. This happened every day for a week, so that Tony grew careless, and did not trouble to carry with him on the dory the jug of water and the box of crackers he generally took on foggy days.

One day, as he set out, he noted idly that the fog-bank looked heavier and wore a sullen aspect. It was his habit, when once safely beyond the reef, to settle down

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in the nose of the dory with pipe and note-book, and let the current carry him whither it would. This afternoon his mind was active, and he paid small attention to the dim bank of cloud whose upper edge was tinged with silver. The whole sea-floor moved under him with a slow heave; its surface was marked with sea-runes, and circles, and evanescent hieroglyphs. An even grayness settled over the face of the water, the coastline and the white finger of the lighthouse looked startlingly clear and near. Tony found light enough to work by even when the sun had gone, and he did not raise his eyes. The cold fingers of the mist touched his forehead; but its stealthy advance had for him always only a mysterious charm.

Darkness fell rapidly, and when he looked up it was to find himself thickly wrapped in fog, everything blotted out. He was hungry; he wondered, climbing up on the thwart, how far he might have drifted. He could hardly see the face of his tiny compass as he picked up the oars and settled down to them. This sudden gloom meant more than fog, he knew, and it deepened appallingly. There was a distant approaching noise as of linen being torn into strips. A far-away bell-buoy clanged out, and then the squall struck.

Such a dory as Tony's, solidly built, will outlive a blow. But if he had cherished any vainglorious ideas that he possessed the seamanship of a native fisherman, they did not long endure. In an instant his boat was full of water. In blackness and smother he could do no more than bail like a madman. He lost an oar, and gave up the possibility of guiding his boat to meet the onslaught of storm. He did free her from the first perilous inpouring of water, but he had no sooner raised his head

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than a still more ferocious wave beset him, and he looked again into the eyes of death. Once more to right the boat and by frenzied bailing to reduce the danger, was only to repeat, as night drew on, the encounter with this deadly impetuosity of assault.

Minute after minute dragged on, in the hideous repetition. The wave's cold, threatening crest, its thundering downfall, the horrible quiver and settling of the dory in the trough, which each time he feared to be the last; then the energy of work to lighten the boat, perhaps a gleam of hope at the oar, an instant's pause, and then the next wave. There was no sign or prospect of help; and even had help been near him he could not have seen it, nor it his need. Nor could he waste strength in vain shouts. The immediate need, the momentary pressure of danger, left him no time to plot or plan. He must simply face the increasing wind and darkness, and hold out as long as he could. Each time he struggled with his oar to meet the sea, he realized that his life hung on his readiness and vigor, supposing the boat to be stout and not liable to turn turtle. Vague memories of hearing sailors say they had outlived such a gale in such a craft upbore him, even through his sense that he lacked the knowledge, the physique, and the iron endurance of men of the sea. He found himself praying for only an instant's let-up — a moment's rest. The dense blackness of storm and fog, that utter, smothering blackness against which he fought as if it had been a hand at his throat, at times that seemed worse than all. Could he have seen one star, one streak of sky, one light by sea or land, to keep up his courage and hope! He knew he must be drifting far, far out, beyond the chance of any encounter. Hours went by, marked only by the wind's scream, the hissing of the

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waves, the lurch of his tiny, tortured boat. About midnight, as he judged it, rain began to fall in sheets rushing over the water. Although he had the sense to welcome its arrival, knowing it tended to calm the sea, yet its effect was to add to his discomforts. The rain chilled him as the sea had not yet done; he must work incessantly, and must not even pause to see from what quarter death would come. For by now he had grown doggedly certain it must come, and he hoped that when it came it would be quick. He worked on mechanically, rubbing his eyes free of spray, putting off from moment to moment the relaxation, the giving-up to exhaustion. His head swung heavily forward on his chest; he made no attempt to pierce the night; he struggled with his single oar, bailed, fought, and bailed again. A bright, clear little picture rose in his mind of the lighthouse kitchen, warm and lighted, and of Uncle Peter looking out from the doorway. Then another picture followed, of the bare studio with flying shadows, the smiling Hermes looking down at the figure who stood beside him lamp in hand. "The workshop of the Gods" he had called it; and here the slap of water on his hand caused him to wonder vaguely if the wave that swamped the boat might not knock his head against a thwart, and so render him mercifully unconscious. He hoped so; meanwhile again he fought on. Practice brought a certain dexterity, he clung to his oar. The mid-hours of the night passed in this way, and he sank into a sort of stupor of involuntary effort.

Although the sea was no calmer, he became aware of a change in the boat's motion, and the presence of new sound which grew louder every moment. The dory, instead of jumping irregularly about, gave itself to long rises up, up, and sickening swallow-like flights down,

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down, till the next roller caught it up again. The superficial shattering and hissing of the foam was drowned out in a long, thundering, pounding roar, followed by that indescribable withdrawing shriek as when tons of water are splintered upon granite. This noise neared, the movement quickened capriciously, now hurtled forward, now spinning back, as in some insane quadrille. Tony began to understand. In the dim, all-pervading grayness which had begun to steal over that welter, he looked from the comb of a huge breaker, and saw, dreadfully near, the foam spouting higher than his head against an outline of cliffs.

That sight marked the end. His craft was thrown furiously at the shore, fell upon a tooth of rock, and was instantly broken into pieces. Its owner, beating frantically against the smother, felt for and grasped a barnacle-roughened rock, and clung to it, while the undertow pulled him hungrily by the heels. The following wave picked him up like a chip and flung him at the face of the cliff, with a blow which, had it landed on his head instead of his shoulder, would have concluded the adventure then and there. It left him sprawling on a slimy shelf with his mouth full of water. But in his dim and flying consciousness there was at least the chance for life, and the next wave was weaker and did not carry him under. He struggled and groped till his arms caught a rock pinnacle on which he dangled, out of water for the first time. Desperately he felt about him with his feet for some crack or crevice, found it, pulled himself up, and when he felt the swollen mass of water sweep up under him, waited, clamped to safety. The wave left him where he was and hissed down the channel below. It was his chance; he climbed madly, rubbing himself

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against the earth and stones until he felt grass under his touch, and fell forward upon his face.

He lay there gasping; he awaited death, and it did not come. Cold, a piercing cold before the dawn, roused him at last, and he sat up. The breakers battered the rocks below. The tide had fallen. A thin rain dripped down. He could look out over a sea in which it was incredible he should have lived. On the top of the curling breaker a fragment of wood from his boat jiggled up and down. Shaking himself, he found his shoulder bruised and swollen and his arm stiff. He stood up staggering, but it was not yet very light, and his surroundings were wholly strange. The cliff rose above the shelf where he lay, and, climbing painfully higher, he found himself on a wide grassy down covered with sheep-pine and stunted firs. A belt of wood blocked the view. But at a little distance he thought he could make out a small building.

The walk toward that building tested his endurance, but the hope of warmth and food led him on. He approached, and saw a square, one-storied pavilion with a veranda running around three sides. His shouts brought no response. The windows were blank, the place evidently untenanted. Great as was his disappointment, Tony was determined and desperate. There was no other building in sight, and he had not the strength to search afield. The pavilion door was locked, but the window-fastenings were flimsy, and it did not take him ten minutes to break in.

The interior was dark. He groped with hands and feet, and not without a twinge of fear, in the direction where he had noted a chimney. He seemed to be in a large room. His hand touched a brick mantelpiece and then fell upon a box of matches. The first flare showed

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him a fire laid upon the hearth below; a moment more and the flames crackled among the driftwood. Ah, that first warmth! He shuddered above it in an animal enjoyment, for many moments not even troubling to look about him.

When he did so at length, he realized that he had stumbled upon one of those teahouses which have been erected from time to time on the islands near to Mt. Desert. Rules of the Strawberry Island Club hung upon the wall. The building contained a large central room with two adjoining alcoves, one used as pantry, the other with beds and bedding. Renewed warmth made Tony only hungrier than ever, and his first action, after heaping his fire well with wood, was to skirmish in the hope of food. He found some crackers, half a tin of potted chicken, and in the bottom of a canister a spoonful of tea. He set a kettle on to boil, and made his preparations by dragging a mattress from one of the beds to the floor near the fire. The pavilion was none too weather-proof, the wind rocked it, the rain streamed against the windows, but the fire burned brightly and he would not go far from its cheer. He took off his clothes and hung them on chairs about the hearth, while he rolled himself in dry blankets before the fire. The water soon boiled; he drank several cups of warm, if weak infusion, and ate the crumbs of food. An utter fatigue crept over him. When he had finished his meal, he renewed the fire, piled the blankets above him, threw himself upon the mattress, and fell at once into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER XXIX

I HAVE beheld those eyes before
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dream'd.

KEATS, *Hyperion*.

THE day brought no sunshine; the rain still fell heavily and intermittently. A shrill blast, piping around the cliffs, carried with it the roar of returning tide. Racing clouds covered the sky, and between the bursts of rain one could see far, far out how the white foam of ocean surges circled each islet and reef. The rock to which Anthony had clung was now a point of torment, which struck a white plume of spray into the air. About noon the rain ceased, the wind veered, the clouds thinned and lightened. Shortly afterwards, on the path leading from the cliffs to the village, appeared two women, wrapped in sweaters and raincoats. They struggled against the gale, which, after the path left the protecting fir-wood, swept upon them across the open downs. The wind made talk impossible, even if one were inclined to it in the face of such a spectacle. Gaining the crest of the downs, the two stood motionless, fascinated by the surf that whitened the whole northern point as if with snow. At each successive blow the solid cliff seemed to shiver, and the air was filled with spray like smoke.

Silent and absorbed in the view, the women stood for nearly half an hour, before the shorter of the two pointed out to her companion the smoke which curled from the teahouse chimney.

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"Who could be in there?" she asked. "Of course no launch parties could come over to-day. And look at that broken glass on the porch; some one has entered by the window!"

"It's evidently not Mrs. Torrey, then," the taller woman replied, as they walked toward the building.

"Do you think we had better go in? You don't know who it may be," objected the first speaker, who was small, bent, and thin, but whose pale face and bony hands had a look of wiry vigor.

"Nonsense! I'm going over to see," was the reply, and the speaker started briskly for the pavilion, leaving the other to follow rather doubtfully in her wake. She reached the porch, felt under the door-stone for a key, and unlocked the door. A faint light filled the interior from the open door and the dying fire. The intruder saw the motionless figure stretched before the hearth, and moved toward it with a quiver, as if fearing to look upon some mortal injury. It was a young man who lay there asleep; his head was turned aside, but she could see its outline and the light brown hair. She took a doubtful step nearer and bent down to look; then with a moan of amazement clapped her hand over her mouth. But the sound had awakened Anthony; he turned his head, opened his eyes, and looked up into her face. For an instant, eyes fixed on eyes, they looked; he winked as if expecting the vision to disappear; then, drawing a quick breath, smiled and spoke.

"Impossible!" he said and, still smiling, quoted: "How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea? Goddess—"

"It is you — it is yourself!" she cried.

"No other. But I don't understand. This is n't real — it is a dream, of course."

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"It is real. How — how did you come here?"

"Don't move!" he entreated dreamily. "Let me look still. How did I come? Why, I came last night in a dory."

"Last night! In a dory? I don't understand!"

She held up her hand while a blow upon the cliffs seemed to shake the house. "Listen! Do you hear that surf? It is n't possible you came through that."

He nodded. "Nevertheless, I did it — but not because I selected this particular spot. I got caught in the squall and had been adrift all night, — coming to you, I suppose, — and when the sea was ready, it picked me up and threw me here."

"But we saw no boat on the rocks!" she cried impatiently, thinking that he must be delirious or dreaming.

"Miss Jessop, there is n't enough of my boat left to make a toothpick. It broke its back on the rock, but I held on. Yes, it was remarkable; but nothing to this morning. To open my eyes on your face!"

He did not move or lift his head, but lay tranquilly looking up at her. Diana was suddenly afraid.

"You're hurt! You don't move!" she cried, but he checked her with a smile.

"You lack the deductive faculty, don't you? If my clothes are hanging on those chairs, how can they be on me? Do you think I brought a trunk on the dory to this seaside resort?"

"I see!" She flushed a little, but smiled. "That sounds like you, Mr. Brayne, that and the quotation! You are not hurt, then?"

"Pretty well bruised and stiff, thanks, but nothing serious except that I'm starving. Is there any food near?"

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"The house where we are staying is outside the village, nearly a mile from here. Can you do it?"

"If there is food at the other end, I think so. What a noise that sea makes!"

"The tide is rising. There's a wonderful surf. That's what we came here to see, my friend and I. I must run out now and tell her, or she'll think I'm crazy. To find you here, like Ulysses!"

"Horribly like Ulysses, indeed. Give me ten minutes and I'll join you. But if you don't mind I do not wish to see any surf; I have seen enough surf to last me for a long while."

Diana vanished without further words. As she suspected, her friend was standing outside the pavilion, not a little worried. At Diana's story her eyes opened wider and wider. "You know the man? A shipwrecked sailor — the author of 'Man To-Day.' Really, Di, it all sounds perfectly incoherent to me."

"It may, but it's true."

Grace Brant looked at her pensively with her head on one side. "I wonder if I have underestimated the States? Or perhaps Strawberry Island is different from Joliet? In Joliet nothing romantic ever happened."

"There's romance everywhere if you can see it," Di maintained stoutly, but her friend only sniffed.

"Nothing romantic ever happened in our family except father's bankruptcy — and that romance would only have appealed to Balzac. But this now is simple George Sand. Is his name Raoul?"

"No, — Anthony."

"Anthony! That's a nice, saintly name. And Brayne suggests intelligence. Di, is he terribly American? I shall not like him."

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"You ought to," said Di, oddly irritated, "because he is the man who helped me to send you the money."

"The necklace man! Why, this is better and better! I believe you arranged it all beforehand, Di Jessop, so that I should n't take the next steamer home. Well, I wish he'd hurry. I'm dying of curiosity."

Grace had a slightly nasal drawl, and the persistent attitude of one who will not be aroused save through one sense only, the eye. So her first survey of Anthony, as he came slowly toward them, was wholly from that viewpoint.

"Pretty dragged and done-up," was her unspoken comment, "though not a commonplace type."

The three walked back toward the village at the slow pace the young man found himself obliged to take. His head swam, and he felt weak and exhausted, so that more than once he had to stop and rest. But he was anxious to have an explanation of their presence, and Diana gave it to him in a few words. Both girls intended to exhibit their work during the coming autumn in several Eastern cities. New York and Chillingworth were among the number; and they had landed in the first week of August to make the necessary arrangements. Ten days of torrid weather had driven them to seek a change, and some fellow artist had recommended Strawberry Island as secluded and cheap. They came, and were to stay into September.

The last few steps of that walk, when they were in sight of the village, were undertaken by Tony with clenched teeth and in silence. As he reached the porch of the cottage, he sat down suddenly. Diana had disappeared. A few seconds later a steaming tumbler was put into his hand, and as he looked up after the first reviving

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mouthfuls, he saw her standing there with a flask in her hand.

"Thank you," he said gratefully, and managed to get on his feet.

Although the hot food that was made ready for him by the kindly woman of the house, strengthened him somewhat, yet Anthony was obliged to give up and tumble into bed as weak as if he had had a bout of fever. A nervous reaction was upon him: the noise of the sea made him shudder, the landscape wavered, and his bed heaved like a boat whenever he raised his head. He slept at intervals, a sleep broken with suffocating dreams, and awakened bathed in sweat. Always he seemed to be battling in the waves, while Diana's face floated above him in a rosy mist. About midnight he grew quieter; he fell into a sounder and more refreshing slumber, and awoke late the next morning with a sense of being himself. Only a general stiffness and some bad bruises remained, in token of his adventure. He dressed, ate a hearty breakfast, and stepped out on the doorsill into the sunlight of a radiant morning.

CHAPTER XXX

VOTRE aile en le heurtant ne fera rien repandre
Du vase où je m'abreuve et que j'ai bien rempli.
Mon âme a plus de feu que vous n'avez de cendre!
Mon cœur a plus d'amour que vous n'avez d'oubli!

VICTOR HUGO.

THE group of houses, hardly deserving the name of village, faced the outline of Mount Desert hills. These, rising as they did from the sea level, filled the sky-line with splendid curves, and drew an impressiveness and majesty from their position which they lacked in actual height. Shining with the filtered summer gold which fell on their blue folds, with the laughing sea between, the shadows of passing cloud flying graciously from summit to summit, their loveliness was something to catch at the heart. Although the sea smiled and was calm, and the winds blew softly, yet the air had a bracing vigor that whipped the blood to action. Here is not a world of dreams, but here the dweller of cities catches something of the freshness and energy of the old-time voyageur.

Tony stood out in the roadway and filled his eye with this new vision. He looked about him. Topping a ledge of rock across a meadow was a white sketching umbrella, and toward this he made his way. Diana saw him coming, but did not lift her glance from the charcoal sketch on which she was at work. When he greeted her, she asked him kindly enough if he felt rested, and then became silent. Her grave brows were knit, and her gaze traveled only from her easel to the horizon, and back again. Tony looked at her, recalling Jimmy's letter. Pale she

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was not, for sun and sea wind had given her a healthy tan, but there were changes, reserves upon that open visage. The buoyant assurance had given way to a quieter confidence. She looked very thin, and the flame of purpose which had lighted her last two years, seemed to burn palpably in her face. The pause continued. Somehow it was not easy to knit together the threads of intercourse.

"Why did n't you answer my letter?" Anthony asked her casually.

"Did it require an answer?" she rejoined serenely. "And I've had so little time for writing."

He rolled over in the grass in front of her easel.

"May a layman ask why you are doing that in black and white?" he inquired courteously. "I should think the temptation of its color —"

She shook her head. "It's all very hard and brilliant," was her reply, — "no subtlety of tint or shadow. No, it would be a mere chromo. But to give the flexibility of the color in black and white — well, that is a temptation, if you like."

Another silence fell. Tony plucked a grass-blade and mentally framed an advertisement:—

"Lost: an intimacy. Finder please return and receive reward!"

"Do you happen to have an ice-pick?" he asked her suddenly, and Diana colored as she rebuked him.

"Nonsense — what is the matter?"

"If I break the ice shall I find my friend?"

"You may." She shifted her easel nervously and went on: "I suppose all this means that you are anxious to talk to me about yourself."

He got up hastily, flushing. It was beyond measure

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foolish to be hurt, but he was hurt. He turned away, and she called after him, —

“Mr. Brayne, you should not be teased so easily. And where is your boasted sense of humor? Sit down again and I will be more polite.”

He obeyed, and she talked on rapidly awhile about the voyage, and Grace Brant, and their forthcoming exhibition, and the chance which had brought them to Strawberry Island. He spoke not at all, and by and by her talk died out. Then Tony said seriously, —

“Miss Jessop, what have I done?”

“Nothing!” she replied uncomfortably. “How could you have done anything? Why, it’s two years since we met.”

“Then — what have I left undone?”

She was silent.

“Listen,” he pursued, and she knew that vibration of voice. “We must clear this ground. Why — I opened my eyes, half dead as I was, and I saw you — no, I cannot have you angry with me.”

She hated this personal note and the disturbance it wrought. One’s hardly attained calm, then, was still easily shaken.

“I wish you had not come,” she said involuntarily, and then, when she saw this speech hurt, she was sorry. Again he scrambled to his feet.

“That’s very easily set right,” he replied, looking at his watch; “there’s a boat this afternoon, I think? I can get home by night —”

“No, I don’t mean that,” she responded meditatively, and Tony wondered why he did not go, as pride demanded. But instead he had a flash of wholly fresh insight, a something he had not known before.

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"If you are wounded because it was so long before I wrote you —"

"Ten months, why, that's nothing," she said coldly, and he knew he was right.

"Then I must remind you again that I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?" She took up her charcoal again; the little tense pauses between his sentences made her nervous.

"We have never spoken of it since that first evening — do you remember? But I cannot forget, though you generally seem to, who and what I am."

She looked at him incredulously. "Is that your reason for leaving me so long without a word?"

Anthony was never simple, and here was complexity upon complexity, through which he strove for sincerity and intellectual understanding.

"I was afraid on two accounts. One was on yours, that you should come to regret our friendship, and find it put you in a false position, — it had done so once, you know. I thought I ought to make it easy for you. And then, the other account was my own. I was afraid of you, of your influence on my life."

The incoherency was unlike him. She could not answer it, and when his voice sounded again, she was glad that it had returned to its usual even cadence.

"But I did admire your action. Had our talks anything to do with that?"

"I think without them I should not have had the courage," she said unwillingly.

"I am glad of that," he replied, with a deep content.

Diana sat awhile thinking. After a moment his eye turned inquiringly upon her.

"Matters have altered in two years, Mr. Brayne,"

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she answered the look, speaking slowly but without warmth. "I will acknowledge that your neglecting me so long wounded me. And then by the time your letter came, I had no need of it. My problems had settled themselves. But I think your delicacy unnecessary. I'm a hard-working artist, and very much alone. I can know whom I please. I am interested in your work. The time when there might have been any strain in our relation is long gone by. There's no reason why we should n't talk books and pictures as of old, and certainly no reason," she concluded emphatically, "why you should leave this place until you've thoroughly recovered from your adventure."

These were frank, friendly words; why should they chill him so terribly? He was resentful of their doing so, and at the moment sat still, conscious of nothing except the bitter hurt and amazement and mortification. Diana looked at him, surprised at his silence. His manner was very odd to-day!

"Thanks — you're right," he said briefly, making an effort. "Is that your friend coming across the meadow toward us? What an interesting girl she is!"

He stayed awhile, trying to talk with the two, but finally gave up and went away. It was as if the turmoil and storm of that night had entered into his very life. Some balance had been lost, quiet had disappeared; he was tossed about furiously by exaggerated and conflicting emotions. All the past had been but a preparation, — he saw that now; there had been every element to win him, friendship and confidence, admiration and trust. Yet in the past with all this he had been calm enough. The moment in which he had opened his eyes upon Diana's face bent over him full of pity, was the

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moment in which this friendship and confidence had been heightened, touched with passion. He had awakened, as it were, to find himself acted upon by a force from without, utterly disturbed and shaken, made foolish, hypersensitive, exhilarated at a breath, and at a touch discouraged, bitter, depressed. He tried to understand, to put once more in control that intellect by which he had hitherto been guided, only to find that it was unseated at the first fling of this new steed. He had hitherto always supposed such an experience as love or sorrow to be a possession of the soul itself, a flood welling up within which could be kept in measure. This is the common belief of youth respecting the emotions. But he found here a force not himself, — a great wind from outside that shook his being and caused its very foundations to vibrate and tremble. He should have gone back to the lighthouse at once, but he stayed on. Work demanded his return, pride demanded it; each day he saw the boat depart without him, in a coward joy, and counted the hours that remained. And he was sick of his own folly and shaken by his own passion, and never swayed for an instant by reason or wisdom.

More than once he acknowledged, raging at himself, that his own condition of mind made it impossible for him to estimate correctly her attitude toward him. The more he tried to analyze it, the unhappier he became. She was changed; she had lost some of her high heyday of youth and spirits, her smile was less ready, and her eyes met his with a touch of reserve and defiance. She was no longer the spoiled, giddy-tongued child; and she no longer waited on his decision with the surprised fidelity of the disciple. She had learned her lesson, her confidence was less readily yielded, and he was tor-

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mented by the sense that she held him at arm's length. Yet she was willing to talk to him, and never asked him why he remained at Strawberry Island day after day. That fact was the one thread of hope to which he clung.

"Do you hear from Dr. Wynchell?" he asked her the afternoon of the third day as they strolled together.

"Oh, Grand writes sometimes," Diana answered, her face clouding. "He has not been so well lately. He hopes to succeed Bishop Faulkner, but I do not know."

"Did you ever have an explanation with him?"

She told him, and he broke out enthusiastically, "It was magnificent, the way you handled it — I always knew you would!"

She gave a faint, artificial shrug.

"You liked playing Deronda to my Guendolen, did n't you?"

"Don't! Was I a preaching prig like that?"

"A little," she maintained, "and I was like her. The wine is much the same, though the grape is American-grown. But it's an eternally trite relation between man and woman."

"You have brought back a number of ideas whose origin is French, I see."

"Yes, I suppose so. But if you must have a literary comparison, I don't think Deronda very accurate; I prefer Rudin."

He knew he should smile and banter her in return. He knew that it was a mere teasing jest, an arrow he had sharpened against himself. And yet he drew breath as if in pain, and she looked at him in amazement.

"Why, you never used to mind that comparison, you yourself first pointed it out," she said, with curiosity.

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Tony nodded, trying to smile, and they walked some paces in silence.

"Grand says nothing at all about the securities and the estate. Would you speak of it?" she asked, and he raised himself from that personal quiver of helplessness to reply.

"If he becomes bishop, of course there will be more money?"

"Yes," said Di; "but still, I should think with only Auntie and himself, he ought to manage. I am perplexed about it."

"I heard he had gone on the Board of University Trustees."

"His last letter was full of it. Is n't it strange Mr. Sherrington should want to be president of Chillingworth? But Grand does n't think he'd be a good one."

"How could any one think so?" Tony asked in scorn. He sat down beside her on the rocks and began to fling pebbles at a boulder some yards away. "What is your feeling?" he continued. "Of course I am against Sherrington, and I mean to take issue with him, if it's not taking issue with you."

"Why should you care?" she inquired coolly. "Principles go before individuals, you used to say."

"I am gradually gaining the impression that I was a sententious ass! Never mind why — but I do. If you don't want me to fight Sherrington —"

"Suppose I said I did not care?"

"Then I'll go in and win. And I'll make you glad if I can, for it's a big fight against the host of mediocrity — that ought to inspire you."

She laughed. "Ah, but I fear I belong in the ranks of the enemy."

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"Let me be the judge of that, please! At the same time," he went on more gravely, "there will be an awkward side. I shall be against your grandfather—"

"Oh," said Di quickly, "you don't know Grand. He has the real love of letters and scholarship. He would never countenance or approve of Sherrington in such a position!"

Tony did not reply to this. "What I mean is," he said, "that the fight will be bitter, almost political; personal, sensational. Your friends will think you should not speak to me in the street."

"I've few Chillingworth friends," she evaded.

"Well, I shall fight. The University gave me the only name I have a right to, that's one reason. Another is—well, I hate Sherrington." His eyes flamed.

"But why?" Diana asked him.

"Never mind why." He drew breath. "I do, and I'll down him, but it will be David and Goliath—and little David will have no sling, only his pen and voice. I wonder if you will stand by me then? Ah, there will be a howl against me, and you will hear me called," he went on deliberately, "charlatan, atheist, illegitimate!"

"Stop, Mr. Brayne!" She looked at him with a face full of rebuke, and he checked himself. "Why, this is utterly unlike you—this is morbid and bitter! I used to admire the healthy way you looked upon that—dis-advantage."

"It never really stood in my way till now," he said almost under his breath.

"But it does not now, or less than at first."

"It will, if you fight on the other side. And of course you must do that; you are Miss Jessop."

The childish unreasonableness of his tormenting him-

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self thus, — he was wholly aware of it, and distractedly ashamed of it. Diana looked at him.

“My dear Anthony,” she replied, deliberately using the name, “you are very much excited. I am only a poor sculptor who hardly counts in any way. Such as I am, my feelings are with you; and I do not believe wealth and respectability will interfere with my convictions. I am quite as free as yourself.”

Her words were light, but her eyes made his head spin, and he jumped up suddenly and walked away till he had conquered that disturbance.

“Thanks,” he said when he returned, and added, “I think, perhaps, you’ve made amends.”

“For what, please?”

“For calling me — it’s horrible — Rudin.”

Diana laughed, wondering at him, and they walked home together to supper.

CHAPTER XXXI

I LOVED thee once; I'll love no more —
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

"I CONFESS, Di," observed Miss Brant, one evening three days later when she was plaiting her hair by candlelight, "that I fail to understand this American young person who seems to have attached himself to your skirt-braid. Is he a product of the soil? Though he talks to you as if you were his aunt, yet I suppose he is in love with you?"

"You are mistaken," replied Diana, almost angrily.

"Perhaps I am. I said I did n't understand him. How can one be at once such an optimist and such a perambulating iconoclast! I liked 'Man To-Day.' I like what you tell me about this man. But I don't like his staying on."

"Why should n't he stay on?" asked her friend, from the next room. The two girls shared the whitewashed steep-roofed story of the cottage, and could flit about and leave the doors open in security.

"Oh, nothing," Grace gave in resignedly, "no reason at all. He's a sort of Dr. Johnson who came to take a cup of tea and stayed thirty years!"

Diana, in her wrapper, appeared in the doorway and gave Grace a keen glance.

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"I've known Mr. Brayne a long time," she observed evenly. "He does nothing without a purpose, so he is here with one. But it has little to do with us. I suspect that the lighthouse got on his nerves. When he's ready, he'll go. That's all."

Grace did not look convinced. Her standards were those of the Latin: the usual object of man is woman. She resented the complexity of the relations of the sexes in her native land. She was herself a sexless type, its energies early turned into abnormal channels, a nature whose intensity was arid and impersonal. When one is born in Joliet with an ambition, fights one's way to a studio in Paris over the corpse of every prejudice, lives for the lust of the eye until one's twenties are nearly over, and then slowly raises one's self by the hands like a gymnast until one's chin touches the bar of success, why, then, one is apt to have layers of insensitiveness and indifference. Grace was fond of Diana, admired her work not without a touch of envy, but there were always moments in which she felt Diana to be amateur in spite of all,—amateur because so normal, so healthy, so full of spirit; amateur because so joyous; amateur because so thoroughly a woman. How could Diana like this young philosopher, whose attitude, Grace thought indignantly, tended to minimize her art? Why go walking with him when she should be sketching? Grace set her mouth and shrugged her shoulders in silence. She spent much time in argument with Tony, who, though he admired her tireless energy and fine, single-souled enthusiasm, resented her limited and inflexible opinions. Both felt a natural antagonism, though it did not come to the surface. This particular evening, however, Grace had an object in opening the topic.

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"Well, of course it is all your affair," she pursued; "and now that he has provided himself with clothing, and looks less like a tramp, I do not care. But I really want to know, Di—do you intend to let him stay on after I go to Castine next week?"

"Why not, again?" asked Di serenely.

"It seems absurd for me to be a stickler for *les convenances*,"—Grace laughed, and smoothed her face grave again,— "but this place is so very small and intimate, you know! There is literally not another person you would be likely to speak to on the entire island. And do you think this youth and yourself—" She paused. Diana turned an unruffled visage upon her.

"Grace, you don't understand the type. Mr. Brayne does n't care about women, and never did. He was my friend because he liked influence, and thought he saw a way to exert it, as probably he did. It was all anti-church-and-state, you know. But he is really deeply indifferent,—does n't know the meaning of the word emotion. No one could be safer."

She spoke boldly, giving herself the lie. The stir in Tony's face, then, what was it? Di shook off the thought, bent on satisfying the exotic scruples of her friend.

"Grace thinks you should not stay on here after she goes," she told him, during their walk next day; "she talks about a chaperon."

"Won't Mrs. Torrey do?" he inquired seriously.

"Apparently not. But is n't it amusing? In Europe, you know, she simply delighted in defying convention."

"I suspect that here the code is n't strict enough to defy with pleasure," Tony suggested; "and then, it's not herself but you, you see. However, I do not think I shall go, although I shall not ask your permission to remain."

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Di smiled, keeping a wise silence.

"I never pretended to monopolize Strawberry Island," was her only comment. "Suppose we go over to the cliffs to-day and look at the surf."

He obeyed, though without alacrity. Anthony had an idea that there were probably other people on the island besides Miss Jessop and himself, but he really did not seem to see them. Important letters forwarded from Chinkery remained for days unopened in his pocket, or were read with a hasty eye which hardly grasped their contents. A dozen times he decided that the thing was hopeless, that the wounding distance of her manner had but one significance — and then, perhaps, her glance would evade his own, or her face show some fleeting trouble, and he would take heart again. He hated his own helplessness in her hands, the power she had to tease and hurt him, and wondered at her constant inclination to use that power even in trifles. Having heard him declare that he felt a strong disinclination to revisit the scene of his adventure, the cliff and teahouse, she promptly insisted on walking there. Once seated upon the veranda, and finding that Tony had his nervous repugnance under perfect control, she had the happy inspiration of discussing Bennet Sherrington. This she did fully, sympathetically even, with an ingenuous surprise at her companion's ungenial mood.

"What splendid waves!" she cried enthusiastically. "Look at that piece of driftwood on the crest now — it dances about — now it goes under, down, down!"

He could not restrain a shudder, and when she looked at him laughing, he bent a severe glance on her.

"I don't understand you," he said quietly. "There's a wantonness about it — you would not treat a dog so.

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I was not afraid at the time, I looked at death almost indifferently — but I cannot pretend to ignore that the experience shook me. Why do you do this?"

"I suppose because," said Di vivaciously, "it's delightful sometimes to see you not moved by your head!"

"You have that gratification daily," said he stiffly. "You were saying — about Mr. Sherrington?"

"Oh, only that he had one great virtue, that easy-going stolidity which —"

"Is just the reverse of your present companion?"

"I did not say so," said Di with a smile. "I know he was wrong about our affair at Chilling Lake, but I was hard on him. After all, he is a kindly, open-minded man."

"Do you expect me to agree to that?" cried Tony, laughing harshly. "I — who stood far closer to him than any one — because I was fond of him? Why, I saved the life of your kindly man, and he never remembered it when he found me inconvenient. Open-minded — do you think that, honestly?"

"I did when I got engaged to him," answered Di composedly. "You must n't look at me like that, because I broke it off. We were not at all suited to each other, and I wanted to study art. But women always tend to respect and like the man who has paid them the compliment of caring."

"Not always," Tony thought, and then he sat so still she looked at him in surprise.

"Why did you lie to me about that?" was his ungentle question.

"It was no untruth. I intended to break it off, and did so at once."

"And have repented it since?" he inquired, so fiercely that he stung her to sincerity.

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"Nonsense — never in the world. It would have been the acme of dullness to have been married to Sherrington."

"So it seems to you now, but in the future?"

"Oh, I may repent if I don't sell my statues," Di assented coolly. "Let's talk about work; this personal gossip is so unlike you."

"Good God!" he broke out impetuously, "what an idea you have of me! Just because I showed in our first acquaintance that I realized the difference between us — tried, if you like, to keep in my place, to meet you on our only equal ground, the love of books and things beautiful, — you seem to have an idea that I was a dehumanized, bloodless simulacrum! It was indifferent to me, you thought, that I was alone in the world — it did n't matter that, for instance, I had given affection to Sherrington for want of a better, poor devil, and got kicked at for my pains! Smile, and be philosophic and impersonal! What do such things matter to me — what do I care? Are you really so dull — so stupid, Miss Jessop?" He launched these words at Diana's head, with a fervor and force which made her shiver. "You were n't so," he ended, "that first day, when I told you!"

"No," she said quietly, "I am not dull and stupid. But — are you not very much more easily unstrung than you used to be? Perhaps I did rely too much on the side you showed me. But really, you are different — you are changed. You wince at things which would never have touched you two years ago. I'm always angering you, it seems. I'm not unsympathetic. I've been very much alone myself. Only, in the old days, with you, that seemed not to matter. You thought about work — ambition — and now —"

"You are right," he broke in more quietly. "Please

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be patient and — let us set it down to my shipwreck. Only remember that it is irritating to have you always allude to me as guide and philosopher — when — when I'd rather be remembered as the friend."

"There are other reasons than your adventure," commented the girl.

"Yes, there are other reasons. I shall tell you them some day. I'm bolder than I used to be — and I'm —" he found his sentence vanishing in the hurry of his pulse. The exquisite consciousness that she was near, so near that her dress touched him — he turned his head, and she was looking at him with large eyes, dilated, black.

"Di—oh, Di!" called a voice just around the house, and Tony sprang up, with mechanical alacrity. Miss Brant appeared, untidy, businesslike, and vexed.

"Do you happen to know the time it is?" she demanded of her friend. "Dinner will be half over."

"Have you read Sir Charles Grandison, Miss Brant?" Tony asked her attentively. "Then you cannot forget the immortal Harriet: 'Breakfast! What, thought I, is breakfast? The *world*, my Charlotte!' That's the way Miss Jessop feels to-day. Why go in to dinner when there is a beautiful surf?"

"But I thought you hated the surf since that night?" said Miss Brant skeptically, thinking, "I believe he covers it up with his everlasting quotations!"

"That is the charm for Miss Jessop. To keep me here because I hate it."

"No, because I don't like to see you give in," said Di sharply.

"Well, now I've been disciplined," said the young man resignedly, "may I have some dinner? You go to-morrow, Miss Brant, I believe? We shall miss you!"

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"Insufferable!" thought Grace, while aloud she remarked pointedly, "And you, Mr. Brayne?"

He shook his head. "I really don't know," he replied idly. "I'm not my own master just now."

"Oh, you're working?" asked Grace with sarcasm.

"Very hard indeed."

"I had n't noticed any sign of literary activity."

"You think we all write like Alfieri, 'in a maniacal fury and with many tears'? Well, I don't."

"I think," she cried tartly, "that you would quote on your deathbed!"

"Most great men do: *Nunc Dimittis*, I believe, is the favorite," Tony retorted; and she had laughed herself back into cordiality before they reached the cottage.

CHAPTER XXXII

L'AMOUR est Dieu, car l'amour est la seule chose qui puisse être infinie dans le cœur de l'homme.

GEORGE SAND.

THE larches stood encrusted in mist, looking like ornaments in green spun glass. The world quivered in a silver veil; each head of timothy wore a crystal halo. Di stood upon the wharf and waved her friend farewell.

"Remember!" called Miss Brant like Charles I, as the little steamer churned the water and turned her prow into the fog-bank, "I expect you to send that man away. He must not stay here."

Diana nodded acquiescence, and furthermore, she meant it. Tony's staying on made her uneasy, when vexing him had lost its zest. Really, he ought to go, and she knew that he was reasonable and would see that it was best when she spoke to him. This, Diana reflected, she would do at once.

The little steamer and Grace were swallowed up in fog as she set her face homeward with this determination. It lasted until the path came out from the fir-wood, until she saw Tony himself coming radiantly to meet her.

"So she's gone!" was his joyous ejaculation. "It's a heavenly morning for a walk!"

She looked at him sternly. "It's all but rainy, and you should not be glad Grace has gone."

"I am delighted. She did not like my being with you."

"Because," Di persisted, "that means you will have to go too."

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He looked at her in alarm. "You don't mean that? You don't really think so? — I won't."

He squared his shoulders, and she felt her decision crumble.

"There's less fog in the woods than here. And I'll carry your jacket," he continued finally, without looking at her. "'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows;' I mean, where the sweet-fern and huckleberries grow, and those green and red mosses you are so fond of, Miss Jessop."

Diana walked beside him in silence. She thought, "I will turn back in a few minutes;" and then she forgot all about it. The fog was wonderfully intimate, secluding; it seemed to inclose them both and keep them as it were in a place apart. It fell softly upon the trees and streamed raggedly above their heads. Was there indeed any one but these two on the island or in the world?

Tony's spirits were boyishly high, and carried hers with them. They laughed and talked like two children, with jests spontaneous and undefined and laughter that was not a little tremulous. Plunging into the pine wood they gained a rocky shelf, topping a high bluff from which ordinarily a fine view of water and hills was to be had. Now the soft, gray curtain hid it from sight, and muffled even the distant bell-buoy. There was a curious quality in the silence; one could even detect the subdued and delicate sound of the fog among the trees.

"You never told me," said the girl to her companion, "whether your uncle was glad to hear you were safe."

Tony's face clouded. "I suppose so," he replied; "his letter was chiefly filled with telling me what a fool I was, and that I knew already. Would n't it have been funny," he pursued with animation, "if on that morning when

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you found me in the teahouse, you had come down to the cliffs and seen my dead body bobbing about in the water?"

"Don't!" He felt her shiver. "What a horrible idea!"

"It would have been even more romantic, and a great deal more likely."

"I do not to this day see how you came through it alive."

"Oh, men have done harder things than that, and my two years' apprenticeship served me in good stead. Oddly enough, I did not begin to suffer that night as you — have made me suffer since."

He lay at full length on the crisp moss with his hands under his chin. He spoke quietly, thoughtfully, and the sense that he was there, young and strong and full of life, instead of a mere drenched dead thing tossing in the waves, caused the girl a sickening throb.

"I'm afraid I have teased you too much," she said lightly. "You seem to feel it. Have you anything to read me this morning?"

"Not a word. I am popularly supposed, by Freddy Crispe and others, to be sitting in my attic at Drumhead composing fiery denunciations of Mr. Sherrington. And really and truly I do not know if I shall ever denounce him again, — it depends upon you."

"Why upon me?" She could not resist the temptation to play with this excitement, to draw it down upon her soul and then to push it away.

"If you are hard upon me as you were yesterday, I feel the power to crush him rising; and if you are kind, bewilderingly kind, as to-day, why, then I don't care a bit — *je m'en moque!* What does it matter — what does anything matter? Look at me!"

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She tried to disobey, but there was a cumulative force of instinct and heredity which bore down her poor little individualism. She looked, and was utterly shaken by the keen stab of joy, a lightning-flash which split the firmament of consciousness and was followed by a reverberating peal. In another instant —

But Diana was strong, modern, and self-distrustful. A burnt child, her bitterness told her, dreads the fire. Had that quivering hand of his touched her, — but it did not. She snatched hers away and again took hold of herself.

“Do you care for me?” Tony was saying. “Do you love me?”

“No!” she boldly defied him; then more weakly, “I don’t think so!”

“Is it Sherrington?”

“It is nobody. Listen,” she cried desperately, “you must n’t do this. I don’t want it. I — I hate it. We were good friends before — why not stay so?”

“It is you who degrade the present!” he said with violence, “but I cannot help it — I am worse than powerless, it seems. Well, what do you want? I’ll give it to you. Polite, drawing-room topics — cap-and-bells — æsthetic twaddle — Turgenev — whatever you like!”

“Oh,” she cried, aghast at this heresy, “*you, you!*” and could say no more.

“Yes — I — and all the more because I!” He jumped up and stood, white-faced, above her. “It’s I — I who am desperately in love with you — and you — yes, I believe it — you are more than half in love with me. It’s a man who has never cared and never been cared for that loves you this moment and for always. And for some insane reason, though we are here, we two alone,

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away from all the world, with the kind sea around us — and free, free for each other if we will — you want quiet *conversation* — God! One would have to be starved of life and glutted with books as I have been to realize the madness of it! Oh, I do not care what I say to you — you must know me as I am, if at all. Foolish, foolish — between you and me, both of us capable by nature of making the divinest music — because we are more sensitive than most and made for one another! And you want me to blow a penny trumpet!”

“Are n’t your metaphors a little mixed?” she followed this outburst in the bitterness of her heart.

“I am not composing speeches for publication,” he retorted, making visible efforts at control. “But very well. Nature has made you the arbiter of this situation, and so of course I shall submit — until to-morrow.”

“That’s a limited submission,” said Diana, trying to laugh.

“The boat goes at ten o’clock.”

Her heart failed her. “You will go back?”

“Certainly, I shall go back — I have given you what I have to give. There’s nothing left except to beat a retreat.”

“Perhaps that would be wiser,” she hypocritically agreed.

“I will not trouble you again with my emotions. Let me see. Do you agree with Ruskin that sculpture and architecture are really the same art?”

She was bewildered, confused by these rapid changes of mood, by the sense of strangeness and unfamiliarity in him. She tried to talk, but now she was much less at ease than her companion. That dazzling point of intensity had temporarily blinded her. She saw nothing else,

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and in her ears his words sounded, "Foolish, between you and me, capable of making the divinest music!" until she recalled her soul and scourged it with rebuke. What, after all, was this tardy avowal? Two years ago, when she had cared and needed him, he had thought of nothing but his work; he had abandoned and forgotten her, had left her without a sign for months. This temperament, high-colored, vivid, sacrificed without mercy those foolish enough to care for it. So Diana reminded herself, and yet was never sure. Conversation between them under the strain of these moods was lame indeed.

Mrs. Torrey, of the Strawberry Cottage, was a person of independent views and rather original ideas on the subject of one's duty to one's rusticators. Moreover, her New England disposition gave her no insight likely to modify her plans or point of view. When Tony and Diana returned to dinner, Mrs. Torrey observed no strain, and calmly gave utterance to her private projects.

"My sister 'cross th' Island wants me to-night," she cheerfully announced, setting dishes on the table. "You got your young man to keep you from feelin' dull. So would you mind gettin' your own suppers? I 'spect to be back 'long about breakfast time. I'm leavin' lots for you — and the water's drawn —"

"Thanks — I can hew the wood," Mr. Brayne remarked hastily, his countenance expressing a barefaced joy at which Miss Jessop's heart quailed.

"Then it's all right." Mrs. Torrey's voice was filled with content as she turned to Diana. "Jes' you make him do all the work — do nawthin' you hain't a mind to — that's what men-folks is fur."

"O dea certe!" Tony murmured under his breath, while he fixed an abstracted eye upon the poppies out-

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side the window. "O heavenly arbitress — and if the wind does n't shake the violet-colored sea!"

"There's a whole pie in the closet," said the cheery voice from the kitchen, and Diana had not spoken a word.

"Of course," she said stiffly to Tony, who was eating his dinner pensively, "you understand this is impossible. You had better leave by the night mailboat."

"If you insist," he raised his eyebrows gently; "but remember, you can't light that stove, you don't know how. She thinks you do, but you don't. If I go, how will you get your supper and breakfast? And the washing up is horrid — but you see, 'that's what men-folks is fur.'"

"You know you ought not to stay!" Diana cried reproachfully.

"As your hired man, there's no objection. — *A propos*, do you know how to get supper?"

Now Diana hated cooking in all its branches; she lacked even the chafing-dish facility. She could not even thrum out an omelet on an alcohol lamp, to say nothing of reading a whole supper at sight on a full-sized concert-stove. This is why she gave in, although it is odd that it never occurred to her to ask Mrs. Torrey personally to get in some neighborly cottager to handle the situation for her. We have these moments of oversight in times of preoccupation. Anthony was swept up to heaven in delight when he found that she was too confused to think of this obvious and proper resource.

Mrs. Torrey departed in a dory rowed by her nephew, and Diana watched her depart as one might watch the branch crack which held one from the glissade. But she was greatly reassured (or was it disappointed?) to find her disturbing companion in his most practical and com-

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radely mood, with an eye that gave her no unnecessary attention. He declared himself very busy, and she heard him singing to himself in the kitchen. There was really nothing to do but laugh, and dream over the pearl and sapphire tints which the clearing fog left upon the bay. The afternoon was a thousand hours long, each one perilously sweet. Tony worked, whistling, around the house. He would not let her help him, although she protested weakly that the situation was absurd. He came and sat beside her sometimes, and each found that there was no need to end the sentence, for the other understood in a moment. No unevenness of humor in him gave her the advantage now: he had recovered suddenly that clear-sightedness and sureness of sympathetic comprehension which had been between them in the past. He did not mention the morning's incident; it seemed to have been smoothed over; he did not disturb her quiet mood. She thought him unconscious, and perhaps half of him was. The other half played the situation with an intellectual delicacy of intuition, and a desperate sense that it was his last chance. If he was to stir her ever, he would stir her now.

Supper passed off in a manner nervously gay. Neither ate very much, though they made a great talk about it. Tony would not let Diana wash a teacup, but dismissed her into the little parlor of the cottage while he finished. She sat down and tried to read, but her cheeks and body burned. She sat for fifteen minutes smiling at the page, and suddenly discovered with a shock that she had picked up Mrs. Torrey's Bible and opened it at the Book of Job. She threw it down in anger just as Tony came in. He glanced at the offending volume, but considerably not at her.

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"Wonderful piece of literary work," he observed, sitting down on the other side of the table. "How beautifully Renan describes the way one should write the history of those three great streams which fructify the life of man, the Greek, Jewish, and Roman! Do you remember?"

She shook her head speechlessly. The stillness, the isolation, they two, man and woman who loved each other, — because she could not pretend any longer that she did not care.

"He says they should be written by *l'homme à soixante ans avec l'amour*, and that" — he slowed down, choosing his words carefully — "the Greek is a crystal vase, a crystal — I forget — something."

Her hand lay on the open book. His faltered an instant, and then fell upon it and clung to it.

"You were right," he murmured; "I shall have to go." Then he stood up. The instant of blind panic had passed. She stood also, she looked at him, her mouth trembled.

"I do not want you to go."

He was silent, reading her soul with his eyes. The two words sounded in a whisper, —

"You care?"

"Yes — I have cared — for years."

Her words died out against his mouth. They stood swaying together. It was so still in the house! And the noiseless rising of passion was like the oncoming of some tremendous flood.

He pushed her from him, making a last stand against it.

"You see I must go. Diana, there is no help for it after this. It would not be fair to you, you can understand that — I *must* go! — Dearest, dearest, let me go! Take your arms away from me. There has been the whole

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day, — and now — did you ever dream it would be like this?"

She clung to him; her eyes were half closed and her arms held him. "No, no, I never dreamed. Why did you keep away — so long?"

"I cannot stay here!" he cried it roughly, distractedly, his delirium as it were mounting in waves over the reasonable, the sensible man she had known. "Don't you understand? To-day has changed it all, and we must think — we must consider. But oh! the future, if it should part us, dear! and it may — it may — unless — unless —" he snatched at the mad expedient — "unless we are married to-night!"

She quivered in his arms, and under his soft, maddening kisses.

"You understand? Dear, you see? — Oh, yes, I will go — I will go if you'd rather — if you honestly wish me to go — but," his voice went on, drawing his soul after it, "one snatches at the moment when one wants to be sure, sure — And think, Diana, we have known each other, we have known *this*, so long! It is not hasty, no, no! If you knew how lonely I have been, dear! And oh, then whatever happens, I would be sure of you, we should be together!"

"If you wish," she said. She could not resist that voice any more than if it had been Gabriel's trumpet. In the glare of that moment the idea seemed natural, credible, reasonable even.

Her consent gave him courage to unclasp her arms and leave the house. Diana fell into a chair as she heard his rapid step cross the porch and go down the road. A sudden emptiness possessed the room. She felt it, trembling, as she raised her head. Perhaps he should not

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have left her, for after all there was in Diana a layer of fundamental distrust which had not been cleared away. Quickly came a reaction, and it gained upon her. This had been an emotion violent, dangerous, and insecure. She had cared first ; how much might his feeling be the result of hers ? His love was recent ; who knew how deep it was ? It had not had, like hers, the consecration of sorrow and separation. Oh, it was a wild hazard ; they must not do it ! In the future, perhaps, but not now, here, in this mad haste. A hundred feminine backslidings beset her, instincts which this act would violate, of dignity, seriousness, self-control. And out of his sight and touch she feared him, she was afraid for the future. And she could not, would not imperil that beautiful future !

Diana rushed out of the house and down the road. Her hair fell loose on her shoulders, her white gown fluttered behind her. She ran calling his name in the moonlight, and Tony heard and turned.

“No, no, I can’t — we can’t !”

He stood as still as a stone ; and she hurried piteously on : “I am not sure enough.” (She meant of him ; he thought, not unnaturally, that she meant of herself.) “How can one be sure ? And then it would look — so badly.”

He smiled a little, but not angrily. He felt the justice of her protest, too, although he resented it.

“And then, Grand — and it is n’t fair to one’s people — and it’s so quick !”

“And so divine ! Dearest, do you sacrifice all this wonderful present for a doubtful future ?”

That word was one she dreaded, and it increased her reaction. They had not opened their hearts to one another so that all was clear between them. She forgot

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that Tony had good cause to doubt the future; that he longed to be sure of her, as nothing else could make him sure.

"You did n't care for me two years ago?" was her tremulous question. Love made him very honest with her.

"Not as I do now."

"I cannot do it. Oh, Tony, you had better go, because I cannot do it!"

He hesitated there in the road. He could not urge her to such a marriage from which she might suffer. To have her consent and then regret would be horrible, and yet to make sure, sure of her — so that life, so that all the things which were likely to come between them later on, should not matter! But if she did not feel the danger — anyhow, it was her decision. Perhaps she was right.

"You know I must leave the Island?" said his quiet voice.

"I know."

There came a pause. Di gave him her hand, and he took it in his cold one, and kissed it.

"Good-by, dear," he said, and went away.

She walked slowly home; she was tired. She had her will, and her decision had been wise, sensible, and right, which should have sufficed her. She reëntered the little parlor and paused there, feeling that it should have sufficed her. And yet — and yet, "You fool!" she called herself, savagely; "you fool, you fool!"

BOOK IV

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CHAPTER XXXIII

LE Christianisme a des pardons pour tous les crimes. Plus qu'on a péché, plus qu'on lui appartient.

E. RENAN.

THE loveliness of St. Anne's of the Little Chilling came from a situation unique in America. Under the west wall of the churchyard ran the river in a quick and limpid flow, lapping the worn bricks, and keeping the bush of ivy above them fresh and green. From the opposite bank the colonial bell-tower rising out of the oaks, the box and holly-bushes, made a silhouette wholly exotic and picturesque.

Dr. Wynchell never quitted the ugly rectory, with its suburban air, and came in sight of St. Anne's, without a leap of affection. If he could not have a fair glebe and generations to uphold it, it was something to have this. The walls of alternate light and dark bricks, the ivy which masked their dull, checkerboard surface, the little windows, the stumpy bell-tower, the high pews and flagged flooring, the memorial tablet of the soldier who died after his "Marridg;" the gardens beside the whispering Little Chilling, the gay flowers, holly and spice bushes set among the gray, old tombstones faintly inscribed — ah! how he loved them all! From the first, his ambition had been to restore to St. Anne's its old-time dignity and importance, and he had gratified it by getting together the largest congregation in a hundred years.

With the coming of his granddaughter he had indulged beautiful dreams: a "Wynchell" chime of sweet-

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throated bells, a "Jessop" window, the purchases of contiguous ground so as to remove certain ugly and inappropriate neighbors. But beyond sketching in the garden some May morning, when the sparrows chatted overhead and the bees hummed in the yellow blossoms, Diana had taken no personal interest in St. Anne's, and Dr. Wynchell had been much disappointed. He had even suggested that she undertake to model for them a new font in the old-time manner, and had written urging it; but she replied that she was too much absorbed in her work for the doorway of a scientific institute. A scientific institute, indeed! Dr. Wynchell was apt to worry over it, if feeling tired or dull. Was it merely the Jessop blood, that hard-headed parvenu strain, which gave her such untoward ideas, such strained and overwrought standards? Why should she refuse, of all people, to accept his pleasant, almost hedonist creed, and go in search of strange, bitter, and implacable Gods? Was not the morality of her fathers good enough for her? And what was to be the upshot?

Dr. Wynchell thought it all over vaguely as he robed himself before evensong. She was returning from the Maine coast; he would see her in a few days, and it would be practically their first interview, as their meeting in August had been brief and hurried. What was she going to insist on discussing with him, and how? The vestry window looked upon the river. The day was one late in September when all trite expressions of enthusiasm seemed to be revitalized — so clear it was, so perfect. The sky's crystal was flushed with sunset, a vapor of pearl cloud was breathed upon its surface, and reflected on the nacreous mirror of the stream. Dr. Wynchell, as he came slowly into the chancel, satisfied his eye ere he

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knelt with the knowledge that the light was still clear and strong on the western window, and dappled the wall with a glorious medley of indescribable purples, waving blues and emeralds, crimsons and violets, all shimmering and interchanging their play of tint and shade. Delight at this joyous vision lent a note of feeling to the beautiful, full voice which gave its first text into the reverent keeping of that stillness. And how many of the scattered, kneeling figures guessed that this emotion was caused by nothing more nor less than the sheer glory of color in the western window?

Evensong was brief; few people were present, and the hymns seemed subdued. Dr. Wynchell knelt in prayer under the dimming casement, where the hues lingered exquisitely, blotted by the tenderest shadows. A few beads of light twinkled in the dusky body of the church. The blue and rose and gold died out one by one. Bits of poetry came up confusedly into the rector's mind; "Man is a brittle and a crazie glasse," he thought. Then he rose and went into the robing-room, his soul stroked and at peace. His uneasiness gave way under the caress of an exquisite serenity, which he felt was the sustaining result of prayer.

"What a marvelous truth in Haydon's description of prayer!" he said gently to his young assistant, and then quoted emphatically, "I always rose up from my knees with a refreshed fury, an iron-clenched firmness, a crystal piety of feeling that sent me streaming on with repulsive power against the troubles of life."

"Just a little overcharged?" suggested the young assistant, who cared much more about sanitation and hygiene than he did about sunset colors or the King James Version. But the rector shook his head.

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“ ‘Crystal piety of feeling,’ ” he repeated, “wonderful, wonderful!”

The evening was purely soft and shadowy. Dr. Wynchell walked down to the gate, and paused an instant to look over the water. It rushed smoothly by him with a mild and pleasant murmur. A figure, which had lingered in the vestibule, followed him swiftly and threw her arms around his neck.

“Grand, dearest!”

“Di, my dear child!”

His tone was one of welcome affection as he kissed the girl. “You were in church,” he said, “and never let me know! And you are a day or two ahead of your promise, are you not?”

“We finished in New York earlier than we thought and caught the noon train to Chillingworth. I knew you would be at service, so I left Grace unpacking, and came on to hug you.”

“You are coming to us, of course?”

Diana hesitated. “No, dear,” she answered confusedly. “I have taken a room with my friend. It’s a very nice quiet house indeed, on the Lake Street trolley.”

“A boarding-house — with your home standing open to receive you!” he sighed, scanning her. “Let me look at you, Di — you’re thin. Are you well?”

Her smile dauntlessly replied with her words, “Very well, and how’s Auntie?”

“She has been fairly free from her neuralgia this summer. And we are not to have you, Di — after so long!”

Her tone in answer to this reproach was light and caressing. “You will see a great deal of me, never fear. I have a great deal to talk over with you.”

Something in the words made him frown and hasten

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his step. The pause prolonged itself a little longer than he liked; and when he spoke again it was in what the girl used to call his "vestry" tone, rotund, polished, and easy.

"The time, although considerable, has passed without notable event. You have heard of my election to the Board of University Trustees?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied heartily, "and also that Mr. Sherrington wants to be the next president."

The particular connection between these two facts was one which had only recently dawned on Dr. Wynchell himself in a peculiarly disagreeable moment. The suggestion was so very distasteful that it drove him to the simple expedient of denying its existence.

"I doubt that — I doubt it. You will find 't is all talk. Nothing will come of it, I am quite sure."

It was on the tip of Di's tongue to say, "Then why did he put you on the Board?" but instead she asked, "Suppose he does want it. Would he have your vote?"

"It's a mere canard, child, and such a supposition is vain and foolish. Tell me about your voyage."

She saw he did not relish the topic, and so unwillingly she let him guide their conversation to Europe, the voyage, her work, her friends; on these he was full, gracious, and illuminative. But Diana felt, with dismay, that the drawbridge was up, the postern locked, and even perhaps realized that her own keys were a little rusted with time and disuse. When they entered the house together each glanced nervously at the other, for Diana had altered more in the two years than her grandfather. No doubt it was natural, no doubt she should not have looked for outward traces of the experience which had parted them. Dr. Wynchell's hair was whiter, but still thick and glossy;

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his face was smooth and unwrinkled, its smile had all the old affability. She should not have been disappointed that there was no scar, no scorching; that even the smell of the burning was not upon his garments. And yet the remembrance of what that experience had meant to her own soul caused her to wonder at his untouched air with a wonder which held also pain.

They entered the rectory parlor, and Aunt Susan was summoned. Diana laughed and exclaimed excitedly, and went from room to room with her arm still thrown around her grandfather's neck.

"Your study looks just the same, dear, and of course — here's a poetry-book lying ready under the lamp. Milton — I dare venture!"

"You're wrong, Di; Keats this time," he corrected her.

"I'm surprised, Grand. How many months is it since I have heard you say: —

"Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life!"

Her young voice brought the words so keenly before him as to give him once more the fresh, thin shiver of the past.

"I have hardly opened Milton since you left us, my dear," he observed; and Di noted, wondering, that he was not pleased. If Grand did not relish Milton, the world was altered indeed.

"I see no changes, none at all," the girl ran on. "Oh, dear me, what will you think of our topsy-turvy house-keeping? Grace has not the faintest notion of order!"

"It must be topsy-turvy indeed, if you run it," Aunt Susan commented distantly. "Do not the people at that

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boarding-house think it extraordinary that you are not staying at home with us?"

"Ah, my fellow lodgers are too busy to be much interested in such matters. Grace and I have taken a big studio in the Arts Building. She has work to finish, though I've only odds and ends. I'll be there most of the day. But our room at Mrs. Kendall's is comfortable, and the food is eatable."

"Don't you think this is carrying your freak a little far?" burst out her aunt, roused to a rare candor. "Such a place, such people! What will people think — and then the reflection on us!"

Diana could only look at her grandfather, and he, uncomfortable enough, answered her appeal.

"Di is of age, my dear Susan," he remarked, clearing his throat; and his daughter saw he did not wish her to pursue the reproach. But after Diana had left the house, promising to return the next day to luncheon, she could not but return to it. Miss Susan was really a woman with a grievance; and that was, that she counted for so little, had no influence. She resented the fact that she did not reap the rewards due to wisdom, tact, and intellectual understanding. Why do women who would never combine purple and scarlet in their embroidery, try so disastrously to do this in their daily lives?

"Di is looking decidedly thin," she told her father. "It seems to me you take her whims much too calmly. Not stay under your roof! Why, think of the talk it will make."

"I know," he assented rather drearily.

"I can't understand — why don't you insist?"

"She is of age, Susan, and she is independent. Be sure that if I had the authority I should exert it."

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His tone was tired, and final. His daughter, always timid in argument, shifted her attack. "Did you notice that she actually had on that gray suit which was her best two years ago? Is she a miser, father — or crazy? Diana in a two-year-old suit! And what does she do with her money?"

"She is devoting herself to art at present, so probably does not care —"

"Art! You cannot put it on art. And she's been in Paris, where the clothes — Father, I tell you, people will talk. If Di persists in appearing like this, people will think there is something wrong about that money. Yes, I mean it!" as he raised his hand in a pale protest. "There will be very disagreeable gossip, unless you make her consider her social position a little more."

CHAPTER XXXIV

Et toy, desloyale fortune, que tu monstres bien qu'il n'y a personne tant aimée du ciel, et favorisée de nature, qui se puisse promettre assurance de toy et de ton estat pour un seul jour!

BRANTÔME.

WHEN Dr. Wynchell went into his study that evening and considered this conversation, he perceived that his daughter's fears were not without justice. People might think something was wrong if Di went on living as she did. And suppose she reopened the question of returning the securities to the Jessop estate? A heavy, worried frown which had been long absent from his face, returned and settled there. He could n't return them, neither this year nor the next. A flurry on the stock market — margins too small — who could have expected otherwise, he said to himself indignantly, when one could n't afford to carry one's investments decently? Two years had made the habit of receiving Diana's income very, very easy. For the first month or two he had tried to put by. But there was an Episcopalian orphanage to be built, and the disgusted surprise at his donation being hundreds instead of thousands had quickly made him supply the deficiency. Then there came the question of his election as bishop coadjutor; no doubt the extremely liberal donations of money to church objects by his granddaughter must have some effect upon the nominating committee. Even a sense of humor could not soften for Dr. Wynchell a touch of bitterness as he sat in his chair thinking it all over that evening. This was his reward, then, for keeping

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Di's interests near to his heart. The mere sight of the girl revived his troubles and anxieties. He wished — yes, he wished that she had stayed in Paris and not returned home. Then his mind wandered uneasily to the subject of the university presidency. Did Sherrington expect his vote? An awful idea, truly, because Dr. Wynchell loved Chillingworth University and honored her, and had no possible delusion as to the senator's unfitness for such a position. He wished he had not gone on the Board. He had thought the honor due him as the rector of St. Anne's, and so had never looked deeper.

His mind was still running on this question when at about nine o'clock a card was brought him. With some relief he read Sherrington's name. After all, a frank talk between them would not be amiss; and Dr. Wynchell hoped from it the dissolving of this particular worry. Sherrington was no doubt amenable to influence; and of course Dr. Wynchell believed in his own power of acquiring that prerogative of the priestly calling, even over the mind of the worldling. So he welcomed Bennet Sherrington with a cordiality which combined beautifully the heartiness of a personal friend and equal man of the world, with the somewhat loftier tenderness of the minister of God.

Two years had made a certain change in Sherrington: he was heavier, and had lost his lithe and glossy look. His color was traceable to a network of fine purplish veins. His eyes had contracted; a little of that smooth bonhomie had left his manner. He had begun to be coarsened, hardened, bloated. The Anglo-Saxon man is magnificent only when on the rise; he has no picturesque decadence. It was significant that his greeting of Dr. Wynchell was careless and curt, and that his whole manner showed a

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tendency to impatience which used to be well under control.

"I've been trying to get here for several days," he remarked, settling himself in his chair. "I like to get my Chillingworth talks over before I have to be in Washington. And there's much we have to speak about. What is it?" as his eye took in a certain pallor of the other. "Been overworking lately?"

"Oh, no — not especially — one is always busy in my calling," said Dr. Wynchell. "I've had various outside matters of late. The university board meetings are a new call on my already crowded time. And the work there is very interesting."

"H'm — what sort of board is it, on the whole?" the senator asked.

"It is a group of our distinguished citizens and scholars. Very congenial men, very congenial indeed," declared Dr. Wynchell warmly. "We find that our ideas on the matters which come up before us coincide most harmoniously — I should add, with one exception. Does it strike you, Sherrington, that there is too much deference paid this man Geraint? Why, certain of his biological discoveries I consider positively intrusive — an attempt, actually, to pry into the designs of Almighty Will! They make a God of science nowadays — men lift their eyes to the very Throne in their arrogance. We all know how Lucifer was punished. There will be a fearful reckoning."

"Geraint and his laboratory cost the University a pretty penny yearly," commented Sherrington.

"I am amazed to find that so-called Christians believe the man to be a safe instructor of youth." Dr. Wynchell was encouraged to vigor. "Such an attitude to take —

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that he does not *know*! — Surely, ‘Ye have Moses and the Prophets: hearken to *them*’ applies here. And then, do they not grasp that such ideas tend to minimize revelation and to spread infidelity?”

“It’s fairly well spread already, you know, doctor.” Dr. Wynchell waved his hand.

“But among the men of the world, my dear sir, like yourself, let us say —”

“Better leave me out of it.” The senator, responding to the invitation to smoke, was lighting his cigar at the lamp while he spoke. “I’m on the fence in these topics. There’s a lot of cant in the churches, and a lot more in this talk about principles, and ethics, and ideals. The affairs of this world are enough for me. So I leave the rest to chaps like you.”

“To me—yes. As you truly say, such questions rest with me and my calling.” Dr. Wynchell was unconscious of trying to elevate the other’s frank materialism. “Ah, yes, your creed is that of the man of affairs, candid and trusting. Your own conduct is your business, and you wisely leave metaphysics to the more philosophic mind. It is the type of the soldier, faithful and energetic. Yes, we all know the centurion was blessed.”

“What I came to see you about,” remarked Sherrington, whom this conversation was beginning to weary, “is in brief this. I supposed my election to the university presidency was pretty well secured. Now, I find at this late date an attempt to get up a popular opposition to it. There’s a New York paper which has been printing articles — I thought I’d drop in just to assure you they did n’t affect me.”

His host sat in silence for a moment.

“But do you feel yourself qualified for such a post,

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my dear Sherrington?" he ventured, with a touch of incredulity.

"Why not? Why not more than Maudsley, for instance? He has n't two cents to give the University, and he has never got two cents for it."

"But your career has been one of business and politics—"

"The University needs those two things — and cash — more than anything else. Those old fossils are all behind the times. Look at their salaries and the sum spent on that laboratory, and think of the football field they ought to have. Young blood is needed, and modern ideas. Lots of people to-day think colleges are spoiled by this classics and science business, when the modern man needs to be taught to hustle. He ought to have practical training and athletics, and I'm to try and see he gets 'em."

Ambrose Wynchell heard this blasphemy with an acute horror which no other remark of Sherrington's had raised in him. Strange yet saving inconsistency of human nature, that each man has a sense of morality towards his own ideals. A man rarely betrays what he reverences, though he may betray everything else to preserve that. Dr. Wynchell's eye rested upon his crowded bookshelf, and the friends there made him their mute appeal for "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." He thought of his undergraduate years; he looked at the Anglo-Saxon man puffing in the chair, and his soul literally sickened.

"You do not know of what you speak," he broke forth. "I cannot agree with you. You will not find our better class of citizens agree with you. You do not

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understand. Those are not the ideals for an university."

"We'll try 'em, anyhow," retorted Sherrington, and drew breath through his teeth.

"I don't see why you want the position. You will find it difficult and uncongenial," pleaded Dr. Wynchell.

"Never mind why I want it. Just say, if you are asked, that I mean to have it. I get what I want in Chillingworth. And I want your influence with the doubtful ones."

"But I cannot conscientiously exert any such influence," protested the other indignantly. "I do not share these views. I feel — I feel very differently on the subject."

Sherrington gave a vexed laugh.

"Why, doctor, just a moment since you compared Geraint to Lucifer!"

"I do not approve of Dr. Geraint's infidelity, but still he is a scholar. He and Paramore and Chisholm are our three distinguished scholars. What would Chillingworth be without them?"

"A damned sight more useful to the ordinary boy, let me tell you." Sherrington's eyes sparkled with annoyance. "Don't I know? Did n't I cut Paramore's predecessor? And who but the digs ever elect Chisholm's course?"

His point of view was really painful to the elder man, who saw no way to alter it. So his resistance was unusually firm.

"I should be glad always to oblige you, my dear sir," he replied, unconsciously condescending, "for friendship's sake, but —"

The other cut him short with a gesture, and, turning, set his back against the mantelpiece.

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"Well, well, well!" said he, his eyes roving the room. "This is a disappointment! I thought I'd put a friend on the Board. Do you not think in time that you'll come around to my way of seeing it?"

Some note in his tone forced an apologetic note into the tone of the elder.

"I hold opposite views," he began, stumbling. "I can't change them. These are matters of reverence with me. I stand, in my humble way, under their banner. A man cannot alter his beliefs to oblige a friend."

"Some men can!" Sherrington suddenly let out his impatience in a direct attack. "Look here, doctor. I put you on that Board to vote for me. I expect you to vote for me."

"But, Sherrington — how can I after your avowed policy — which, frankly between ourselves, I disapprove?" Dr. Wynchell, too, was impatient in his way.

"That was a fairly nasty hole I got you out of three years and more ago, was it not?"

"You were exceedingly kind, I know, and I —"

"Your granddaughter has n't paid that score, has she?" his eyes hardened. "Would it be convenient just now to have that Jessop matter looked into? Well, you give me your vote, and we'll call it square."

He buttoned his frock-coat, and bade his host good-night in a bluff and cheerful manner. But the threat had been direct and undisguised, and Dr. Wynchell felt it as a threat. His own parting speeches were confused and barely audible.

CHAPTER XXXV

YET take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat, for dry or wete,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, no other roof
But a brake bush or twain:
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

The Nut-Brown Maid.

UNDER the slope of the whitewashed ceiling in the little room at Mrs. Kendall's which had been Anthony's, Diana lay in bed and stared upwards. The coil of bright brown hair, which lay over her shoulder, glowed gold in the early sunbeam that slipped into the room between the branches of the pear tree. Diana had lost the happy drowsiness of early care-free days; with the first light she now awaked, and in the waking was reminded of another vigil more than a month gone by. Her eyes fixed themselves upon the white wall opposite, and saw thereon, as in a *camera obscura*, scenes and incidents on Strawberry Island. These were vivid, clear, and yet how touched with imagination!

A dull, booming surf sounded in her ears; she felt the keen northerly air; her eyes beheld the crystal outlines, the color of hill, sea, and wood. She could at a breath conjure up the lovely line of mountains with the "multitudinous laughter of the sea-waves" at their foot. And

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when she sought to place a human figure against this background, there was one whose every word, gesture, intonation, glance, and movement seemed distinct as in life.

Lying thus quietly she recalled the incidents of the other vigil in their order. She remembered summoning a neighbor's wife to sleep in the house that night on account of Mrs. Torrey's defection. When this had been settled, with much talk to which Di's mind had given but a cloudy attention, she had gone heavily upstairs to her room. Then she undressed and lay down in her bed, half stupefied. She seemed wrapped in a thick mist of self-absorption, not nervously alert, yet miles from the touch of sleep. Her consciousness returned only to her daily world in glimpses, to be snatched away again to the more intangible yet more actual concentration of the moment. The hours carried her forward on noiseless wings. In the wide waste spaces of the night she seemed to be the only waking creature, and to carry its dark weight upon her shoulders. There was no active recognition about her sleeplessness; she was carried helplessly and dully forward by the surge and impetus of passion, which upbore her like a wave whose tumult is passed. If she slept, it was to dream she waked; a dream that merged into reality and carried her to the window to look out upon the dark pines standing motionless and beautiful, before the dawn. After a time the room brightened; a high, incessant voice below told of Mrs. Torrey's return, just as a hissing and snapping and aroma proclaimed that her first action had been to fry the restorative doughnut. It was morning, and Diana knew not yet what the morning was to bring forth. She shook off her lethargy, dressed, and descended.

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"So your young man went after all!" was Mrs. Torrey's half-teasing, half-sympathetic greeting. "Well, I want to know! In my young days a feller would n't have 'gin up so terrible quick."

The girl, standing in the doorway, looked bewildered at her.

"Yes?" she remembered herself asking.

"Yis, I just saw him 's I came up. He caught the boat on the run, I tell you. Captain was late, and warn't waiting for no man. So he's gone, and your friend too. They do leave you to yourself, don't they?"

Thus, half bantering, Mrs. Torrey ran on as she vibrated between the dining-room and the kitchen.

"Well, I fried you some nice doughnuts," she declared, setting a plateful upon the table. "P'raps you'll relish 'em. You ain't eatin' a mite, Miss Jessop."

Diana vaguely tried to please her. Then she went out and sat on the step in that lucent sun which is never to be avoided, even in August. She rested her head upon her hand and tried to think. So he had gone, after all! Yet why was she surprised? She knew he would go. But he would write? She looked at her watch impatiently, and was outraged to find that not ten minutes of that day had gone by. When one's emotions gallop, it is so hard to realize that time does not gallop with them! How could she wait for that letter? She rose and walked about aimlessly, restlessly, spending the next hour in racking alternations of hope and fear. Would he write? And what would he say when he wrote? What aspect would his mind wear toward her, once that surge had ebbed? She tried to analyze her own feelings; they were bound up in a great crying need of his presence, and a general sense of the unnaturalness of life without it. There was a

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feeling that the underpinning was knocked out, that one must step cautiously; and that one hated to step cautiously forever.

"But I can't, you know!" she found her soul protesting indignantly. "I can't live like this. It — it smothers me."

When she saw Cap'n Victor's Bob approaching the house leisurely enough, she knew at once what he carried. The letter had been written early that morning.

"In the first place," the letter began abruptly, "I want to ask your pardon for that mad idea of last night. Now that I see more clearly, I see how unfitting it was, how inconsiderate. This is not the time nor the place for me to urge you to be my wife. I understand it now, and I see also that you were right in refusing. The point is that you do not, that you cannot even in the slightest way, realize my own dread of the future. That it was well grounded is shown by the thoughts which have reclaimed possession of me to-day. Diana, I love you, I love you. It is for this reason I am going away quietly this morning back to Drumhead, without seeing you again. Because I will not take advantage of you — and this place does that. You are alone here, you are out of the world, the counter-influences and frictions of life have no chance; how can you know what is best for you? Passion has its divine way with you, as with me, and it blinds your eyes to the truth, and to the significance of what you do. I am still man enough to see that. Because, dearest, dearest, if you promise to marry me, you link yourself to the most uncertain future ever woman shared and suffered with man. Your generosity does not let me speak of my own birth; but acknowledge that it is not generally considered an advantage in a husband. Yet I should find it in my heart to be thankful if that were the

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only barrier. For I have no money, and my means of earning any are very precarious. I have never made more than two thousand dollars in any one year. And moreover, I cannot promise to increase this, although I hope to do so. My work is not the kind ever to be highly paid; a great part of it must always remain unpaid, and it would not be my work, if this could change.

"I am trying to be sensible, dearest, to be considerate of you. The facts are bald and brutal; and yet, had we married on that wild impulse, I know my own temperament, and I know that I should have held them from you. But when they face me to-day in all their truth, when I realize your own art, the natural and perfectly obvious opposition of all your friends and relatives, the sacrifices of social position, of ease and liberty, I cannot, I simply cannot, urge it on you. How can I, when I love you, and I know? Do not, however, misunderstand me; do not think that for one instant I abandon claim to our future, or that I renounce one jot of the responsibility I took last night when you told me you cared for me. I hold it still, and I assume it, I stand by it.

"Only I love you too deeply to hold you by any emotion which might be transitory, by any generous impulse which you might regret. Nor shall you be bound till you have tested what your feeling will count for in the busy world of men. You have your work. Have you thought of that, Diana? It is a jealous art; and your devotion to it is one of the things I have loved best in you. What can we do in the face of these things but wait?

"I believe that this winter, by the first of the year, I shall know where I stand. Then, if any permanent effect is to be made on my career and finances by this book of mine, it should begin to show. I cannot but hope for and

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believe in a success which will put my coming to you on a different footing, will make it seem a more reasonable thing to your people. I expect to be in Chillingworth if there is any truth in the Sherrington business, and I will come in every event when you send for me. But until you send for me I will not come, for I want you to feel free in every way. You must know me as I really am, and you must know life as it really is, if we are to share the highest happiness. I cannot have the least delusion on your part; I cannot have you think me other than I am, for that would be shipwreck. I will come to you the first moment that I can do so as an honorable man. — A. B.”

This letter, undoubtedly written under the stress of reaction, had yet given Diana a certain renewal of confidence in the writer. He might show hesitation about their situation, but at least he showed none about his feeling. She had sent a line or two of simple acquiescence, meaning to write more fully when calmer. This was six weeks ago, and she had never written again. Diana was never facile with her pen, and a certain paralysis of constraint had seized her here. After all, their moment of passion had been too brief; after all, what could she say?

She sighed, rose, and dressed, and, after a morning in the studio, went to luncheon at the rectory. There had been an interesting item in the morning paper.

“Well, dear, what do you think of this fresh candidate?” Di asked, in one of the early pauses of the talk around the lunch-table. “Did you read this article in the ‘Note-Book?’”

“I have not had time to read the newspaper this morning,” he replied with interest. “Do you mean a candidate for the university presidency? Who is it?”

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"A Mr. Crandall."

"Peter Crandall! Not really!"

"They say he is endorsed by many prominent men. What do you think, Grand?"

"I scarcely know, my dear, at this stage." Dr. Wynchell broke his roll reflectively and hesitated. Only the exigencies of his own situation caused him any doubts as to the fitness of Peter Crandall. Mr. Crandall was a quiet, middle-aged bachelor of cultivated tastes. Between the hours of ten and three he pursued a genteel and unexact career at the bar. Before ten and after three he spent his time with his large collection of prints, autographs, and Americana, upon which subjects he was an authority. His monographs on "Variations in the Plate Portraits of Washington," "Ten Unedited Letters of John Hancock," and "Studies in Pre-Revolutionary Autographs" were admirable examples of minute and painstaking care. Although something of a dilettante, yet it could not be denied that Peter Crandall's ideals of university policy would be sound and high.

Indeed, as Dr. Wynchell played absent-mindedly with his fragments of bread, he saw plainly how his own position was rendered harder by the mention of this name. Peter Crandall was obviously suitable, he would be an admirable figurehead, and what possible objections could be urged against him? Would not his parish naturally expect Dr. Wynchell to endorse Mr. Crandall? And there was Sherrington —

"I never heard of this man's being identified with the Church," he observed, as one who considered the subject.

"So far as that goes," said Di sharply, "Mr. Sherrington is not much of a Churchman."

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"Bennet may not be ardently interested in parish work, my dear, but he is sound at bottom. He may be tinged with modern indifferentism, but he is no freethinker —"

"No-o. That is, he has managed to get the freedom without doing any of the thinking," said Di with scorn. "You're strange, Grand. I should think you would heartily approve of Mr. Crandall."

"No doubt one approves of him, my dear, only possibly Bennet —"

Diana saw that she had better not pursue the subject. Why were there an increasing number of subjects which one had better not pursue? And when one remembered their full past discussions! Luncheon being over, she made an effort to suggest that they go into his study; but he pleaded an impressive amount of work, kissed her affectionately, and saw her to the front door. It was evident he did not mean to talk money matters if he could help it. Lingered there on the porch, the girl ventured to ask if they had not better discuss the letter which must be written to the executors of the Jessop estate, and his face had darkened.

"Later on, perhaps. When I am less burdened with parish and university concerns, we may, I suppose, thresh out the same old straw."

She could only turn away. What change, what a disintegration! And how was she to meet it?

CHAPTER XXXVI

WE 'VE trod the maze of error round,
Long wandering in the winding glade ;
And now the torch of truth is found,
It only showed us where we strayed :
By long experience taught, we know —
Can rightly judge of friends and foes ;
Can all the worth of these allow,
And all the faults discern in those.

GEORGE CRABBE.

ON Dr. Wynchell's way home from the parish house he was joined by his parishioner Mr. Wilmot Ley, a rich, conservative, and unoriginal person, who chanced also to be a member of the Board of University Trustees.

"Heard about Crandall? What do you think of him, hey?" he began. "I'm inclined to transfer my vote. He's more of a college chap than Sherrington."

"As yet, I hardly know," replied Dr. Wynchell, exercising his especial talent of being noncommittal. "Mr. Crandall's attainments in history and *belles lettres* have had my admiration for some time past. Whether he has the —"

"Executive ability. Just so." Mr. Ley always ended your sentence for you, and generally anticipated it several times in a whisper before he said it aloud. It was a trick peculiarly irritating to his pastor. "Executive ability is the main thing after all. But he's a well-known man, eh?"

"Oh, very, very! And personally, a charming fellow," Dr. Wynchell fervently agreed.

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"Between ourselves, doctor, Sherrington is too much of a politician."

"Politics is an extensive career to-day. Politics after all is the great arena. We must not forget Hancock and Washington, you know."

"Hancock, to be sure, and Washington!" Mr. Ley pronounced the latter name as though it formed a striking novelty in this connection. "Of course, *they* were in politics, as you say, and so were Franklin, and Hamilton, and Aaron Burr. But nowadays, don't you think there is just a — er — little difference, doctor?"

"Not in essentials, my dear Ley." The rector waved away the difference in a gesture, and then made a grasp, mentally, for the reins of the wheeler. It seemed to him the proper moment to drive a diplomatic tandem. "Sherrington is also a gentleman."

"Well, of course, Wynchell, I'd probably vote with you. One must go with the Church, eh?" and Mr. Ley smiled nervously, being the type of man who never decides anything he can avoid on his own responsibility.

"You may rest assured, at least, that I shall take the question where one should take all perplexities," Dr. Wynchell continued with musical solemnity. "The University is our only —"

"Scholastic institution. Exactly so. Very true indeed. Have you read the letter they've sent out for Crandall? Very strong letter, vigorous, you know; 'hard to answer.'"

"I am anticipating the pleasure of reading it ere long," replied Dr. Wynchell with increasing stateliness. "No doubt I shall find it at the house when I return."

He was not mistaken. The letter in question awaited him upon his desk, and he opened it while still under the soothing influence of Mr. Ley's attitude. The list

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was headed by Mr. James Pace and the retiring president, Bernard Maudsley, and Anthony Brayne. The letter itself was written in an admirable temper. It laid its stress upon facts,—upon the past history and distinction of Chillingworth, the dignity and importance of the ideals to be maintained. Mr. Crandall's weighty and legitimate claims were delicately, almost imperceptibly contrasted with those of an unnamed radical, and the whole was touched with fine irony in which every word tells. Dr. Wynchell sighed when he had read it through; and when he had opened a little note in the same mail, wherein Sherrington requested him to call to-morrow at his house, he sighed again, and deeply. Very much worried, Dr. Wynchell obeyed the senator's summons, and the following morning he entered the large, old-fashioned library where Anthony Brayne had used to work during that last autumn of his secretaryship.

Senator Sherrington was seated at his desk. After an exchange of greetings he turned his office-chair about and blew a cloud of cigar-smoke thoughtfully at the ceiling. Dr. Wynchell followed the ascent of the smoke with a perturbed eye.

"Mr. Crandall is regarded as peculiarly eligible," he ventured.

"What's the matter with me?" asked the other quickly.

"Nothing, oh, naturally, nothing at all personally," Dr. Wynchell hastily assured him. "There is, I think, a feeling prevalent, which, as I admitted to you, I share to some extent, that your expressed ideas about changes in the faculty *personnel* are not strictly conservative; that is all."

Sherrington studied the end of his cigar. "Oh, well,"

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he rejoined good-humoredly, as one might treat a notional child, "that's far enough off. I would n't mind about my policy at this stage of the game, sir. Just remember that I'd like to be president, and that I mean to be. Perhaps it's because I believe the community needs a live man at the head of an important institution. Perhaps it's because I want to show those chaps who have been writing to the 'Note-Book' about 'bossism' and 'graft' and 'the ethical inertia of Chillingworth' and signing them 'Ph.D' and 'Professor' and 'Pedagogue' and so on, that cobblers had better stick to their last. People seem to pay attention to you when you tack the alphabet after your name, and so why should they not pay attention to me?"

His accent spoke truth. Dr. Wynchell understood that the reason given this time was sincere. Some fibre in Sherrington vibrated sensitively to the contempt of another world. He was perhaps tired of herding the cheap and commonplace, and he was trying to take the *sapientum templa serena* by assault. This is the common vanity, the futile rage of a certain temperament. Napoleon kept Goethe standing during their famous interview. And Sherrington's insistence to Wynchell was simply an example of his attitude. That fibre, as yet undulled, thrilled with the keen sense that Dr. Wynchell thought him unfit. If he could not conquer Wynchell's conviction, then let him conquer Wynchell. A dogged antagonism drove him on.

"I ought to make my position a little clearer before we discuss this matter any further," said the rector very earnestly. "I am a Chillingworth M. A., and I hold an honorary doctorate. The reason is not personal; but it is true that every one, my friends, parishioners, vestry,

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and fellow alumni, will see in Mr. Crandall a candidate nearer to their ideal for president than yourself. I am sure my vestry will expect me to cast my influence for the more — for the more scholastic platform. Don't you see? A difference between us will be most unfortunate for me." He ceased hopelessly, and Sherrington's crisp tones came into the pause.

"My dear Dr. Wynchell, this is all very well, and I do not like to remind a man of obligations which he seems inclined to forget. Perhaps you do not quite grasp the situation of some years back? To oblige you merely I stretched my influence to the extreme, and have I ever reminded you of that fact? It's true—no use denying it—that I hoped for a bond between us that would have made our interests one." He gave a faint shrug. "It did n't come off. Now I'm asking you the merest trifle, when I ask for your influence for me in this matter just as you once asked for mine."

"The merest trifle!" He considered it a mere trifle, this treason which loomed to the elder man so large, so impossible! Dr. Wynchell made a desperate catch at the first idea which occurred to him.

"By the way, I have seen Diana; she is at home," he said hurriedly.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Sherrington politely. The observation roused him from a rare mood of philosophy. Why did Wynchell strain at this gnat when he had swallowed a camel in the past? And such a camel! "So Miss Jessop's home, is she?" he added mechanically.

"She is to exhibit the fruit of her absence at the Institute in a fortnight's time," said Dr. Wynchell fluently. He had an indescribable assurance that Diana lay tangled in the bushes like the Biblical ram to be offered

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up in lieu of Isaac. "If you do not mind my mentioning it, Bennet, I believe she deeply repents the way she wounded you two years ago."

There was no answer; the tip of Sherrington's cigar glowed red.

"I felt I owed it to you to say this. Diana is artistic and ambitious; she wanted her fling, and she took it. Now she realizes what independence is worth. She has always cared for you."

His tremulousness at the beginning could well be put down to embarrassment, and his voice grew firmer as he proceeded. Sherrington greatly surprised himself by his next question.

"Do you really think that?" he asked gravely, looking at the other.

"Certainly I do." Dr. Wynchell's accent had no hesitation; his mind had no hesitation. When we cease to see things as they are, we very soon get to seeing them as we wish they were. This assertion was merely the outcome of a disintegrating process which had gone on silently for some time. There was no noise worth mentioning when this brick fell.

"What's her address?" Sherrington asked abruptly, and Dr. Wynchell gave it. Oh, if Diana only would! Such a solution to every problem! And how ingenious he had been to think of it!

"We'll think this other matter over for a while," said Sherrington, with an alarming touch of geniality. "There are contingencies in which, y' know, I might agree with you, my dear sir."

"I sincerely hope so," said the other rising with alacrity. "As you say, we will discuss it later."

Sherrington showed him out and returned to his desk.

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But he could not work. She was the one woman he cared for, and if there were still a chance for him, then all else might go by the board. Nothing else counted, — neither revenge nor ambition nor even the dread of ridicule.

“Crandall shall have the University and my check toward the new athletic field,” he thought, in exultation at the mere possibility. It was only three o’clock when he finally took the car. All the way out to the suburb he sat in his place thinking. What had really happened at Chilling Lake? How much had Brayne told her? Why had she quitted her grandfather’s to live again within the allowance which had served her in the old days? He began to regret that he had not questioned Dr. Wynchell more fully.

The October day held a certain belated mildness, and Diana, who had spent all the morning in the studio, had returned early to sit on the piazza with a book. The sunlight was limpid and golden; it wavered with the movement of the grape-vine on the trellis before the door. A few marigolds were still in bloom; the tree on which her window looked stood graciously perfect and shook its silver leaves. A certain mellowness in the light possessed and disguised the shoddiness of things. Nature has these alembical moments when she draws her pictures to the imagination, and when the obviously picturesque is perishable in comparison. The little American street, the few marigolds, the silver pear tree, the scarlet drapery on a porch across the way, the free movement of a child as it leaped at its play, — whence did these things draw their dignity, their distinction? Diana’s eye grew dreamy, and all this passed into her face, just at the instant that Bennet Sherrington clicked the iron gate.

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Both remained silent. Ah, it was she — the indescribable spirit, the loveliness of head and eyebrow and eye, the face modeled a little thinner and more delicately, the slender upright figure, the perfect hand!

"How do you do?" he said, and came forward ignoring her amazement. After a wide-eyed pause, Di had recovered, introduced him to her friend, and sat in silence while the others fell immediately into lively conversation.

Sherrington was at his best. He took off his hat and bared his dark head to the sun. His talk with Grace Brant was direct and genial. He had the air of being some one, and he devoted himself to making that air tell. And although Diana felt constrained herself, she could not help seeing that his manner was very good. When Grace left them he held the conversation in an admirable tone, so that her constraint could not painfully endure.

"You have made great strides in your art, I hear. I am anticipating seeing your work so much. Although no artist — as, alas! you know," — he smiled regretfully, — "still I have a certain influence with the press here, and I shall see it is properly mentioned."

"Thanks." She was rather alarmed. "But please don't boss them!"

He laughed a disclaimer. "What an idea! But the Chillingworth verdict is something, is it not?"

"Yes," Diana agreed, "the Institute is important in its way. I hope I'll sell my statues. I am very doubtful about them. The one which is the best I have called 'The Christian;' and I do not feel sure of its being understood."

"It's a beautiful subject," said he sincerely, and then without a change of tone he continued, "You were surprised to see me. Please don't be. I have forgotten all

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that happened. I ask only the privilege of friendship — that's all."

He did not give her time to answer, even if she had wished, but bidding her good-by went away immediately. His step was confident and elastic. That flushed confusion and constraint must mean that Dr. Wynchell was right.

The next day a heap of roses came with his card. Diana was perplexed and annoyed. Her note of thanks asked him not to send her any more. No reply came to this, and the day after appeared another mass of flowers. But this time there was no name nor card with them.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THIS is the thing I *know*, — and which, if you labor faithfully you shall know also, — that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life; Reverence, for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, — and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die.

JOHN RUSKIN.

“NOT only the university, but all Chillingworth, is in a turmoil over the question of Maudsley’s successor,” wrote Dr. Geraint to Anthony at Drumhead. “The choice seems to lie between your old chief Sherrington, who, for some reason known only to the laws of human inconsistency, aspires to the post, and a certain Mr. Crandall, a lady-like dilettante who has done some pamphlets in colonial sampler work, which appear to strike the public in the light of science. However, between the two my vote would be unreservedly for Crandall, who has a certain dignity, is no more of a sham than most Americans, and at least will amble along in Maudsley’s footsteps. As for Sherrington’s psychological condition, it presents really a menace to the entire community. His boundless arrogance, his reliance on expediency, and his rotten political code have permeated him so thoroughly that he sees no reason why he should not worthily represent the one institution which has kept itself out of politics thus far. I can find it in my heart to wish you could spare a few weeks this fall for some knight-errantry on our behalf. I believe you could do great things. Yet in tending your light in solitude you are doubtless wise.

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"I was delighted to hear of the arrangements for the appearance of 'L'Homme Aujourd'hui.' I trust you personally overlooked the translation; high-colored English makes but blatant French, and your sense of form may easily be lost by an inadequate translator. I can hear you lament like the Jeremiah of Voltaire's epigram:

'Savez vous pourquoi Jérémie
Se lamentait toute sa vie?
C'est ce qu'il prévoyait
Que Pompignan le traduirait! '"

Dr. Geraint's perennial distrust was familiar to his correspondent, who smiled affectionately as he folded the letter. The result was that Anthony walked into Crispe's room in New York one morning during the first week of November, and had a long conversation with that animated individual. Crispe willingly agreed to run over to Chillingworth with Brayne, and he had in his pocket a card which was also an element in his decision. This was an invitation to the press-view of the work of Miss Diana Jessop, sculptor, and Miss Grace Brant, painter, which was to take place the following evening. Our friend Crispe, as he candidly avowed, suspected a Jessop "story," and was not going to overlook any chance whatever to pick up such links as his own peculiar talent might serve to weld together.

The Chillingworth Art Institute stood at the entrance to the public park, facing a terraced slope which led to the river-bank. Freddy Crispe and Anthony Brayne, the former full of chuckling anticipations, the latter somewhat tactiturn, walked across the lawns to the press-view on a clear fall evening. Already quite a number of persons were passing through the doorway into a room beyond, upon whose gray-green walls two large canvases by Miss

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Brant claimed one's first glance. Before the head of a French *littérateur*, a visage bearing the typical satire, sentiment, and authority of the eighteenth century, both paused.

"Clever," commented Crispe with a yawn, and Anthony nodded, his eye distractedly flying here and there.

They strolled from canvas to canvas, easily, idly, Crispe with merely a curious interest, Tony gripped in a certain stiffening constraint. Yes, he reflected, Diana had been wise in the past to help her friend; here was great talent, fluency, brilliancy, imagination. There was also, he privately decided, a dangerous lack of general culture, a certain uneasiness and aridity of mind. Still, one might forgive much to that tireless industry and fine sense for color. Does woman's work ever acquire an Olympian serenity? Not, Anthony concluded, when undertaken at the expense of her sex life. He smiled to himself, reflecting that "Woman To-Morrow" was really a tempting pendant to "Man To-Day!"

"Look, that's good!" exclaimed Crispe from a doorway, and Tony looked in silence.

The four figures standing side by side were named "Supports for the Doorway of an Institute of Science," and not otherwise described. They represented, in the mere sum total of their conception and execution, an important labor which might have counted for nothing had they not made a strong, single appeal to the imagination. They were placed in the proper order, two standing figures upon the ends, the two seated ones in the centre. The design had wholeness and clarity, the architecture of the figures was balanced so as to overcome the complexity caused by their diversity of expression.

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In front of Tony stood a slim naked youth, whose feet, placed close together, carried his firm straight body and head bent slightly forward. Upon his right palm, held below the level of his chin, was poised that winged sphere which has ever stood for the mystery of life. His gaze was concentrated reverently upon it. The face was touched both with ecstasy and exultation; he had thrown off a cumbering garment which lay at his feet with an antique mathematical instrument; he stood disentangled, free, full of mystery and joy. The companion figure was a youth more militant in bearing, and more sombre in expression, who carried a naked sword. He stood erect in a heap of disused things — pamphlets, rolls bearing the Papal seal, and fragments of chain.

The seated figures struck Tony in comparison as less impressive and less strong. Both were older men; one, in a robe not unlike that of Faustus, turned down the book he had been reading with a look of fatigued dissatisfaction. Tony took him to stand for the old philosophy, which “found no end, in wandering mazes lost.” The fourth figure was the most conventional, a monk with cowl thrown back, head uplifted, and eye blank with ecstasy. The missal, which he was in the act of illuminating, lay under his hand, but his gaze had lifted from it to some hovering vision of pure beauty. This completed the definite scheme, gave the final touch to its conception. These four statues, standing at a doorway through which students and workers passed, were to be a perpetual reminder of their heritage. The scientist must be always the lover of life, the combatant for the truth. One could not look upon these figures without a renewal of responsibility, without a higher hope and strength and joy. To have defined them might have been

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to limit their symbolism, and curtail their power to offer to each student his need in the key of reverence and hope. Here was no weakness, no mysticism, no superstition, but the reverence which comes of truth and knowledge; that glorious hope, that one heritage which we may trust, to which we may confide our ambition without fear.

When the two friends turned to the fifth statue which bore Diana's signature, Tony barely controlled a startled exclamation. It was a seated figure in a simple pose, striking merely from the expression, which was that of a man irresolute, joyless, arid, and fearful. The eye held no responsibility, the mouth was formalized by platitudes, the hands were soft and weak, the face told of an artificial authority. There was neither ethical strength nor intellectual vitality; a kind of easy gentleness replaced them. There was no attempt at portraiture; no structural likeness which one could trace, yet Tony believed that she owed her inspiration directly to that crucial interview on a June Sunday.

He drew a deep breath as he leaned forward to read the title. "By Jove!" he said under his breath, "'The Christian!'" and then was silent under a stunning realization of what had been here accomplished. Crispe's chuckle interrupted his thoughts.

"Good, good! Do you see, Brayne — it might stand for either view? I call that genius. But whom can she have seen look like that?"

Tony made a gesture in silence. He wished Crispe away, for the quality here of penetrative imagination was such that one would rather be alone. But there sounded steps behind them and a voice.

"Ah, 'The Christian' — of course! Beautiful render-

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ing of true Christian humility, is n't it? Beautiful indeed!"

"I'm not so sure," began another voice, and then, thinking better of the comment, let it pass unspoken.

Other steps and voices followed, and still Anthony stood silent, gazing. The ability was of a far higher order than he had expected. But had not Diana realized the dangers of such a revelation? Would not some one find here a key to facts which had puzzled one? Oh indiscreet artist, what a challenge have you here thrown down! He was possessed by a great surprise; for even he, who loved her, had not expected work of such quality. Here were thought, imagination, restraint, technique, — no question but she should go on, no doubt but she would arrive. Moreover, the salient qualities of distinction which the conception displayed were precisely those which would cause one to pause and question the thought behind it. Here was an idealizing faculty which did not hold itself aloof from modernity, and from the modern struggle. Beauty could only be dignified by truth and poignancy; great art must absorb and reflect the spirit of its time. And woman must ever be the courageous idealist, since the pressures of existence have not as yet crushed the brave visions out of her.

Some of these scattered, hurrying thoughts of Tony's, all winged with excitement and emotion, kept him in his place for a long time. As a matter of fact, he was wondering, hoping, if she herself might not come in. Her brave achievement caused in him a rush of admiration and passion. He longed to see her — to let his eloquent eye speak the impression her work had made. Suddenly he beheld her, and in the same instant, with a thrill of disappointment, saw that she was accompanied by Sherrington.

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Their two heads, side by side in the doorway, were turned one toward the other. Flight was Tony's thought; he slipped aside quickly into the outer corridor. And from there he looked and looked. This was the first time he had seen her since the night when she had rushed out into the road after him with tumbling hair. Her face smiled now, eagerly, and with a touch of excited color, but the little shadow had not left her eyes since their parting. The bronze of her hair curled and waved softly. It seemed to Tony, too, that she moved more with that slight haughtiness, that sureness, which had belonged in the old days to Miss Jessop. And Sherrington moved beside her with the old air that the place was his by right. The sharpest pain Tony had ever felt stabbed him now. Were all those days to count for nothing after all? Poor piece of driftwood, must he be set afloat again? A great sense of blundering, a great depression overwhelmed him. He was interrupted by his companion, who suddenly laid an emphatic hold upon his arm.

"Brayne! Look here!" Crispe's tone was serious. "I tell you there's no use keeping this thing back any longer. I'm positive there's something about Mrs. Jessop's death. Now, Sherrington took that New Orleans trip for those affidavits himself, you know. Why not look into that?"

"How look into it?"

"They may not be *bona fide*."

"Oh, nonsense!" Tony's equanimity and amusement were well combined. "There was never a shadow of doubt about those affidavits. It's a wild goose chase, I tell you. Let's go home, I'm tired of statuary."

"I tell you," Crispe persisted, "I've been watching them. The dominie is scared of the senator, and there's only one thing he can be scared about. I don't want to

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go to New Orleans and look into those affidavits, but I hate this fighting with blank cartridges, and I mean to find out."

"Well?" said the other.

"I believe you can help me. I believe you know."

"I know nothing."

His emphasis was final; it was impossible to reopen the subject. Crispe could only remain silent. He repeated to himself that it was hard to understand Anthony Brayne.

"So this is your conception of a Christian, is it, my dear child?" Dr. Wynchell's rich voice, from the room within, caused both men to turn. "Well, well! is n't it unduly depressed in spirit? 'The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning' — evidently. I think I prefer your militant young spirit there — the Angel of the Lord."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CE qui m'estoit plaisant
Ores m'est peine dure,
Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire et obscure,
Et n'est rien si exquis,
Qui de moy soit requis.

MARIE STUART.

NOTHING could equal Dr. Wynchell's satisfaction when he met his granddaughter and Sherrington together at the press-view. If he had wanted this marriage before, he prayed for it now. It was a gate of salvation leading from a path beset with complex perils to broad gardens of security and peace. Night after night he dreamed that he pronounced the benediction upon that kneeling pair, only to wake and fret that he could *do* nothing, that modern ways and ideas deprived him of his just influence and authority over the girl.

In reality he did a great deal, far more than ten years back he could have believed himself capable of doing. But his moral myopia had increased to a marked extent. He was able to plan and execute without hesitation a series of bland subterfuges, in his hand turning easily from insincerity to deception. He fed Sherrington with false hopes, gratuitously supplied out of his own ingenuity. He constantly arranged that they should meet at the rectory; when he could not fail to see that this displeased Diana, he looked deliberately aside. The situation resembled not a little Christian's vision in "The Pilgrim's Progress," for while Diana poured cold water upon Sherrington's

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flame upon one side of the wall, Dr. Wynchell secretly fed it with oil on the other. And he had his reward, for undoubtedly the senator's interest in the University slackened somewhat for a week or two.

It might have actually died out altogether, this sporadic academic ambition, if Diana herself had not unconsciously aroused it once more.

"You will never be president," she told him. "There are some limits to the one-man system, even in Chillingworth."

"But why not — may I ask?"

Diana's moods of kindness to the senator arose entirely from the sense of having wronged him. They were not strong enough to permit her to disguise the truth.

"Because you are not the man for the place, and people know it. What do you know about education?"

His color rose; he was always sensitive to her criticism.

"Maudsley made his name with a book on Menander. Lots that has to do with education!"

"That's entirely different," said Diana serenely.

"You mean he is more distinguished than I? But he's twenty years older. And then I don't see much good to the cause of education in having written some books made up of footnotes which nobody reads!"

"Is there any more good in packing rotten legislatures, and bossing rotten councils, in bribing committees to get bills through, and in boosting incompetent men into places for their votes?" asked Miss Jessop plainly, disregarding the horror of her grandfather. But Sherrington threw back his head in unaffected laughter.

"What a catalogue! And do you believe all that?"

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Her straight, clear glance challenged him.

"Yes, I think I do."

"And do you think that things could go differently in this practical, workaday world?"

"I'd be delighted to see you try that they should. I'd endorse you for reform with all my heart. But this university business is not at all in your line. Best give it up, before you've made yourself ridiculous."

"Since I've heard you, I'm more determined on it than ever," he returned hotly, breaking in upon Dr. Wynchell's worried "My dear, you seem hardly polite to Bennet."

"Well, you will have your trouble for nothing," Di replied confidently, sipping her tea; and Sherrington judged it best at the moment to drop the subject. Backed up by her vigorous fearlessness, Dr. Wynchell might make a struggle for freedom. So the senator merely responded with a cool and smiling denial, and turned the talk to another topic. When Diana rose to depart, he rose also as a matter of course; and Dr. Wynchell watched them strolling down the street together with a haggard eye.

The talk was the first in the old manner of challenge and retort which Diana had had with Sherrington since he had reappeared on her horizon. Up to that afternoon he had been suavely evasive, and courteously reserved. The situation greatly puzzled the girl. Two years back he had received her note of dismissal in dignified silence; he had seemed to accept it as final. For a man of spirit his resurrection in the old rôle was extraordinary; as not for a single instant, thus far, had he shown any sign beyond a mere friendly and impersonal intercourse.

"Dr. Wynchell is not looking well," was his observa-

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tion in tones of affectionate concern, as they turned up the street. "I do not like to see him so gray and strained. Has it occurred to you he might be worried about money?"

He was very anxious to find out how strong his hold on Dr. Wynchell might be, but Diana was not likely to assist him here.

"I think," she replied, "that it is more likely he feels the strain of waiting on the bishopric question. He is so anxious for it! And it cannot be decided for a month or more. No doubt it tells upon his nerves."

"If university influence counts, he shall have that when I am president," remarked her companion.

"Are you serious about the presidency?" asked Diana soberly.

"Yes," answered Sherrington. "Yes, I am. Why not?"

It was hard to answer more directly than she had done. She could only say distantly, "I don't associate the idea with you. You never seemed to be interested in learning. And then your life, your career! I should think you would feel diffident about this."

"I am not a diffident person," said he truly. "Has n't every man his secret ideals and aspirations? And — don't you really understand? Two years ago, if I made no protest, it was because I accepted the fact of my unworthiness. I humbly believed that I was n't fit for you. But at bottom I have always loved higher things. And when this post was suggested I thought I saw a chance to show it to you — perhaps to raise myself in your eyes."

Sherrington had a limitation: he always forgot that Diana was Diana, and not the susceptible ideal female

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for whom this speech was composed. She turned upon him her laughing, scornful glance.

"And if all this is true," said she dryly, "what becomes of all that talk of yours about practical life and young men and athletics? It does n't show that love for higher things you claim to have developed. Oh, you make me laugh! You want this just because you want it, and you are big and emphatic and accustomed to getting what you want. Why waste the other shams on me?"

"Very well, then; I want it and I mean to have it," he cried, and looked down at her with a dangerous anger. "Just as I mean to have *you*," he said to himself, as he raised his hat, and left her at the corner of the street.

Diana walked slowly on. She was glad to have angered Sherrington if it would save a future explanation. The position as regards her grandfather was troubling her bitterly. He was evidently no more ready to return that wrongfully acquired money than he had been two years ago. Suddenly she felt the shock of eyes, looked up, and there was Anthony. He was standing on the back platform of a car which had somewhat slowly moved up the street behind her. He raised his hat formally, and then turned his eyes away. She could not know that he had seen Sherrington with her, and was still quivering with the jealous wound of that sight. The car rushed ahead; he passed on. Diana stood, and in the weight of her disappointment she seemed conscious of a dull repetition about the whole thing. He seemed always to be passing on.

Numbly, oppressed as never before, the girl walked down the street, and never noticed the beaming eye-

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glasses, the smiling welcome which formed itself upon the approaching visage of Mr. Chidley Coote.

"My dear Miss Diana — how delightful! And yet, on such a fair evening one might have expected to meet you. I am so glad for this chance to tell you how I admire your art."

"Is it to be admired?" asked Di sadly. "I am glad."

A faint wrinkle showed itself on Mr. Coote's brow.

"Surely no accent of doubt, dear Miss Di? Surely, no questioning? You must be pleased, you must be content, young and successful as you are, and on this charming afternoon."

"Mr. Coote, are you always so happy as you appear?" Diana asked him, with a half laugh, in which he joined.

"Perhaps not always," said Mr. Coote, tripping along beside her. "But one has to have an attitude, it seems, — and I prefer mine as the more completely artistic. Because, you know, my dear, in the last analysis," said Mr. Coote, shaking his head, "it is well to be cheerfully convinced that nothing whatever really matters at all, my dear, nothing really matters at all!"

CHAPTER XXXIX

FULL of great anguish in a place of fear
The spirit of my heart lies sorrowing,
Through Fortune's bitter craft. She lured it there,
And gave it o'er to Death, and barb'd the sting;
She wrought the hope that was a treacherous thing;

.
But always burthen'd with shame's troublous sign —

.
For me, I must abide in such deep woe
That all who look shall see
Death's shadow on my face, assuredly.

DANTE, *Ballata*.

"I AGREE with you, Coote, it is time that the rector defined his position," said Mr. Wilmot Ley to his friend, on their way from the club. "Since the matter is important enough for the Faculty Club to take it up, it is due to us to know where he stands. His sermon honestly hurt his influence. It was so unconvincing. And he always seemed to have so high a tone! One must not lower the tone."

Mr. Ley shared the prevalent view that although one need not demand a high tone in one's self, one must demand it in such associates as one's rector and one's wife. This, like the patriotism of the politician, is one of our national equipment of minor insincerities. Mr. Coote agreed that lowering the tone was very dangerous (for Dr. Wynchell), and silently thanked his stars for an unofficial existence.

"Dr. Wynchell must vote for —"

"Crandall! So I feel, and I feel that it is serious enough

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to insist on," Mr. Ley declared. "If he really does vote for the senator, why, I shall be forced to believe some of these stories which are current just now."

"Stories?" repeated Mr. Coote.

"Explanations, if you like; some of which are not very dignified. It is not at all proper that the rector of St. Anne's should have any money difficulties," said Mr. Ley severely. "Yes, I mean to point it out to him in a letter. I shall be quite frank, and show him that we are losing confidence."

"And, of course, that will make it all right," asserted Chidley Coote eagerly, and parted from his companion with renewed serenity.

Mr. Ley's letter, received by Dr. Wynchell in the course of a day or two, came as a blow. It showed him that, instead of being a trivial matter, the university situation loomed large to the weighty portion of his congregation. It showed their Crandall sympathies to be more definite than he had supposed; because Wilmot Ley would never have taken so decided a step as this letter without full support. Dr. Wynchell knew perfectly well that it expressed more than the opinion of one man; that it expressed, indeed, the policy of his vestry. If his vestry approved of Mr. Crandall, it expected him, as its representative on the Board of Trustees, to vote for Mr. Crandall; and opposition meant not only a serious difference and much loss of prestige, but it was almost a challenge to one's bread and butter.

What was to be done? Mr. Ley's letter seemed so incontrovertible in tone that Dr. Wynchell felt even Sherrington must acknowledge the power of its logic. He hesitated all of one day, however, between two courses: one simply defiant — to tell the senator that, whatever

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the consequences, he must cast his ballot according to his conscience; the other, to make an appeal to his pity on personal grounds. When it came to the point he rejected the first, and decided on the second. In that rejection he lost, had he known it, his one chance to stand in Sherrington's eye as a unit of force.

"My dear Bennet," he wrote, "the inclosed letter speaks very strongly to show how, notwithstanding my inclinations, I am bound in honor to stand in with my congregation. I have used all my influence up to the present on your behalf; it now seems impossible to continue doing so without danger to myself. My position is most difficult and awkward, but it seems I must be in accord in policy with my vestry. They are more ardently interested in the subject than I supposed," and a great deal more to the same effect.

This effusion reached the senator at an unfavorable moment. For the first time the hope which had upborne him in regard to Diana faltered; for the first time he began to suspect her grandfather's good faith. He tossed the envelope furiously aside, and, without a pause, went straight to his desk to write an answer.

"Dear Dr. Wynchell, your sense of obligation strikes a plain man as a little attenuated. In my own humble view, a rector, by virtue of his office, should lead his congregation to his own way of thinking. If your notions are otherwise, you can hardly expect me to continue my interest in the somewhat complicated, if not involved, financial situation in which you find yourself. Whatever it may be in the clerical world, in the world of business the code of honor is very strict as to the letter of loyalty in such an obligation. Am I, therefore, to understand that an inquiry which has just been set on

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foot in New Orleans, into certain affidavits obtained at the time of Mrs. Jessop's death, is regarded by you with complete indifference?"

This letter, with its insolence and its underlying cruelty, marked very clearly the change in the writer. The superabundance of careless good humor, which would have kept him from such a tone in the past, no longer covered, however thinly, the rock which lay at the base of his character. A straight defiance would have made him pause and count the cost to himself of any punishment; but his attitude now was one of unhesitating contempt.

Dr. Wynchell read this reply at the breakfast table, and his face caused his daughter an exclamation of alarm.

"Yes, my dear, I do feel very unwell," he assented, and moved away from his untouched meal. "The doctor? Oh, if you like!"

The physician came, spoke of rest, tranquillity, change of regimen. Miss Susan, anxiously affectionate, took charge.

"A woman never feels easy about a man till she has him on the sofa with an afghan spread over his knees," commented her father with a smile. "My dear Sue, had you married, how you would have cosseted your family!"

"You should thank your stars I did n't!" replied his daughter, as she bore down on him with a saucer of sweet jelly. She did not grasp the significance of his meekly humorous, "Should I, my dear?"

His illness delayed the necessary replies to Ley's and Sherrington's letters, and increased his helpless weakness in considering them. He was up in his armchair in ten days' time, and thus was able to hear, from every one who chanced to call, that this brilliant young Brayne was to make the university policy the subject of his address at

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the Faculty Club's twentieth anniversary in the Opera House. This was the spur which finally drove Dr. Wynchell, ill as he was, to his desk.

He wrote Mr. Ley, for the vestry, stating that during his retirement in convalescence he was making the whole question a subject of prayer, and felt the greatest confidence that light would be vouchsafed him. To Sherrington he sent a tremulous note, saying that, unquestionably, the inquiries in the direction mentioned filled him with a natural alarm on Diana's account. That, of course, any demand which Sherrington made on him in the name of friendship must be accorded, *coûte que coûte*. This note expressed surrender, unconditional surrender. When he had affixed his signature, Dr. Wynchell wiped his forehead from the chilly dampness of weakness and bowed his head. "I will look to the hills, from whence cometh my help," he prayed, and it was in an agony of sincerity such as his spirit had never travailed with before. He wondered, dully, where were his elasticity, his resourcefulness, his philosophy, that these differences weighed upon him so heavily. He wondered dully and regretfully; and yet he knew that in this last month he had become an old man.

CHAPTER XL

EVERY man will listen more readily to what is spoken, if it is signified by appropriate and becoming words. . . . What messenger is so swift and vigilant? . . . But if you ask me what is the most excellent of all things, what must I say? I cannot say the power of speaking, but the power of the will when it is right.

EPICETUS.

THE day before the twentieth anniversary of the Faculty Club, Freddy Crispe made his appearance in Chillingworth. He went at once to the small apartment which Anthony now occupied on the top floor of a tall building, and there he found his friend at work. Tony would not have interrupted that work, — which was upon his address, — for any other person than Crispe, and Crispe in a mood of seriousness. As it was, however, he admitted the journalist, indicated a chair, and pushed over the tobacco jar. Then he waited.

“Let us get down to business,” said Crispe slowly. “I appreciate the reason for your silence in the past, Brayne, but let me assure you it is useless any longer.”

He paused interrogatively, but Tony still waited.

“I have just returned from New Orleans. The district attorney’s office helped me, although, of course, they did n’t know why. Those affidavits were faked, every one of them. There is not the faintest trace of any woman corresponding to this Mrs. Jessop on that particular steamer at that date. Sherrington bought those affidavits and paid for them. He must have had a reason. If Mrs. Jessop did not die on the boat running from Jamaica to

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Fort-de-France, where did she die, and, what is more important, when?"

Again he paused, looked at the meditative figure in the chair, and went on.

"Of course, you see the logical inference. It was to all their interests to prove this woman alive, if possible, because then she survived her sister-in-law. They could not do so, they could not produce her; it is obvious her death must have taken place before Miss Paula Jessop's death. Now that is the inquiry I mean to set afoot at once."

"Do you chance to remember," said the other quietly, "the burning of the Hotel Romaine in this city during that year?"

"Ah!" said Crispe, and smote the arm of his chair. Anthony went on, his eyes fixed upon the smoke wreaths, as if from their convolutions he could evoke those past scenes.

"I was Sherrington's secretary, as you know. We were in the fire ourselves. It was quite by chance he recognized her body. The place had a certain reputation, and a man was there with her. Both were killed. I think the senator was even then interested in her daughter. I personally broke the news to Dr. Wynchell."

"I see," said Crispe. It was his turn to present a meditative figure, leaning back and considering the narrative.

"Do I need to tell you that there was in the beginning never a hint at any other motive in suppressing the identification than merely to shield the family from a ruinous scandal? Everything was settled by Sherrington, — as I supposed, on that account, — long before I had even heard of the old man and his will."

"And when you did hear?"

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"There were several ugly questions by that time, so I chucked up my position."

"And they kept on and took possession? By Jove! And that girl consented to the fraud?"

Tony would hardly let him say it. "Miss Jessop was in Europe at the time. She was wholly ignorant, and acted in perfect good faith."

"But she knows now?" demanded Crispe, puzzled. "Because —"

"Everything, except her mother's disgrace. I believe" — he hesitated — "she has been trying to arrange a return of the money ever since."

Crispe whistled. "She's not found that easy, I'll warrant. Ah! Sherrington was a sharp chap those days. And what a coadjutor he had in the Reverend Humbug Wynchell!"

"As to Dr. Wynchell, Crispe, consider. The scandal was bad enough, surely. The whole affair was done and settled apart from the money question. Nothing active was asked of him, only to keep silence; and he thought the girl would marry Sherrington. Moreover, I fancy he was awfully straitened as to money himself."

"Poor devil!" said Crispe cheerfully. "Well, he won't like my article, for one."

Tony had been expecting this, but it gave him a chill.

"About that article," he said slowly, looking at his friend, "may I beg you to wait? Miss Jessop has been trying to return that money — and she will, she will!" His emphasis burned. Crispe made no comment. "If you let it out now, you'll spoil all that, and she'll lose her chance. You see yourself she has been living on her annuity. Not a cent has she touched since I told her. It's a fine thing; don't knock it up!"

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Crispe acknowledged that it was a fine thing, but his code conflicted.

"It's bound to come out, and then what will the paper say if they don't get it first?"

"There has n't been a shadow of suspicion elsewhere, and you know it. At least for a few days you must do nothing — and after that you must consult me. Why, it's to your advantage! Won't the story be better if you can work in the restitution and get the executors to back you up? And just now corroboration will be hard enough. You remember that last tale of yours which was premature?"

Crispe's hasty carelessness had often stood in his own way, and he was not likely to forget the unpleasant sequence to which Tony alluded. He fidgeted and wavered.

"Look here, Brayne, but the university row — are you cooling on it?"

"Not a bit, but Crandall will get it anyhow. You'll know why to-night. We'll win without stirring up this dust-pile, and Miss Jessop ought to be prepared."

"So she'll give it all to another paper?"

"Man alive! do you think she's anxious to talk about it?" cried Anthony furiously, and Crispe subsided. He was shrewd enough to see that Tony's aid was essential to the preparation of his story, if it was to be as effective a missile as he wished it to be. Therefore, although much disappointed, he agreed to do nothing further until he had given his friend fair warning. His disappointment was, however, lightened by the reflection that geniuses and reformers were odd lumps of inconsistency at best, and that he really should not have expected anything else. He could judge and estimate the condition of affairs, the

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state of the public temper, and Anthony's ability to handle it, better after he had heard the address.

But, notwithstanding Crispe's agreement, the conversation left Anthony exceedingly uneasy. He knew perfectly well that Diana had not been able to secure her grandfather's coöperation in the returning of the securities. Now he must go direct to Dr. Wynchell, and make his appeal plainly and frankly before the man concerned. In spite of his absorption in his work, he took his hat and, soon after Crispe's departure, went to the clergyman's house. He was met here by an unforeseen check. Dr. Wynchell, the maid civilly informed him, although very much better and sitting up, would not be able to receive visitors before to-morrow. Standing on the step, Anthony reflected. To leave his name would be to gain nothing; it was not one the clergyman cared to hear. He told the maid instead that, as his business was important, he would return at the earliest moment possible for the rector of St. Anne's to see him.

He was able to give himself up to the meeting with an absolute concentration. Seated upon the stage, between Dr. Maudsley and Mr. Pace, who had come over from New York for the occasion, Tony looked around upon the crowded auditorium with a sense of how very thin, at times, is spread the rich flavor of life. Music played during the half-hour while the audience assembled; and he lent himself to its suggestion, alike swayed by the lyrical graciousness of Mozart or uplifted by the Hamlet-ending to the un-Hamlet-like conception of Siegfried. His mind seemed extraordinarily fluent and quick, the retentive plates of it were polished to a high degree of reflection; there was nothing in that instant he could not think of, analyze, or construct. It was really true that he did not

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hear the very cordial and pleasant welcome which followed Dr. Maudsley's introduction of him and continued as he walked slowly forward to the desk. He turned his eye hither and yon; it seemed to be gathering up the threads of an electric current; it seemed to see at once far and near, to challenge the auditor and to behold some guiding vision. His very figure, its slenderness, its pallor, its impression of reserve force, the great forehead, the clear, low, agreeable voice, — these did him a first service by creating excitement. For the task was hard. It is simple to speak to an aroused people on some burning wrong; it is easy to play upon the savage in man and to rouse that facile emotion which with most of us passes for patriotism. But to create an issue where one is not; to make it important to people who really do not feel it to be so; to start emotion upon a topic which is essentially intellectual, and to make that emotion count against the currents of habit and sloth, — this is another matter. It must call upon all the histrion in the orator and all his visualizing faculty, that the dull mind may comprehend, that the indifferent mind may care. "To make them care!" These words played softly in the base of consciousness during all his speech, like some thin music: "To make them care!"

He felt it depended upon himself; for the crowd, even to-day, is not wholly gross, nor unimaginative, nor incapable. It has hurled itself in the past against a spear-point, for some incredibly nice and subtle point of honor, and it will again. Those who trust easily to the notion that a certain doctrine or idea is above the comprehension of the crowd, and therefore beyond generating its emotion, are apt to be greatly surprised and disappointed. It is a question, as always, of the man; Anthony had

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spent deep thought and care in the preparation and evolution of this address, as in the combination of its elements. There was logic to command the practical man's attention, and authority to drive it home. Polish, literary grace it had, the neglected quality of elegance, and the forgotten temper of moderation. Neither was wanting the solvent of humor, nor irony, fiery and biting. Above and beyond all these things, a strain of enthusiasm, of emphasis, of accent, pervaded it with a rare touch of distinction.

He had not spoken ten minutes before the house was completely under his influence, alternately moved with laughter or stirred with interest. The most indifferent person present began to regret his indifference and to acknowledge that, after all, nothing counts more in national life than ideals of education. No one could but be proud of the record of Chillingworth: the orator's bold assertion that it was well there were things which are not accessible to the cheap and the lazy, his little vivid picture of the dangers of mediocrity, caused sincere if not hearty response. No names were mentioned, but there was a sketch of Sherrington deftly drawn before them till the house shouted in recognition. The apt satire of it brushed his issues away like cobwebs, and stamped his supporters with the stamp of the incompetent. The house held its breath, smiled, rippled with laughter swelling to irresistible applause, quieted to listen, and again held its breath. No one knew better than the orator how ephemeral is the apparent sympathy of such an assemblage: he devoted himself, therefore, to a steady breathing upon this spark of public feeling, until he could be assured that it was fairly aflame.

"Above all things, let no one try to persuade you that

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this is a trifling or an unimportant matter. The aspiration, the ideal, of a youth becomes the tendency of a nation of men. That the four years at college furnish his practical equipment for life is true, but they furnish, too, his mental, his spiritual equipment. The complexities of pressure in this country and in this modern world are such, that it is only *here* a man's soul may be dyed with the finer hues it is to wear in after life. With most of us it is only *here* that the hand is free to do the higher tasks, the eye 'to see white presences upon the hills,' the ear 'to hear the footsteps of the immortal Gods.' Generous life, generous ideals, generous emulation for whatsoever is lovely and of good report, are here. It is here only, out of all the hugger-mugger, that a man comes to learn that 'while he is a descendant of the past he is a parent of the future, and that his thoughts are as children born to him which he may not carelessly let die.' "

He ceased. The note, which was perhaps more solemn than was expected, took some of the vociferation from the applause. But that the impression was deep and lasting one could not doubt. Dr. Maudsley, in grasping Anthony by the hand, assured him as much, and Geraint repeated it. Both were pleased, for both were at the age which has acquired a certain cynicism upon the whole subject of oratory and its effects. The effort had been of a higher quality than they had anticipated.

During a half-hour's chat following the address, and when Anthony's thoughts had again begun to turn toward Dr. Wynchell, Mr. Crandall came up, and asked him very cordially to luncheon the following day, at the "Montespan," to meet Mr. Pace, the great ethical teacher, before he returned to New York. And Tony

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had hardly uttered his grateful acceptance before Mr. Pace himself appeared and drew him aside.

In so many words, if brief and slow in speaking, Mr. Pace begged Anthony to represent hereafter the Society for the Inculcation of Systematic Morality in Chillingworth, and suggested that the question of salary would be met on his own suggestion. This was congenial work which opened avenues to future work even more congenial. Anthony, much gratified, could only repeat his pleasure, even while he looked again at his watch. In an upper box he thought he had seen Sherrington; the sight gave him a hurried, nervous feeling. He therefore made his excuses and, notwithstanding Crispe's protests and those of the committee, left the Opera House immediately and hastened to St. Anne's Rectory.

CHAPTER XLI

FORSOOTH, he that waketh in hell and feeleth his heart fail him, shall have memory of the merry days of earth, and how that when his heart failed him there he cried on his fellow, and how his fellow heard him and came.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Dream of John Ball*.

THE night was rainy, and the straight lines of it fell athwart the lamps into the empty street. Anthony was still quivering with the excitement of speaking; perhaps he could not have gone so calmly on this errand in a less tense instant. As it was, he hardly knew what he expected to accomplish, and the racing throb of his mind must not be relaxed by looking too far ahead.

The maid, recognizing him this time, admitted him, although the hour was late. She took his card and soon afterwards returned with a message that Dr. Wynchell would see Mr. Brayne in the study. Anthony followed her to the door, whence issued a mellow lamplight, and entered. Dr. Wynchell, dressed and in his favorite arm-chair with a volume on his knee, showed very markedly the effects of illness. His face seemed to have shrunk and withered, the full mouth was touched with a sort of petulance. The name and the sight of Anthony, however, summoned instinctively to his manner all its pompous authority. He waved the visitor to a seat, and the hand which made the gracious curve shook in the act.

"My granddaughter, Miss Jessop, has only just left me," Dr. Wynchell remarked, after commenting most courteously upon the unexpected honor of Anthony's

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visit. "She came here directly from your address, Mr. Brayne, and she conveyed to me the impression that it was a most brilliant effort. How I regret that, under the direction of my physician, I was obliged to renounce hearing it!"

Anthony bowed in silence.

"Life becomes a series of renunciations," said the other, with a sigh that was more than half sincere, "but at least one wish has been vouchsafed me to-night; for I have wanted for some time,"—Dr. Wynchell went on more briskly, straightening himself in his chair,— "in fact, ever since I read your most — most literary and scholarly book, — to have a talk with you about its underlying *morale*." The younger man turned his eyes away thoughtfully, but made no verbal reply to interrupt Dr. Wynchell, now fully launched in monologue. "There were questions I could not refrain from asking myself. How was it possible with a man whose ideals of conduct seemed so elevated — as every page of 'Man To-Day' showed yours to be — how was it possible, I repeat, for you to divorce such ideals from the source of all righteousness, our Lord Jesus Christ? How came a logical thinker too, — I speak advisedly, Mr. Brayne, — to underestimate the beauty and force of faith, that miracle of our lives? In careless and materialistic persons, or in narrowed views of pure science, one might expect such lamentable ignoring of fact, but, I confess, it was surprising to me in you. And then — your kindness allows me to continue the topic, I hope? — how came you to state such really painful and terrible doctrine as that the morality of the Christian is inadequate and insufficient? My *dear sir*!"

Dr. Wynchell paused impressively, glancing at the

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quiet guest in evening dress, whom he expected to respond upon the same note. The pause prolonged itself, and his uplifted hand fell.

"I seem always to be the bearer of ill tidings," said Brayne, speaking for the first time.

"What ill tidings?" replied the clergyman, very quietly. He naturally thought the remark had reference to the university presidency, and his feeling was that probably the so-called ill tidings might bring him the sweetest draught of relief. Had Sherrington been brought to withdraw? "Well, sir?" he asked again.

"I have only too much reason to believe that the affair of the Hotel Romaine cannot remain concealed much longer," Anthony said, and stopped.

The spasmodic quiver of the seated figure affected his own nerves so disagreeably that he turned away his head. It cost him an effort to go on.

"The deception has, from the first, been a most precarious one. Mr. Sherrington took chances against tremendous odds. An investigation has been made into the false affidavits. A newspaper article has, I am told, actually been prepared." He paused, seeing that Dr. Wynchell was trying to speak.

"But Sherrington — Sherrington — he does not mean to allow —"

"Oh, it is not Mr. Sherrington who is responsible," Tony assured him. "Some New York paper is on the trail of the thing. I very much fear that exposure is only a matter of days."

Dr. Wynchell looked heavily around. It was the look of one who cannot rely on himself. He repeated, in a flattened voice and with mechanical accent, "But the senator will see to that. Thank you, you are very kind,

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but I am sure Mr. Sherrington will not permit — He is going to marry my granddaughter, and I am quite sure that he will not permit anything to become known.”

The flaccidity of the man was horrible. He had lost the ability to see the truth.

“Dr. Wynchell!” said Anthony strongly, leaning forward and using his phrases as one uses a whip, “Mr. Sherrington cannot help you in this matter, nor himself. The whole fraud is about to come out. There is only one thing to be done. There is only one thing can be done!”

“Yes, I hear you,” said the other, and his fingers played on the edges of his book.

“The Jessop money and securities, — they must be restored to the executors before that article is published.”

There was no answer: the thin fingers ceased to play. Was there a mental cloud? Tony asked himself, in affright; would the man ever be brought to understand? He tried once more.

“The fortune must be at once returned. This will be a sufficient answer, and gain the coöperation of the executors. Oh, if it had only been done when Miss Jessop wished!”

“Who told you what she wished?” asked Dr. Wynchell sharply.

“She did, herself.”

“She told you? Extraordinary behavior, truly! What I have suffered through Diana! Then *you* are the influence I have striven to counteract! I suppose you wrote this article you talk about.”

“Should I have come here to-night if that were true?”

“Ah, I don’t know! My head does not seem to be very clear, but then I have been ill,—I suppose that ac-

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counts for it." He stirred in his chair. "I confess I am amazed — amazed! 'My life is waxen old with heaviness and my years with mourning. . . . I am clean *forgotten* as a dead man out of mind; I am become like a broken vessel!'"

He repeated the verse with extraordinary bitterness and an eye that flamed with the Psalmist's wrong; he was eaten up and possessed with a sense of injury, and it was a pitiable thing to see in one hitherto so prosperous and benign.

"You have a way open to you — the only way by which everything may be made right," continued Anthony, trying to be at once soothing and firm, quieting and insistent. "Nothing can possibly happen to injure you or yours in any way if you will act promptly. Tomorrow is not too soon. Then, don't you see, you will have a triumphant refutation of every scandal; you can wipe out the story as a lie in an hour; you can rid yourself at once of Mr. Sherrington's influence. You can own yourself again, your granddaughter can come back to you — you will be entirely free."

There was a long silence. Anthony stood up, looking very pale. The silence continued. He took a step toward the door.

"Do you know Haydon's Journal, Mr. Brayne?" asked Dr. Wynchell, and Anthony nodded. "I am very apt to read Haydon these days," continued the elder man, fluttering the leaves of the volume in his lap; "and I am often rewarded by some striking passage — he had such vigor of expression — this, now." He raised the book, open under the lamp, with hands that seemed to tremble under its weight, found his place, and read:—

"I believe I am meant as a human being to try the

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experiment of how much a human brain can bear without insanity, or a human constitution without death."

He lowered the book and his eyes met Anthony's.

"Dreadful! Poor Haydon!" said Dr. Wynchell, shaking his head. "Poor fellow! Poor Haydon!"

When Anthony found himself once more in the street, an odd, indefinable chill of dread persisted and dominated his mood over all fatigue, so that he hurried away from the house, mentally and imaginatively casting little backward glances at it, as one who fears that he might be pursued. This deeper susceptibility showed him, better than anything else, the change in himself. On that past morning, when he had brought those first evil tidings, he had been quite unmoved, wholly able to observe the victim of his message, to reflect or analyze, to trace the scarlet line of insincerity where it wavered through the core of the agate. What sympathy and command he had felt had been those of the intelligence. He had undergone no such passion of pity as swept him now, no such longing to uplift and help. No, for then he had held no torch from which he believed another's extinguished light might be rekindled.

The rain had ceased; a clean wind swept the streets. Anthony paced them with bent head. There were many consecrations, then, in life. He could look back and review the crucial experiences by which the spirit climbed upward to its full development. For a man may become all that his highest self has touched; this is the great hope, the eternal promise of Nature.

Through the quiet night he remembered that first dedication, when he had laid back on her dead breast his mother's hand. The second had been when Arthur Geraint had held out to him the grasp of encouragement

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and affection. The third had come in the bitterness of his parting from Sherrington; the fourth when he felt Diana's lips tremble on his own. And here, to-night, the springs of his being were stirred and purified, not by his own triumph at the Opera House, but by the failure of a fellow creature. Not only, he knew now, must the critic and helper of men rely on his superiority of truth, of knowledge, or of ideals. Deep and pure beside the intellectual growth flows the stream of love and of understanding. The quality of greatness holds within it something that eschews contempt of one's fellows, as Swift is separated from Shakespeare. He had believed that without knowledge love is vain. And yet, were not these moments of his life moved wholly by emotion?

Anthony climbed wearily to his room, asking himself under this new doubt one question: was he right to stay away from Diana longer?

CHAPTER XLII

THE lady ran up to her tower-head,
Sae fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

I winna come down, ye fals Gordon
I winna come down to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me.

Edom o' Gordon.

ANTHONY had not been mistaken in thinking that he saw Bennet Sherrington in an upper box at the Opera House. The senator came in late, and was careful not to show himself in the front of the box. He sat back in the shelter of the curtains, pulling his moustache and listening to the unseen, ringing voice, with an air of disgusted amazement. "He never lacked ability," he told himself after awhile, with a distinct sense that his generosity was commendable, considering his hate of the man. "He always had the talent for this sort of thing." And then, as the address proceeded, he took to tapping his boot with a cigar-cutter abstractedly, all his heavy features drooped into a frown.

Well, apparently Brayne had "got 'em:" he had manufactured an issue where there was absolutely none in reality—so Sherrington assured himself—and was driving it home, a series of verbal arrows pricking the hide of that slothful brute, the Chillingworth public. And the worst of it was that when this beast did arise out of his

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wallow and shake the mud from his sleek sides and utter his first roar, Sherrington knew perfectly well that it was not his hand that would lead the creature by the nose. He was essentially the type of politician that brings feed to the trough and grins into the pen of that incarcerated animal, the public, but is no manner of use when it once escapes bounds. The problem now seemed to be, was it wise to hold to this presidency notion, if by so doing he imperiled his general grip on the community? If he were going to stick it out and lose this election, how about these references to a political housecleaning which was to follow his defeat? Housecleanings were apt to be very uncomfortable; and in view of certain threatening aspects in Washington this autumn, Sherrington felt that a civic upheaval would be especially awkward. There was an insecurity about his present position which he did not like. Would not his obstinacy in this matter be likely to cost him dear? Moreover, was not a political bird in hand worth a scholastic one in the bush? And, after all, to come down to his fundamental thought, under certain contingencies might it not prove irksome to be tied to the college? If one had an artistic wife who wished to keep *au fait* of art matters in Europe?

It will be observed that the time had gone by when Sherrington looked upon Diana's artistic ambition as a thing to be stifled by marriage. If she had done nothing else, she had brought him to respect that essential fabric of her nature, and to look upon it as an unalterable part of her. Achievement did this, which no amount of martyred enthusiasm could have done. His dreams of Diana now, as a wife, took the studio into account; yes, and even caressed the idea of her fame with an honest pride. It would be something to marry a woman whom every one

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wanted to meet. And their fortunes, his and hers, were ample to allow her the full freedom of her art without depriving any one else of her attention.

His first action, therefore, at the earliest available hour next morning, was to seek the girl in her studio. He dressed himself formally, shining and black and glossy, with a fragrant *boutonnière*. When Diana herself opened the door to him she looked her astonishment at the apparition. It was a busy morning for her; she was in her apron, and her arms were clayey to the elbows. Bennet Sherrington was the last person she expected to see.

"Yes, I know you are busy," he remarked coolly, "but there's a reason for my coming. Will you let me in?"

"But you are so impossibly speckless," she objected. "We are never very clean here — but to-day! I'm a mud-daub to-day because I've heard good news."

"And that is —?" he asked, following her in.

"I've sold my statues!" she exploded, with gladness. "Grace calls them the 'Big Four,' and there's a scientific institute in Colorado, just rebuilding after a fire, which is going to use them. Those are the plans." She pointed with one gray forefinger to some outspread blueprints and water-colors of buildings, tacked to the wall. "They are excellent — I think I shall go West to live. There are certain adaptations to be made, and I was just blocking them out — but there, you are not interested."

"You are mistaken. On the contrary, I'm deeply interested, and am very glad to be the first of your friends to congratulate you," said he, somewhat gravely; and Diana felt a pang. Was it not cruel it should be he instead of another? She turned abruptly to her modeling table, and Sherrington looked about mechanically for a clean spot to set his hat. Is there any emotional crisis

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conceivable that would let a man drop his silk hat on the floor? Then he took a chair and watched her. In the plain lines of the apron her figure was very erect and firm. Her movements were quick and economical. To her visitor there seemed no reason why she should continue that meaningless slapping on and thumbing handfuls of waxy mud, but he took it for granted she was a little self-conscious.

"I have changed since the days when I doubted your art," he continued. "You have justified your course, although — was it not a cruel way to assert your independence?"

It was the first time he had alluded to the past, and in this allusion he touched a sensitiveness which had often reproached her. She turned her face towards him quickly and answered warmly, —

"You are right, I was cruel — thoughtless and cruel. I have felt so sorry! Particularly since you have been so kind and generous in your attitude. I have appreciated it."

His pulses beat. She was sorry; she did regret. Her voice held a note he had never heard before. The room danced before him. He rose hurriedly and came towards her.

"Di — I've shown you that I could take disappointment, but you know I've not changed. Lately I've breathed new hope, and you would not let me hope if you did not mean it, would you?"

"Hope? What hope?" she asked brusquely. But he was in no mood to observe. Had he been, her pose, surprised but not confused, her movement in replacing her calipers carefully on the edge of the block, her strong, steady, controlled eye, — these signs would have warned

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him. But he flung the chair out of his path in one flame of passion, and stood above her, quivering.

"Since hoping again I have lived again. Oh, I am not dull now to all that makes you beautiful and wonderful, Diana! . . . And I've cared so long — so long. And since Dr. Wynchell told me —"

He stretched out an arm to grasp her, but she stiffened. Even he must pause at the white amazement of her face.

"He told you — Grand told you — what?"

"That you regretted. That you still cared for me."

"Grand said so? You mean you inferred it."

"I mean nothing of the sort!" He shook himself at the catechism, which chafed him at such a crisis. "He came to me and told me you said you were sorry — that you would like to give me another chance. And you are sorry?"

"It is true, I am sorry," she began finally, and in an instant he had his arms about her. But Diana turned and looked him in the face, saying, in quite her ordinary voice, —

"Bennet, I shall put this clay all over your clothes, and it sticks!"

The utter unyieldingness of her must make itself felt. Slowly he released her, his face ugly with disappointment. Diana gave a little fastidious shiver and made a wry face.

"I am sorry," she continued, ignoring his excitement, "that I ever misled you into an engagement when I did not love you; and I regretted the way I broke it off, which was cruel and unfair. But I regret nothing else."

Seeing that it was his last stake, it was not unnatural he should be slow to grasp the finality of this speech.

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"You should not play with me, when you told him you cared," he protested; but she broke in:—

"I never told him such a thing. It is a complete misunderstanding. I never loved you. You never crossed my mind when I was abroad. Care for you! Why, I never thought of you!" She spoke, as always, boldly, decidedly; she softened nothing. "Grandfather could n't have told you that; it's impossible. He knew I broke the engagement because I did not care for you. And since my return there has been — some one else."

In the pause she could hear him breathe. "The damned, lying parson!" The very air shook with the violence of his anger.

"You should n't blame Grand. You willfully misunderstood him, I suppose," Diana exclaimed, but she felt an inward chill.

As for Sherrington, walking the studio with uneven steps, he was in a blast of anger such as he had rarely undergone in his life before.

"You never told him you repented — that you wanted it on again?"

She answered steadily, "Never! You have not been mentioned between us since my return."

"And there's another man?"

"I've said so."

"What's his name?"

She was silent.

"You are engaged to this man?"

"If you like." Her answer was for the simple purpose of getting him out of the room.

"And you won't tell me who it is?"

Again she was silent.

"And I've been done, done by the pair of you!" He

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advanced towards her threateningly, like some wild beast. "Well, I'll make him pay!"

There was that in his face, in all his anger, mortification, and bestiality, to frighten the most courageous among women. Diana made a backward step, and shot out a hand to a button on the wall behind her. Then she faced him.

"That's the bell," she said with tolerable calmness of voice; "the janitor will come right up." Then she made a second movement and picked up a brush, heavily charged with vermilion, which lay on the table beside her. "Would you like him to see you with this all over your coat?" she demanded. And then, as he stood still, she threw down the brush again and turned scornfully away. She heard his heavy tread go out of the room and down the hall, passing the janitor on the way.

The first uncontrollable flame of Sherrington's anger sank and steadied, as he passed through the hall, into red-hot coal which did not prevent him from using his brains. His effort now was concentrated on finding out who Diana's favored lover might be, not with any special idea of using the information, but simply because it was instinctive.

Chance threw him face to face with the tranquilly ascending figure of Grace Brant, who greeted him in the corridor with an exclamation of surprise.

"Have you been in to see Di, Mr. Sherrington?" she asked. "I fear you have chosen the wrong morning; she's been so very busy since the news."

"So I found." Sherrington's voice had quite its ordinary timbre, and he placed himself in Grace's path, so that she was forced to pause. "But it's delightful, her success!"

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"Is n't it?" agreed Grace heartily; and then, not without a wish to tease Sherrington a little, she went on: "I am particularly glad her work is in the foreground again. After last summer, when that Brayne man was so prominent, I was really afraid it had retired to the background."

"Anthony Brayne, you mean? Oh, yes," said Sherrington, easily lying; "I remember she told me he lived near by, on some island, close to where you were."

"Which does n't mean much for social purposes in that archipelago," laughed Grace; "only he proceeded to get shipwrecked at our very doors, and stayed for ten days with us. Tremendous affair they had, but it's entirely over now, thank goodness! Work and flirtation don't go together, Mr. Sherrington."

Now, Grace had not liked Anthony, while she did like Sherrington. She honestly thought she was encouraging the latter by this last speech, and it was the sort of outcropping which her nature constantly showed of the soil of Joliet, Illinois, under the verdure of Paris.

"Indeed, they do not," agreed the senator, with apparent lightness. "But don't you think that alternate layers of them are good for most women? Come now, Miss Brant!"

Grace laughed and shook her head as she continued on her way. What a thorough man of the world, big and easy-going, he was, she reflected. If a girl must marry, — and she supposed Diana must marry, — how much better that sort than your uneasy, high-strung literary man; and how much better still to be quite free of such entanglements and not have to face such questions!

As for Sherrington, he went out into the nipping No-

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vember air smiling to himself. So he had found out who the man was; and no doubt when he had quieted down a bit, he would think of a way to use that information. Fragments of possibility lay already in his mind, waiting for a constructive mood to piece them together. The engagement was not announced. Perhaps when the Jessop will scandal came out, it might not seem so attractive to the gentleman, with his essays and addresses on purity and ethics.

Sherrington could cover his own share in it somehow. Oh, to make the parson suffer for leading him to this humiliation! Already the headlines of a spicy article danced before his mind, with leers at Dr. Wynchell's daughter's character used as side-glances at his granddaughter's. Anthony Brayne and Diana had been for ten days together on that lonely island, *sans chaperon*. Oh, it was working out beautifully into a complete revenge! Sherrington walked the streets thinking of it; and then, finding it was after one o'clock, he turned in to get some luncheon at the Montespan.

CHAPTER XLIII

WHEN we desire to be informed, 't is good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions 't is best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Religio Medici*.

THE Montespan was crowded. Its manager had been unable to give Mr. Crandall a private room for the luncheon on the day following Anthony's address. He had been obliged to content him with a large table in a somewhat secluded corner of the big dining-room; and it was, therefore, natural enough that Senator Sherrington, coming in late as he did, should find himself cheek by jowl with these genial and contented *convives*. From his little table near by he could not fail to recognize all of Mr. Crandall's guests. There were Dr. Maudsley and Mr. Pace, Crispe, Anthony Brayne, Dr. Geraint, and Dr. Paramore. Sherrington, in his present ugly mood, found in this combination matter for insult. He ordered his preliminary cocktail and partook of it, glaring. In all the rapid and easy talk he fancied that his own name, coupled with laughter, was often the shuttlecock.

As a matter of fact, the conversation soon left treading the burning shards of iniquity and reform, for a long ramble down the velvet-turfed and daisy-starred pathways of literature and art. The seven were in an admirable mood to hear one another out with patience;

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even Dr. Geraint, whose contradictory habit made him but a poor conversationalist, modified his antagonisms under the genial influence of the moment. Mr. Pace, the guest of honor, had the chair, so to speak, and took to expressing his humorous disgust of the so-called tragedies of modern fiction. This he did, seated characteristically aloof from the table, and merely poking his fork abstractedly now and then into the contents of his plate.

"It can't be because the stuff of life is lacking," he declared, "that our novel-writers seem to have no resource but the spinning of cobwebs?"

"It seems rather to be," acquiesced Dr. Maudsley, in his manner of a delicate finality, "that there is a total lack of two requisites of art,—culture and perception."

"I really know nothing about it," declared Mr. Pace animatedly; "but I am reminded of a book I picked up once on a train, having read the most unqualified praise of it, as bettering Balzac. The heroine is described as *delving* into literature; she read Tennyson and Browning! Fancy the mental equipment of the writer who applies the term *delver* to the chick who scratches the earth! The author, rest his soul, — he has since joined the company of the equally ignorant, — had apparently been doing what he calls delving on his own account, with the most ludicrous results; for he took that magnificent verse in *Phèdre* — that top and culmination of intensity, that superb expression of the strongest human passion in its most ruthless form — to denote the lady-like sentiment of a western young lady for her lawfully wedded husband. And he so utterly missed, in his innocently boyish ignorance, the plain fact which Racine

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intends to convey, that he fatuously rammed the quotation down your throat whenever the lady appeared on the scene!"

"And yet," ventured Anthony, "if one believes with George Sand *que le but du roman, c'est de peindre l'homme*, then there is a place in the archives of accuracy for even such errors as these. Unfortunately, they are representative."

"Oh, I'm not quarreling with *photography*," rejoined Mr. Pace, with a shrug; "it has its place, no doubt. But I was speaking of art. Why, for instance, in the face of truth, are we treated to these sheer dissections of weakness?—a graft of the French school upon our shallower culture. Tragedy and the material for tragedy is not lacking. Strong characters in the grip of stronger circumstance, — strong passions fighting with strong principles, if you will, — but, for God's sake, no more of these individuals who are done to death for *chiffons*!"

"Just the same, Pace, I do not see all this material for tragedy you talk about," said Geraint, in his strong voice. "Of course, to me personally, we Americans are yet far below the stage of art. But still, from your own point of view you must acknowledge that the sweeping away of all tradition has swept away background; and that the breaking up of superstition has eliminated contrast."

"Then you don't think the new order, the age of science, is going to furnish anything to literature?"

"Turgenev has shown that it does in Russia," Anthony came in here.

"Ah, but in Russia," suggested Dr. Maudsley, shaking his head, "there is a definite line of cleavage, and art can always make use of that."

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"And does n't it depend," asked Dr. Paramore's formal and high-pitched tones, breaking off a private chat with Freddy Crispe to join in, "on one's view of these changes that have taken place within us? Are they really integrating or disintegrating changes? After the period of destruction will there be a period of construction?"

"Oh, surely!" Anthony cried.

"Then there ought to be art!" declared Dr. Paramore with finality, and took a glass of wine.

"But we have got to be educated to the point of understanding what these changes mean." Anthony spoke eagerly. "To most people, as yet, they have only brought depression. That long, withdrawing roar of the sea in Dover Beach fills most of our ears with sadness. But that time will go by; the new order will bring freedom and strength and joy."

"Brayne has some amazing future coalescence in his mind,"—Dr. Geraint smiled across the table at Anthony,— "some fusion of the scientific and the artistic points of view, which will produce a harmony of intellect and character in the ideal type of man — the perfect optimist."

"Like little Mr. Chidley Coote?" asked Crispe, and there was a general smile.

"But, sir," protested Anthony, unwilling to let the talk flicker out, "you must not forget that to yourself *belles lettres* must always seem the inferior occupation. At bottom you really consider it trifling. The divine rage of the search for truth blinds your eyes, sir, more or less. To you it does n't matter that the storm has made the sky gray for half a century. But to the majority literature must be of the first importance, because, like Per-

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seus, they find in it the polished shield wherein they may see the Gorgon without danger."

"A very pretty image," said Geraint, shaking his head, "but, my dear Brayne, I need no mirror to behold Medusa; why should they?"

"We are not all, sir, the scientific temperament."

"Which is stony to start with," interrupted Mr. Crandall, seeing his chance.

"I only meant to recognize the fact that the passion for pure intellectual work is an exclusive passion, and, like all passions, narrowing in its influence. It shuts out the mediocre, the weaker points of view. But we are getting off the point. I am trying to express the conviction that to man there is more hope, vigor, joy, in the modern conception of the universe than ever has been in his terror-ridden past. When this belief, this thought, permeates society, then it will be reflected in literature. And then will be a rebirth, a new flowering of creative impulse, a wonderful, multicolored, aerial blossom on that sturdy and immortal stem!"

"And to think," murmured Crispe in a reflective aside, "that he has all those adjectives left over after that address!"

"You are young and very hopeful, my dear sir," observed Mr. Pace, whose air of sitting at the table for the purpose of conversation only, threw into marked contrast the healthy appetites of the rest. "I wish I could believe in the literature of the future; but, to my eye, since the eighteenth century there has been a steady deterioration in our sense of style. Careless, nerveless, cheap are the hands which so irreverently seize that noble instrument, language, and squeeze a few coarse and trivial notes out of it. Catchwords take the place

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of thought. Where is the pithy, sensitive, and accurate phrase? Where is the well-built paragraph? Where is the chiseled epithet?"

"When the new, healthy thought starts up, it will revive the love and respect for the means of expression," Anthony insisted.

"Ah!" said the other, in an accent which displayed his doubt; and a pause fell.

"And we seven are probably taken to be reactionaries," declared Dr. Paramore, with his slight sophisticated smile, "because we consider our friend Crandall here, with all his old-fashioned ideas, better adapted to bring Brayne's scientific millennium to pass than—" He made the slightest possible jerk of his head and eyebrows in the direction of the room behind him and raised the wine-glass to his lips. Those of the party who were seated on the side of the round table facing the room, and who therefore saw Sherrington, smiled and followed suit. The others, not seeing and not inclining to turn, joined in mechanically, and among them was Anthony.

Sherrington had eaten a mouthful or so of luncheon, and drunk with it more than the usual quantity of spirits. The anger which had possessed him had deepened into something sullen, embittered, and truculent; a feeling which alone, even were there no other cause, clouded over and veiled his self-restraint and habits of man of the world. A dogged ill-temper, a sense of injury, kept his attention constantly on Mr. Crandall's party, who, he was persuaded, were making him a butt and byword to enliven their meal. Unfortunately, he caught Dr. Paramore's gesture; it was very slight; good taste could have found no fault with it; but Sherrington was on the watch. The same fibre which had smarted with

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resentment at Dr. Wynchell's attitude toward his candidacy was feverishly irritated now. He got up, a big, flushed figure, and stood an instant hesitating. The stuff he had taken had not the slightest observable physical effect on him; neither speech nor step showed it; but the red, uncertain eye told of its effect and undoubtedly his brain was clouded and hazy; so that he stood, rather conspicuously, for a moment or two as if not knowing what to do. The truth was that the blind impulse to attack had not been accompanied by a perception of any available weapon. That one he did finally use was clearly an inspiration of Tom Gin.

Anthony had not set down his glass, lifted in response to Dr. Paramore's gesture, when he felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up into Sherrington's face.

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Brayne," said the senator with an exaggerated excess of politeness, "but may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sherrington," said Anthony, and rose also, facing him. The party had ceased their talk, and sat looking at the two with amazement. Sherrington made no attempt to modify his tones.

"Are you engaged to Miss Diana Jessop?" he asked, with perfect insolence.

The blood rushing out of the younger man's face left it as white as a sheet. He felt keenly the hush which had fallen upon the whole room and the complete audibility of the question and of any answer he might make. His hand held tight to the back of his chair. Thought must be quick. The light in Sherrington's eye was so plain that Anthony knew any evasion would be likely to prolong the incident into an altercation. It was evident to all that the senator was not reasonable.

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"I am not," he replied, and sharply turned his back. Sherrington stood in his place for an instant, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"I thought you would say that!" he declared, in a gross triumph; and still laughing, unsubdued and uncouth, he passed down the room, by all the tables and waiters and silent upturned faces, to the door and so out.

Dr. Maudsley was the first of the Crandall party to break the embarrassed pause with gentle, ironical speech:—

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,"

he quoted softly. But Freddy Crispe was twisting himself on his chair with delight.

"Dished himself! absolutely and finally, and in public!" he cried. "Oh, nothing could possibly be better than this!"

CHAPTER XLIV

CONTENT thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done;
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.

SWINBURNE, *Ave atque Vale.*

WHILE Diana, with her head in her hands, sat trying to quiet the nerves which jangled still at the recollection of the disagreeable interview, she was conscious that the cause of her unhappiness was not the senator, but her grandfather. The despair which had been for the last month slowly creeping upon her in that regard, seemed to have overtaken her in one stride. All the tolerance of her affection had counted, it seemed, for nothing; she quivered now in every fibre at the spectacle of his humiliation. He did not mean ever even to attempt to restore the stolen money; he was injuring himself daily by the acts of his bondage to Sherrington; worse than all, he had apparently lied, and lied deliberately. For Diana knew the senator, she knew that it must have been no vague or ambiguous encouragement which could have made him swallow his pride and stoop again to ask her after such a repulse. The vision of something dear and honored cast down from its high place of worship to lie covered with the dust of the common road, lower even than the common passer-by, is not an unusual disillusion for youth; but in this case it was made bitter by the loneliness that enwrapped her. "For he is all I have!" she sobbed over and over again, in the weak-

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ness of that moment, as if the reiteration bound them closer.

Diana's impulse was the simple one of flight; to turn her face to strange, new lands, to let the affair go on to its destined end without her. The whole story would probably now come out. Since that glimpse from a car she had seen nothing of Anthony. Very brief, very fleeting, she told herself with trembling lips, was the ecstasy and joy of love, and very long and stony the path downward from that peak. The arguments and renunciations of his letter had really never appealed to her: what was all this talk of money and society in comparison with the solitude in which she lived? Her more vivid and personal point of view, looking at their two figures as if they stood apart in the world, could see no possible reason in all these outside considerations. She knew only one thing, her need; and felt only one sorrow, her desolation. And in her present mood, for the first time, that desolation seemed almost more than she could bear.

But there was in the girl an intrinsic elasticity and an innate courage. She might wish to run away, but she knew, wearily, that the laws of her nature forbade. Come what might, she must do what she could; and, moreover, she must go on doing it to the end.

Diana rose, dressed in her street clothes, and then sat awhile quietly in her studio. The mute company of white presences around the walls calmed and helped her. She laid back her head and in that perfect stillness tried to reconstruct and to rebuild. Some course must then and there be decided on, she knew, and there was no object in postponing decision. Here she still sat at half-past four, when a note was handed her in the handwriting of her Aunt Susan.

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"Your grandfather is unequal to writing you himself," the note said; "he wishes to see you as soon as possible, on a business matter. I do hope you are not giving him any further cause for anxiety; he has had so much."

Diana put on hat and coat and left the studio building immediately. She did not even speculate as to the cause of the summons: the affair might take one of a dozen aspects, and she could not hope to anticipate what it would be. She walked steadily and rapidly to the rectory in the gathering dusk, was admitted, and went at once down the long entry to her grandfather's study. She paused on the threshold. The room was unlighted save by the soft redness of the western window. Coming into it from the lighter street, the girl could only stand hesitating, while she tried to pierce the gloom. The stillness frightened her; she put out her hand and caught at the door to hold to something, for her heart beat nervously. Even the familiar bulks of furniture held a shadowy menace.

"Grand, where are you?" she called, in her quick, brave voice.

"Here," came the reply, feeble and hoarse, and bearing in it something which moved her to the quick.

She went swiftly across the room to the chair, flung herself down beside it, and threw her arms, eagerly, protectingly, around the huddled figure. She felt that their touch, warm and strong, must help, must comfort whatever pain was there.

"Grand, what is it? Dear, what is it?" she asked, and the love moved in her tone in a rich, full current.

"Shall I make a light?" asked a second voice, and, to Di's astonishment, it was that of Sherrington. She saw him rise, very large and tall against the rosy win-

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dow, and take a step toward the lamp; but her instinct made her interpose quickly, —

“No, no! he does not want the lamp; do you, dear? Let us talk in the dark — I am here, close by.”

She felt the poor forehead throbbing, throbbing against her arm, and would not let any untender eye see what she knew was there. Even in the dark she held him fiercely turned away from that other.

“And now” — her tones caressed him — “what has happened?” and she felt him gather strength to reply.

“Di, dear — it’s all out, it’s all known — all known.”

“Do you mean about my mother’s death, Grand?”

“She knows?” asked Sherrington, involuntarily, but Diana did not lift her head to answer.

“Yes,” she said quietly, “I know. If you have threatened him on account of this morning, you should know the truth. We have intended from the first, Grand and I, to return all this money; have n’t we, dear? It took a little time, of course, but our arrangements were almost completed. We meant to write to-night to the executors, did n’t we, Grand?” She paused and sharpened the edge of her accent. “Don’t you think, Mr. Sherrington, you’ve done harm enough for once?”

He made no reply. Somehow, in that sunset-tinted dusk, where only the light folds of Diana’s gown gleamed against the dark and only their three voices followed one another, even he felt his soul purged by pity and terror. He told himself that the scene made him nervous; it was really the sense of what he did not see that oppressed him.

“And, of course, we shall do it just the same, won’t we?” She slipped her palm over Dr. Wynchell’s cold lips to check any confession. “We will write to-night,

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as we planned; and then, no matter what you do, it cannot really hurt us."

"You are entirely innocent of the whole matter," Sherington could not help saying, but she took no notice.

"That is what we are going to do, Grand. If it is hard to get together all the money at such short notice, why, I can help. They will take my annuity if I ask them, I am sure; and I shall have a check soon on account of the statues. Oh, it will be all right, dear; it will be all right!" The beating of his temples against her arm frightened her.

"Won't it be all right, dear?" she urged.

"Di, if you had only been kinder to Bennet, if you had not estranged him!" Dr. Wynchell spoke, querulously, at last.

"We do not need his help!" she cried.

"Ah, but we must! we must!" he raised his head and caught at her arm. "You have angered him, and he was our benefactor. It's all your fault, all your fault! If you only would not be so hasty." As she kept a proud silence, he strained upward, clutching her. "You've been so selfish, Di; you can't be so selfish any longer. Why, this will ruin me — and I'll have to vote for him though the vestry thinks — and all through *you* — you won't help me. First your mother stood in our way, and then you — you won't be like anybody else — you run off to Europe and make everybody talk — and you won't help me. And now you've made him so angry, he's going to let them put it all in the paper!"

All this incoherent stream of womanish reproach — "It's all your fault;" she bent her head under it in mortification for him. "It's because he is n't well," she told herself pitifully, and steadied the protecting arm. Out of

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the darkness she seemed to see Anthony's eyes and to hear his voice: "But you are so strong!" But, O God! how this scene tried that strength through every quivering fibre of pride!

"I don't see why I should assist any further at this discussion," Sherrington said, and took a step away from the window. "I made my position plain before Miss Jessop came. I tried to help a man out of a nasty hole at great personal cost, and this is what I get for it!" He recapitulated his wrongs as one who tries to lash himself again into the active point of anger. "I've been patient enough — and I seem to have been led by the nose. No one can possibly blame me if I chuck up my share of this job. The public seems to be on to it, anyhow; and so they may for me."

"It's all because I told him you were sorry you refused him," Dr. Wynchell feverishly hurried on. "And you were, Di; were you not, child? You've always liked Bennet — you know we owed him so much. — And I'm sure there was some mistake about this morning. Ask his pardon, child, and tell him the truth — that in the future, no doubt —"

"Dr. Wynchell," cut in the other hastily, moving his hands to his pockets where something jingled, "no more of that, please! I may be fool enough to try after a woman as I've done, but there are some things that would stop even a fool." He paused, to let his next words have full, biting effect. "Your granddaughter tells me she is engaged to a gentleman who, half an hour later, in a public place, tells me that he is n't engaged to her. Now, that sort of doubt about a lady's situation —"

"Oh, no! no!" Diana's cry pierced the air, as pain wrung it from her, "Not that! it's not true!"

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From the chair beside her came a curious sound as of something which was at once suffocated and rent. The hand in hers gripped it convulsively, and then sagged away. She was on her knees again in an instant.

"Light the lamp; he's ill!" she commanded; and Sherrington obeyed her.

The light flared broadly and then steadied and mellowed. Dr. Wynchell lay in a heap over the side of his chair; his mouth was open; the whites of his eyes showed. From where she kneeled Diana looked at Sherrington, and it was months before he could cloud over the burning wound of her glance.

"Go call my aunt!" she directed tersely, and he did as she bade him. When he left that room he went out of her life, and she did not even notice him go.

As soon as possible after the luncheon at the Montespán, Anthony took a car to Mrs. Kendall's, but failed to find Diana. He obtained, however, the address of her studio and took the next car back, arriving hardly more than ten minutes after she had left for her grandfather's. Before that locked door Anthony debated. He must — he must see her. An infinite danger menaced their relation, and only his immediate presence and the full, the whole truth could avert it. Wherever she was, she must return to Mrs. Kendall's; so Tony reluctantly returned there and waited. One hour, two hours passed, and Diana did not come. It was seven o'clock before Mrs. Kendall received a note from Diana by messenger, saying her grandfather had been taken ill, and that she wished her bag with necessaries for the night. Anthony paid and dismissed the boy, and Mrs. Kendall consented to let

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him be the bearer of the handbag. It was ten minutes after seven when he finally left the house.

He took his way through the sparkling city, thoroughly stirred by a sense of impending crisis. In the light of this new menace, his own duty toward Diana received another and far different illumination. Where had Sherrington got his information? To what interviews may not the girl have been subjected — if that incident were the result? And he had left her alone to face the complex responsibilities of such a situation! Oh! to hasten to her now, before it was too late!

He was obliged to ring several times at Dr. Wynchell's before he was admitted. The maid expected the bag, but was doubtful about the messenger. Miss Jessop was in her grandfather's room just now, but when she came out the maid would deliver the card, if the gentleman did not mind waiting. Then she took the bag from him and went upstairs on tiptoe. Tony waited a long, long time. He sat in the big, dim parlor, pierced only by the gleam of a lamp in the study adjoining. The whole house was hushed. Above, a door opened and shut; hurried steps passed up and down the entry; once he heard a sound of weeping — suppressed, forlorn, and far away. After a while the mere darkness racked Anthony's nerves; he took a match from his pocket and lighted a nearby gas-jet; it flared like a torch into the spaces of the room, and let him see to walk automatically from figure to figure on the carpet. Suddenly he raised his head, thrilling. A light step, not a servant's, came across the study, and Diana stood between the curtains. Her face was pinched, her eyes were misty; she interlaced her hands wearily, as she came slowly forward. He could not speak, and she stood before him, silent also.

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"He's dying," she breathed at last piteously; "he's dying."

Anthony took a step forward.

"How — when did this happen?"

"To-day — this afternoon. He had some sort of stroke. It was all that horrible Sherrington." Then, as if the name unlocked her own anguish, "And *you*," she cried, all her soul quivering in her voice, "you told him — What are you doing here?"

"In an instant you shall know," he replied, as steadily as he could.

"There can be nothing to tell. You told him — you told him — oh, you denied me!"

The passion of her accusation shook him like a blow. Even in its unreason he understood how this must have come upon her in her solitude.

"Wait! wait!" His upraised hand, his tones, were almost stern. "Wait till you understand! He came into the Montespan — he had been drinking. There, in public, to make a scene, he asked me if we were engaged. Don't you see? Could I have done other than I did, for your sake? He was in a condition that would not take evasion — it would have merely prolonged the scene. I answered promptly, and I would, under the circumstances, have done the same, had I to do it again."

The conviction in his voice could not fail to carry weight with her, but she shook her head dumbly.

"I cannot guess where he got his information," Anthony was beginning.

"I told him!" she cried, her face working; "I told him! — and he came here to Grand and insinuated — oh, I don't know what, about me, because you — you denied me. And Grand believed it — and he's dying,

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and he believes it — and I can't tell him — I can't make him hear!"

She could bear no more. All her courage, all her brave firmness had melted out of her, leaving her shaken with tears and weak as a child. But when Anthony put his arms about her, she cried, "No! no!" and would not have them there. For an instant he hardly knew what to do; pity within him was so great for what she had borne. But, after a time, when her wild sobbing ceased, he began to speak, standing over her and with all his heart in his face.

"Dear, dearest — that you should have this in your heart toward me I cannot bear. Di, my letter to you was honest as a man's could be; I could not have you regret. And later, I saw you with him and I was jealous and afraid. Oh, you don't know what it means, that fear! But lately, since I talked with Dr. Wynchell the other night, I realized that I had blundered like a fool and like a cruel fool, for the wrong to you was further back. It was not time now to talk about outside things; I should have seen, have realized that you needed me; that you were so much alone in all this trouble! But — will you believe me, Di? — you are so strong I never thought of that."

It was the utter honesty of all this that poured life back into her veins. This was he, — it was something she knew, something recovered after a long search. Oh, even racked with pain and disappointment as she had been, she knew they belonged to each other, that no misunderstanding could long keep them apart. But for the moment she said nothing.

"You must forgive me!" he cried, coming near; "you must forgive me or I cannot live — I came to-night because — I will not stay away any longer."

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"You did make a mistake," she said at length, "to think so much about money and your birth and my position. They never bothered me at all. You are you, and it was you I loved. I suffered from your letter, because you did not seem to think me worth a test. But I believed your letter and hoped and waited. I hoped all along, until to-day."

"Oh, don't say it!" he cried, and caught her hand, but she tried to withdraw it.

"And now everything has changed. Mr. Sherrington has turned against us, and it will all come out in a horrible scandal. I suppose they will send me to jail!"

"If they do I shall go with you."

"Ah!" she said miserably, "but you forget, or you don't realize! It's terrible; it will stand in your way — it will ruin your career."

"No more of that!" he interrupted roughly, and her eyes, close to his own, searched them, far, far down.

"Do you still care?" she asked him, with a deep hunger that knew his answer before he uttered it.

"More than ever; more than all the world."

He stayed with her. Miss Wynchell was too broken, too numb, to care when Diana told her of their engagement or to protest at this intimate invasion of a stranger. They four — Anthony, Diana, Miss Susan, and the nurse — watched the night out in the big upstairs room, beside the figure that never moved again. The hours went silently yet swiftly by. Diana, comforted, slept a little; the nurse stirred now and then. Death came quietly, imperceptibly; the room was full of new, gray light when they made sure that he had come indeed.

The nurse went to the telephone; Diana took poor Miss Susan to her room; and Anthony himself went to

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the window a moment and stood looking out. It was just about the hour that he had knocked upon the door once before. A man passed rapidly on his way to work, and Anthony watched him out of sight. After all the individual struggle and exhaustion, it gave him peace and strength to see his fellow men going each to his labor, in the hope and shelter of the inviolable dawn.

About the time of Diana's and Anthony's marriage, and when Mr. Crandall's picture, in his new dignity of university president, appeared in all the papers, there was printed also a romantic account of the restitution of a fortune to the Jessop estate. The Society for the Inculcation of Systematic Morality received its bequest. But that account contained no mention of Dr. Wynchell, and the articles which had threatened him never appeared. Crispe's genuine liking for Anthony's wife had conquered his journalistic instinct. He came more and more under Anthony's influence, and that influence made for the better understanding of the complexities of modern life and character, and so for a deeper and more loving tolerance.

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